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THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN

HAPPY NEW YAER!

NEW YEAR CALLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Drawn close to the walk, right in front of the door,
Its buffalo robes crimson lined, is my sleigh:
With Thomas erect on the high seat before,
And, nerved with impatience, my bright, blooded bay.

I climb to my place, wrap the robes round me there;
A skip and a bound, then away up the street,
To the sound of the bells in the keen frosty air,
With wide, smoking nostrils and swift, noiseless feet.

First of all to the house of the fair Misses Jones,
Who reside in a mansion some distance up town,
Which their father, bald headed and corpulent, owns,
A rich cotton broker, and partner of Brown.

Arrived at the door I alight from my sleigh,
Mount the steps, and at length, in the drawing room's glow,
Pass the compliments round of the season, by way
Of etiquette, bowing with shoulders bent low.

The ladies are there—Mrs. Jones, mild as milk,
And her three blooming daughters, of whom I would speak,
The eldest in satin, the second in silk,
And the youngest of all in a *moire antique*.

The first a brunette is, with large, lustrous eyes;
The next is a blonde, wondrous stately and fair;
And the third, a petite, dainty creature in size,
Has eyes of clear hazel and rich chestnut hair.

The room is resplendent with gay chandeliers,
With mirrors and pictures that cover the walls;
On the thick velvet carpet the ear scarcely hears
The sound of one's footstep, so softly it falls.

The curtains are damask that veil the chill glare
Of the pale, winter sunbeams that enter meanwhile;
And the rich carven furniture, sofa and chair,
Is of rosewood and crimson, the latest in style.

We chat for a time, then above my thin glass
I bow to the ladies quite low as before;
Sip my wine, bid farewell, make my exit and pass
Down the broad flight of steps to my sleigh at the door.

Then away, up the street, with a skip and a bound,
And the sound of the bells, goes my bright, blooded bay,
To the Smiths and the Browns, on her blithe New Year's round,
Through the keen, frosty air, till the close of the day

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER—ELIZA'S FIRST RECEPTION AT THE LAURELS.

Mr. Summerford had newly christened his new residence, calling it "The Laurels." The idea, of which he was very proud, had been suggested to him by a couple of laurel trees growing at the bottom of his garden. Eliza, filled with hope until she had arrived before the villa, then felt all her courage forsake her. The joyful anticipation that had accompanied her on the road thither, at once abandoned her when her journey was ended, and it was several minutes before she could summon sufficient boldness to knock at the door and tell her errand. Following the instructions she had received, Eliza, after the hesitation which we have noted, proceeded to the servant's entrance; and it so happened that, in answer to the ring, the door was opened by Betsy Greesby. Observing how poorly clad was the young girl who stood before her as though not daring to speak, and half supposing that Eliza was about to solicit charity, the cook said, in a kind, encouraging tone:—

"What is it my poor girl?"

"If you please," nervously ventured Eliza, "can I—may I be allowed to see the—the gentleman who—who is the butler?"

Eliza's sweetly pretty face and suffering look had at first view greatly prepossessed the cook in her favor; but all that was changed in a moment.

"Who may you be, pray!" cried Betsy, with much asperity. "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what you want with Mr. Seller? I have a right to know, I think!"

The cook had, as she believed, sufficient reason for this extraordinary behavior. Her fellow servants, in order to create for themselves a little sport, had, that very morning, been assuring her that the butler was dreadfully deceitful, that there was another young woman he loved much better than he loved Betsy, and that the only reason he had not already married her was because she was very poor. Addressed so very sharply, Eliza was unable to answer a single word, and Betsy Greesby, believing that she had it now in her power to confound the butler in his treachery, shrieked aloud for him with all her might.

Mr. Seller was in the pantry when arose that terrible outcry; down dropped the dish he had been holding, and off he ran, nearly frightened out of his life, believing that something dreadful had happened.

"Good gracious, Betsy, my love, whatever is the matter?"

"Don't call me your love—there stands your love, you base, mercenary wretch!"

"I wish I may die, Betsy, if I know what you are talking about," stammered the utterly astounded butler.

"Oh, you brazen, shameless villain, aint you afraid that I shall tear your eyes out?"

But here those who had created the mischief set to work to undo it. They had not been prepared for such a *denouement* to their little domestic drama, and at once confessed their delinquency, and endeavored to appease the irate and indignant Betsy. Cookey was too greatly pleased to find that the affair had been only a joke to hold out long against the entreaties for pardon of those who had concocted the jest without intending that it should cause so much mischief. But that bad beginning helped Eliza to a good ending, for the cook, feeling that she had made a fool of herself, and had behaved very badly indeed to the young woman, who even still was trembling and looking scared, was eager for an opportunity to show her sorrow and to make atonement. After making a thousand apologies, Betsy said:—

"I have nearly frightened you to death, poor dear, I can see that—a glass of wine will do you good; and perhaps you have had a long walk and could pick a bit of cold fowl? Sit down, my dear, and I will wait upon you myself."

But Eliza thanked her and declined, and producing a letter, handed it to Mr. Seller, who, having opened it, exclaimed:—

"I declare it's from our friend Mr. Grover!"

"Law!" cried Betsy; "and whatever can it be about?"

"Well," said the butler, "he asks us to get this young woman some of the dressmaking that we told him was going on for Miss Louisa's wedding—he says he doesn't personally know the bearer of this, but that she is the daughter of an old friend of his, and that he shall be very much obliged to us, and so, too, will be Miss Caroline Cook, if we can be of service to her."

"Oh," cried the cook, "if my cousin Carry recommends her, that is enough."

Betsy's cousin had never even heard of Eliza, but Sam had thought that the mention of her name in the matter would be likely to produce a good effect and enlist the sympathies of both cook and butler. Nor was he at all mistaken, for Betsy Greesby, anxious to recompense Eliza for the rough treatment just inflicted on her, was very glad that in doing so she could oblige her cousin; while Betsy's wishes were of course commands for Mr. Seller.

"I'll go at once and speak to Miss Louisa," said the butler.

"That's right. And don't you be afraid, my dear, it's certain to be all right, for Miss Louisa is one of the kindest, best hearted young ladies that ever lived."

"And I have lived so long in the family," proudly said Mr. Seller, "that it would be very hard if I had no influence in it."

He was hurrying away, when the cook called him back.

"Stay a minute, Peter. A thought has just struck me."

"Make haste then, Betsy, because I have got all my work to do yet."

"Well, look here, Miss Louisa's waiting-maid has been gone a week, and she hasn't yet found another to suit her, I know; so you might as well ask for that situation when you are about it."

"Um," muttered the butler, "I am afraid that ——"

"Oh, nonsense; it's an easy situation enough, and if anybody doesn't know they may soon learn how to do all that is wanted."

"It isn't exactly that," hesitated Seller, glancing at Eliza's old and faded dress; "if she were a little more smart——"

"Bother," cried Betsy; "Miss Louisa has got a heart that doesn't want fine clothes to soften it; you go and talk to her, and if you talk properly you will succeed; and if you don't succeed, I shall know that you haven't talked properly, and I will never forgive you."

"It shan't be my fault if I fail," replied the butler; and off he went.

"How can I ever thank you!" Eliza gratefully said to the cook.

"I owe you a reparation, my dear," replied Betsy Greesby. "What a savage, disagreeable brute you must have thought me."

Placing a cold fowl and a decanter of sherry before Eliza—

"There, now eat and drink as much as ever you can," proceeded Betsy, "that you may have courage to speak out presently before Miss Louisa."

"I shall not know, I am afraid, what to say to her."

"Make a good meal, and take a glass or two of wine, and then you will be at no loss."

"And perhaps after all she may not consent to see me."

"Don't you be in alarm about that; Miss Louisa, bless her, is not the one to turn anybody away unheard. And I think you'll get the waiting-maid's place; and if you don't, she is sure to find you some employment, and if she doesn't, I will, so do you make your mind easy."

"Oh, never will I forget your goodness to me!"

"You are not wanted to talk yet, so eat, my dear. Why, if it were possible that Miss Louisa could refuse Seller, he'd give warning directly; and so would I, too, for that matter,"

"No, no; I should never forgive myself if——"

"It wouldn't much matter, for Mr. Summerford will have to look out for a new cook and butler soon, at any rate, because before long Seller and I are going to leave to get married, and go into the public line."

CHAPTER XIX.

A COLD LOVER—THE UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.

Mr. Summerford and his daughter were in very earnest conversation together.

"I never knew in all my days," the gentleman was saying, "such an inconsistent and unreasonable girl as you are."

"Now, my dear father," returned Louisa, "you really must excuse me if I tell you that you are talking nonsense."

"Well, I'm sure!"

"Surely a young girl has a right to expect that a lover——"

"Of what have you to complain? Richard Brandon has shown himself prepared to become your husband."

"Very good of him, I am sure," Louisa ironically said; "and no doubt I am expected to be greatly obliged to him for his condescension."

"What would you have?"

"I would have him display a little ardor, some degree of eagerness to——"

"Ah, yes, you would like him to go raving about, after the fashion of your heroes of romance; but Richard Brandon is not one of that sort."

"Indeed, he is not. But I have always the idea that he is uncomfortable in my presence, and takes every opportunity to avoid me. Even now he is not in the house."

"No, he is gone out for his usual morning walk."

"Not to return, perhaps, as very frequently happens, until the evening, and then looking worn and jaded."

"He is full of sorrow," as he has told me, in consequence of recent bereavements, and is endeavoring to walk away his troubles, that he may think only of his coming happiness."

"Shall I tell you my thoughts, father!"

"Just as you please; they are certain not to be worth much," testily replied the merchant.

"In the first place," said Louisa, "I believe that but for that long existing and stupid contract which, in a manner, compels him to marry me, Mr. Brandon would fly from us never to return."

"You say that, Louisa," angrily cried her father, "because you wish he would do so. You don't love him—you won't try—and are seeking an excuse for your meditated refusal to obey the wish so dear to my heart; you want to compel me to forfeit the word I gave to my poor friend."

"No; I would, as you know, almost sooner die than afflict you——"

"There's a darling! Bless you!"

"And I do not at all dislike Mr. Brandon; and I might come to love him, if——"

"If what!"

"If I could believe that he loved me."

"He does—he does!"

Louisa shook her head.

"Well, then," cried Summerford, "he will—take my word for it, he will."

"No," responded Louisa, "there is an insurmountable obstacle to that."

"What obstacle?"

"He loves another!"

"Nonsense! who can have told you that rubbish!"

"I have learned it from Mr. Brandon himself."

"He has told you so?" exclaimed the merchant, looking perfectly amazed.

"No, father, he has not told me so; but I have heard it in his deep drawn sighs, have seen it in his dull and listless manner when by my side, have read it in his sad and careworn looks."

"If I thought that you were right—but, no, it is impossible!" cried the merchant. "However, I must have matters put on a proper footing. This evening I will have some talk with him, and if I am not perfectly satisfied, of course, my dear Louisa, I shall not expect you to——no, certainly not—I am not an old bashaw, you know, my love, so—wait till this evening, that's all, wait till this evening."

Louisa was about to say something more, but at that instant the butler made his appearance.

"Well, Seller, what is it?" demanded Summerford.

"I don't want you, sir," replied Seller; "it's Miss Louisa, that I—and I thought she was alone, or——"

"All right, Seller, I am going. Good bye, Loo, dear; just wait till this evening, and then we shall know exactly what we have to expect."

So said Mr. Summerford, as he rolled from the room.

Mr. Seller commenced immediately, and proved that he had the gift of speech to a considerable extent.

"A poor young creature," he said, "who has seen better days, a most accomplished girl, a relation of Betsy Greesby's, answers for her in every particular."

All that and much more, till he was interrupted by Miss Summerford, who desired him to send the young girl to her.

Already prepossessed in her favor, Louisa was greatly impressed by the charming features and graceful, though painfully nervous, manner of Eliza, as presently she softly glided into the room.

"Come along, my dear," said Louisa, with an encouraging smile; "if I look terrible at a distance, you will find, on approaching me, that I am perfectly harmless."

And Eliza, confusedly uttering her thanks, slowly advanced:—

"Poor girl, how pale you are," exclaimed Louisa; "your eyes seem red with weeping."

"Yes, indeed," softly said Eliza, "I have shed many tears."

"Well, poor girl, you shall shed no more if I can help it. Tell me, what is your name?"

"Eliza."

"And your family name?"

"Pardon me if, for the present at all events, I conceal that from you."

Louisa looked greatly surprised, and her features were slightly clouded with just a shadow of doubt and mistrust.

Observing which Eliza proceeded:—

"I am come to you, Miss Summerford, as my last hope, almost, and if you will succor me you must be altogether generous—you must tender to me a helping hand without demanding wherefore I suffer, must have pity on my tears without asking me wherefore I weep."

"Guard your secrets," Louisa trustingly responded. "You have told me you are unhappy, and that is all that I desire to know."

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" exclaimed the deeply grateful Eliza. "Heaven is my witness that I am not unworthy of your pity!"

"If I felt not certain of that, should I so welcome you? And now, to begin, you must immediately get rid of those poor habiliments, and clothe yourself in one of my dresses, until such time as we can have you fitted with a wardrobe of your own."

"I may never hope to repay you for so much goodness, but heaven will reward you."

Eliza, shedding grateful tears, threw herself upon her knees, and grasped and covered with kisses the hand of her young benefactress.

CHAPTER XX.

SORELY TRIED—A MISTAKE AND A CONFESSION—AFTER DARK.

Miss Summerford having summoned one of the servants whom, for the last few days, she had promoted to be her waiting maid, gave certain instructions concerning Eliza, desiring, at the same time, that she should be treated with every attention and respect. Louisa then retired to her snug and elegant boudoir in which, after about half an hour, she was rejoined by her *protege*. And as Eliza presented herself in a plain white dress and her hair smoothed and arranged, Louisa involuntarily started and exclaimed:—

"Oh!—now, how beautiful you are!"

Then, poutingly she added:—

"Go away—I shall be jealous of you, for you are far prettier than I am, as the man to whom I am affianced will soon discover."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," trembled Eliza, "do not withdraw your kindness—do not drive me from you!"

"Why, you silly, silly girl," laughed Louisa; "did you really think I was serious? Bless you, if even you were to—but never mind that. Really, though, you are charming thus—no matter, I will make myself beautiful to struggle against you."

She seated herself at a toilet table, on which stood a large looking glass and called Eliza to her.

"Look," said Louisa, "yonder are some of the fine things and the jewelry that my father has purchased for me, I wish to try them on; and you shall give me your opinion as to whether they become me."

"My opinion? a poor girl who——"

"Poor girl," gaily interrupted Louisa, "are as good judges of finery as the very richest young ladies—all women have an equal knowledge that way—'tis in the blood, my dear. I told you just now that I considered you charming in that dress, and shall expect, Miss Eliza, that you will presently say the same of me. Come," playfully she proceeded, "assist me. Dip your hand into yonder basket and let's see what you will find."

Eliza obeyed and brought first from the basket a bridal wreath, which she gave to Miss Summerford.

"First of all," said Louisa "let's see how you will look in it."

She was about to place the wreath on Eliza's brow, but the poor girl shudderingly retreated, saying hurriedly:—

"Oh, no, no, I implore you!"

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" Louisa in great astonishment demanded.

"Oh," wept Eliza, "you know not how great the pain you are inflicting on me."

"What can you mean?"

Eliza shivered and turned away, and Louisa, after seeming a few moments undecided as to how she should act, then said:—

"No, I have promised to respect your silence—keep your secrets and pardon me."

"How good and generous you are!" murmured Eliza.

Louisa placed the wreath upon her own brow, and then asked for the pearls and jewels, telling Eliza that they were at the bottom of the basket.

Eliza found and gave to Miss Summerford various jewels, amongst which were a necklace and bracelets.

Then, returning to the basket, Eliza next took from it a *carte de visite*, at which, naturally, she glanced, and as she did so uttered a faint cry, which was heard by and attracted the notice of Louisa Summerford.

"What is the matter?" inquired the latter.

"This—this portrait?" faltered Eliza.

Her agitated tone and manner were unobserved by Louisa, who was adorning her person with the jewels and gazing at herself in the glass, to judge of the effect which they produced.

And so, without turning towards Eliza, she said, carelessly:—

"Portrait? Oh, that is he."

"He, what he?"

"My husband that is expected to be," the young lady with a little indifferent laugh, responded.

"Her husband," mentally exclaimed poor, unhappy Eliza. "This, then, is my rival; this the woman whose wealth has caused him to abandon me; and she is so pretty, so good and fascinating, that now, having beheld her, he——Oh, cruel were the hands that dragged me from the river!"

In a minute or so Miss Summerford, leaving the toilet table, and going to Eliza, said:—

"So you are still gazing on that portrait? Well, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what you think of my intended!"

And without waiting for a reply, rattled on:—

"Very good-looking, I think, and a capital likeness."

"Oh, heaven have pity on me!" inaudibly murmured Eliza.

The portrait was taken from her hand by Louisa, who banteringly said:—

"Upon my word, miss, you seem greatly struck—perhaps you have a mind to become my rival?"

"And you believe in his word—have faith in his vows?"

"His vows," smiled Louisa; "well, my dear, to tell you the truth——"

"And you love him?" hastily interrupted Eliza.

"How you are questioning me!" cried the young lady.

"And he also loves you—and has told you so?"

"Why, the fact is——but you shall hear all about it another time."

"Oh, for me all is ended!" was Eliza's despairing thought.

"Now, come," said Miss Summerford, again seating herself before the glass; "I am not yet completely attired."

"It," hoarsely murmured Eliza, "it is you bridal attire?"

"Yes, although, perhaps—but never mind that now. Proceed, there's a dear."

"His wife—she his wife!" faintly groaned Eliza, as with trembling hands she endeavored to attach a bracelet to Louisa's arm.

And presently the bracelet dropped to the ground, and she sobbed forth, her tears almost suffocating her:—

"No, no, I cannot—I cannot!"

Louisa was more than ever astonished.

"What signifies this?" she demanded; why those tears?"

"Oh, forgive me," moaned the wretched Eliza; "but that bridal wreath—those marriage preparations, if you but knew—oh, heaven, they drive me mad!"

"Mad!" echoed Louisa. "And wherefore!"

"You would know? Well, because——"

Eliza stopped abruptly.

"Continue," said Miss Summerford.

But Eliza was reflecting that this rival had extended to her in her misery a succoring hand, had had pity on her, and so resolved that she would be the only one to suffer.

"Farewell," she presently exclaimed; "I ought not, I cannot, I will not remain here."

"How," wonderingly cried Louisa, "you would quit me—already!—you refuse to tell me the cause of your grief, of your tears, and you talk of departing! No, no, you shall not—you must not—I entreat you——"

"Why this emotion at the idea of my departure?" somewhat harshly said Eliza. "What more am I to you than a stranger whom to-day you see for the first time?"

"But you know not how great a liking, how much attached to you I have already become, and the least that you could do would be to say wherefore you wish to quit me?"

"Well, then," desperately exclaimed the poor creature, "I will tell you; I go, because I must—because the sight of your happiness is a torture to me."

"Ah! how is that?"

"Because I can never be happy thus; because from him I love I am for ever separated—must never more behold him!"

"Poor girl. Stay and I will console you."

Eliza shrank shudderingly from the arms that were extended to embrace her.

"Touch me not," she cried, "and let me be gone, this instant!"

"But I will not have you go—you shall not!"

There was a tap at the door of the boudoir, and Louisa, hurrying to and opening it, saw Mr. Seller.

Impatiently demanding to know what he wanted, Miss Summerford was told that two young ladies, her particular friends, had called and were waiting to see her.

"How tiresome," she said, returning to Eliza; "here are some visitors that I cannot refuse to see; but I shall not allow them to detain me long, and you must promise me to remain here until I return, and that, at all events you will not think of going away until you have seen me once again. Do you promise me that?"

Eliza slightly bowed her head.

"Very good," cried the young lady; "and then we will have a little more talk together, and I hope and believe that, afterwards, your desire to leave me will have completely vanished."

Away she ran, having by this time thrown back into the basket the jewels and the bridal wreath. Eliza sank into the chair which had been occupied by her rival, and distractedly murmured:—

"Remain—again to see him—here, before her who soon will be his wife. Yes, already I am totally forgotten by him—forgotten, as though I had never been. Yes, he loves her, for she is young, beautiful and rich—rich! Ah, that is it—oh! that accursed money; but for that I had not perhaps been doomed to eternal misery."

The shades of evening had been approaching before Miss Summerford quitted Eliza, as we have seen, and the despairing girl sat there, benumbed and stupified with her overwhelming grief, till the room had grown entirely dark, with the exception of the little light afforded by a fire which, being untended, was gradually expiring in the grate. That Eliza was left thus was no fault of Louisa, who, against her will, was detained by her visitors. At length in the open doorway, for Miss Summerford, in her hurry, had neglected to close after her the door of the boudoir, there stood—hesitating and striving for courage to enter the room—Walter Brandon. Remembering Eliza, to wed with another had become for him an impossibility. He had at last resolved no longer to be the slave of those into whose vile clutches he had fallen. He would brave the worst they might have power to inflict upon him, but would no longer act the impostor; would no longer lie to his father's dearest friend, nor treacherously deceive and hypocritically lure to misery and degradation the trusting girl who listened to him in full confidence of his truth and honor. He had returned to the villa that evening with the full determination to speak out and make a clean breast of it.

Walter thought, too, of the wrong that he was doing, of the shameful blow he had been contemplating against the brother whom for years he had not seen, and whom he loved, and longed so eagerly again to behold. It was on Louisa he had been about to inflict the greatest injury, and to her would he first confess and sue for pardon. The servant whom he had asked where he might find Miss Summerford had told him that the young lady was in her boudoir, knowing that she had gone there, and being unaware that she again had quitted it. To the boudoir then Walter proceeded, and, finding the door open and feebly distinguishing seated there a female figure in a white robe, believed, as a matter of course, that Louisa was before him. Summoning all his resolution, Walter advanced into the room, saying, with trembling voice:—

"Pardon," Miss Summerford, that I thus intrude upon you, but it is a very serious matter which brings me to your presence."

Eliza, seated with her back towards him, recognized his voice, and, with a stifled cry, covered her face with her hands.

Finding that she neither stirred nor spoke—

"Wherefore do you receive me thus?" pursued Walter. "Why this silence? Oh, heaven, can it be that you have by some means already learned the deception that has been practised on you? Oh, yes, I see you know all, and you do well in refusing to look upon me—in concealing from me your face."

ANT TO PLAYWRIGHTS.

...age of the Dramatic Copyright Act by our ...pecially designed for the protection of ...ive origin—a profound obscurity ap... in its construction as to the intent and ...uaranteed to dramatic authors in a ...lthough a deal of litigation has oc... with respect to clandestine pro... since the act was passed, their ... courts, whose judgments could ...us to the correct application of ...t last been favored with the United States Court, a gentle... ...livered in a case which, unin... cover all the mooted points ...nd managers.

...y sued for an injunction re...in's from representation of ...scene" in a play, "After ...on of Boucicault, upon the ...plagiarism from a piece copy... ...der the provisions of the ...

...opinion of the Court, de... the act, the plaintiff was ...t for the whole, and, con... scene or incident was as ...act as the appropriation of ...the case his Honor was de... ...t of a play is concerned, al... ...es at the very root of the ...atchers of the Boucicault ...base and produce pieces of ...he annoyance of litigation ...consideration which may ...a series of machine made ...the appropriation, combi... ...dents culled from other, ...guising them under new ...

...tic representations, ha... ...e apprehend to be both ...o compass to which the ...s for literary protection ...nd work for his opinion ...at in a musical compo... ...thor, and any appropri... ...eritorious portion of the ...r sequence of bars, is to ...position he assimilates ...a series of dramatic in... ...ion so as to form an ef... ...piracy is committed by ... another play, without ... parts, of the scene in ...ation consists, or in the ...events in the series, the ...f the musical notes.

...mself with even this lib... says: "the adaptation of ...racters, who use different ...anguage in the first play, is ...ar to a different instrument ...or of an accompaniment. ...vention—hat which required in order—remains the same in ...aring that he might be misun... the rules laid down by him as to ...ith musical effects, Judge Blatch... ...position. "It is piracy," decrees ...d series of events when repre... ...n performed by new and different ...guage, is recognized by the spec... ...es to which the representation is ...stantially the same impression to, ...tions in the mind in the same se...

...nder the opinion from which we have ..., Mr. Daly obtained the relief he sought ...ill have to look to some new source ...otional effect other than upon a rail... ...t to imagine how, with the latitude ...inventive genius, it can be possible ... emotions in the mind" of a specta... ...rent rail road accident, without trea... ...ad privileges. In fact, under Judge ...sion, the machinery of the stage receives a ...er literary merit, inasmuch as the effect produced ... audience, as he admits, being the result of a series of ...anical contrivances addressed to the eye as the mam one ... of the series, the entire merit of Mr. Daly's invention equitably belongs to the stage carpenter and not to the play writer, whose characters and dialogue are accounted as naught. Indeed, we are almost tempted to believe that, in course of time, protection for theatrical machinery will be invoked wholly beneath copyright laws instead of the patent office, should Judge Blatchford's opinion be sustained, as a majority of "the still they are at present patented as machines.

We doubt not but that Judge Blatchford was inclined to protect dramatic literature, as well as theatrical inventions, to the fullest power of the judiciary; yet we are unwilling to believe that the managers can conscientiously endorse the premises upon which he lays down judgment. His decision, so far from benefiting sensational dramatists, will ultimately, if concurred in by other interpreters of the law, destroy their trade emphatically, for, as the means of producing exciting effects, irrespective of language employed, or of characters represented, must assuredly become limited, the stock in trade of spasmodic playwrights expires with its final limitation.

But Judge Blatchford accords to a represented piece a privilege in copyright which has been denied to printed publications, and this privilege be, with the liberality of the decision now rendered, conferred upon literary authors, it will assuredly decimate the dramatic writers of the present age. Presume a novelist to have described in a copyrighted fiction every incident, visually represented, in Mr. Daly's railroad scene in such a manner as to excite identical emotions in the minds of the reader and the spectators, who would be stupid enough to imagine that the literary man could enjoin the scenic representation of a series of events, of the sequence of which, and of the effects thereby produced, he is unquestionably the original inventor. And yet, under this present interpretation of the dramatic copyright law, the adaptor of the written scene can, through dramatic representation, become sole proprietor, by that act alone, of an idea emanating from another source.

We disagree from Judge Blatchford in his assimilation of a musical to a dramatic composition, inasmuch as we believe the art of writing music to be identical with that of writing manuscript, and to be governed by similar considerations. An air is simply the arrangement of certain representatives of sound, as produced by a mechanical instrument; a poem is a like arrangement of alphabetical characters to evoke the melody of the human voice. Consequently it is the arrangement of the notes of characters in either composition which can be secured by copyright, for the emotions excited in the mind of an auditor depend entirely upon the manner in which the notes are played or the vocal characters recited, and cannot be taken as a critical test of either the merit or originality of a mental invention. The text of a book, arranged according to the whim and genius of its author, and not the subject matter by him treated, is the only property heretofore secured to a literary man by the most liberal construction of our copyright laws, which were extended, in the case of stage plays, so as to include the recitation of the text, secured by copyright, against being employed as a source of revenue to professional actors without sanction of its original author; and herein the dramatic author has been accorded a privilege which can never be granted to any other class of composers, literary or musical. And yet even this extraordinary concession is further extended in the opinion of Judge Blatchford through regarding the written text of a drama as secondary, and the effect, produced by the manner of its representation, as the primary subject matter for copyright.

With all due deference to his Honor's position and erudition, we regret to say that his judgement, in our opinion at least, cannot be sustained as the permanent law of the land.

A HARD ONE.

The papers are telling about a colored man walking along the streets of Memphis when a brick from a house in the course of erection fell from the top upon the darkey's head, breaking the brick in two. It is further related that the colored citizen looked up indignantly, and saw a brick layer gazing down in affright, whereupon he exclaimed: "Look here, you white man up dar, if you doesn't want all your mis'able bricks smashed, you'd better keep them off my head!"

That individual has what we would call "*brass* for a-head." The poor fellow's case was undoubtedly *hard*, we think. A *drop* like that on our caput we should regard as an undiluted die, and should forthwith knock under. When we encounter "a regular brick," we don't want one to come from the upper regions. Such heavenly visitors might give one too violent a *shock*. Our colored hero should try his *shell* (cocoa nut) against the pears of the Wheeling bridge, like Walter Brown did. We pity the otter, however. If the CLIPPER were not *peerless*, we might invite him to our office. But a column of the CLIPPER could hardly stand such a heading, and we don't want our inflexible rules broken. Brown reads very hard, they say, but that nigger must have a harder sort of skull. Brown generally starts when he hears the starter holler 'Row!" But that colored man never *started*, though the bricklayer would naturally holler "Oh!" We don't suppose his frontispiece would make much of a head for a monument; but there is not the least doubt that it would be an excellent abutment for anything. That head may not be a very long one, but we'll wager that it would be a hard one to run against in an argument. However, as we don't wish to be taken for a Hood on that darkey's cranium, we had better wind up. After all, enough has been said "on that head!"

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

Impressed with the truth of the adage that New Year's Day is limited to a periodical visit of once a twelvemonth, the good people of our street are making preparations for its celebration on a gigantic scale. Last year they were so surfeited with holidays that it was in some degree slighted; but this year affairs have prospered to that extent that the Mogynns and their little clique of satellites are determined, for once, to do the thing in style. Being a public man and a member of all sorts of societies—likewise the husband of a very dashy woman and the father of a very pretty daughter, the circle of Mogyns's acquaintance is considerably extended, and he consequently selects New Year's Day as a favoring opportunity for creating an impression. The state carriage is trundled round to the door, with John, the liveried coachman, sitting so pompous before, and Jeames, the liveried footman, with the prominent calves, holding on behind, and the grand tour commences. It is surprising to see how unbending Mogyns can be when he chooses. His visits on other occasions are confined to the rich, but now he is animated by a more philanthropic spirit, and he will condescend to partake of cakes and wine with the wife of his bookkeeper and the daughters of his clerk. After all we are but human, and Mogyns admits as much by throwing open his door to the miscellaneous crowd of callers, and bidding his family fraternize freely with friends and neighbors. We cannot help thinking this is the true Christian principle, and that the day is all the more delightful for this universal shaking of hands and healing of differences. It puts a fresh countenance on everything that is to follow, and we don't wonder that the sun usually shines his brightest on that anniversary. It would really seem that he too thinks it advisable to put on his best clothes in honor of the initial day of the year. Round the corner reside the Slimmenses, respectable people in the tea and sugar line. Mogyns generally looks superciliously at Slimmens, although he does speak to him, as one who has it in his power to poison him, if offended. His appearance within the hospitable domain of the Slimmenses creates a sensation, for his wealth has given Mogyns a wide spread renown. He charges his glass and tosses off the compliments of the season in a bumper of port, gives a toy to each of the children, kisses the baby, and departs, leaving the Slimmenses in an ecstacy of delight. They will talk of that visit for another twelvemonth, and it's very possible the baby will be christened after him. They do things differently on the block adjacent, where the people are of a democratic stamp and don't care for appearances, and the chance is that each and every occupant thereof will spend dollars where the Mogynses dispense stamps. To these good people New Year's Day is a holiday indeed, and one to be made the most of. The greeting one there encounters is genuine, and not a matter of form. Judging from the way they keep it up, they enjoy it, too, and when evening arrives the frolic has only begun, for there are the theatres and the minstrels to attend to, and there are at least a dozen balls, which will carry the matter over to the wee sma' hours of the day next adjoining. On the coming holiday, with the recollection of Christmas yet fresh in the common mind, the spirit of glee will preside over many a hearth and even the poor will entwine a garland with their *lares* and *penates*, for this is the people's holiday, and it is fit that it should be deservingly celebrated, and that we should launch our barks with a free sheet and a flowing sail upon the tide that every one hopes is to waft him on to fortune.

Sporting Squibs.

— A clock has been invented by a citizen of Burlington, Vermont, that runs by electricity, and never requires winding. It has only three wheels, no weights or springs, has little friction, is not affected by heat, cold, dampness or jarring. A single clock and battery can be connected with any number of dials and indicators, in the same building, or even along the whole line of a railway.

— Deer are shot every year in the extensive woods of Plymouth, Mass., around and beyond the South Ponds. Four deer were killed there in the latter part of November, one of them not very far from Billington Sea. Branch Pierce, the old hunter of the Plymouth woods, who used to guide Daniel Webster on his hunting excursions, killed during his lifetime a great many deer.

— Several citizens of Waterville, Me., met on the 16th ult. to organize an association for the purpose of introducing, breeding and improving pure blood Jersey and Alderney stock. A leading object will be to keep a correct record of the pedigrees of pure blood animals, so as to guard against deception, and afford convenient reference.

— An old gentleman at North Providence, R. I., has been put under guardianship by a probate judge for demanding a debt that had been paid, watering his horse in the afternoon, forgetting that he had been watered in the morning, and making out a rant bill fifty cents less than he should.

— Car conductors in New Orleans not only knock down, but are knocked down in turn. The car people thereaway have a hard time of it. A few days ago a driver and his son were killed by a negro for demanding his fare, which our "colored friend and brother" considered very unfair.

— A lady who had refused an awkward but wealthy suitor, said to a friend as he passed:—"Look at him! Could you marry him, even if he had a carriage and horses?" "No, indeed," replied the other, "not if he kept a livery stable."

— A young man in Shelbourne Falls, Mass., promised to marry a girl of a neighboring town if Grant was elected, but now refuses to do so, insisting that it was all a joke. The girl, however, proposes to hold him to his word.

— Madison, Indiana, has a stink; the building, including ... proper is 100 by 175 feet.

— A bridal party in Newport, R. I., recently indulged in so much liquid festivity on the way to the clergyman's, that both bride and groom spent the night unmarried in the station house.

— There was lately a sale of violins in Paris, at which an instrument by Stradivarius was sold for $440, a Bergonzi for $140, and others at equally moderate prices. Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

J. K. Davis, of Rushville, Ill., has brought with him from Texas a complete outfit of a Camanche Indian, consisting of bows and arrows, shields, &c., and also the gentleman's scalp.

— A wildcat, measuring about 4 feet in length and weighing over 24 pounds, was killed near the Laflin Powder Co.'s mills at High Falls a few days ago, by Andrew Brink, of Saugerties.

— Some ungracious scribbler has started the report that Anna Dickinson rides a velocipede. Every one to his liking. Our hobby is the horse.

— A poultry dealer having made considerable money of late, found time to invent this conundrum:—"Why is a hen immortal?" "Because her son never sets."

— The citizens of Bangor, Me., are reported to have all gone mad on the skating question, hosers, Perry and Stetson being the most accomplished in the crazy freak.

— The clamming season has begun at Ipswich, Mass. The annual value of the bait and sound clams taken on these flats varies between $8,000 and $10,000.

— A Quaker City denizen is reported as having invented a rat exterminator, of which, if the vermin snuff, they straightway sneeze off their heads.

— Beaver catching is a profitable sport, now largely engaged in by the hunters and trappers on the Hallahatchie river, Mississippi.

— A hotel keeper in Newburyport, Mass., won $1,000 in bets on the election of mayor there. The democratic majority was 176.

— Foxes have had the pluck frozen out of them by the severity of the weather about Lewiston, Me., and several of them have been slaughtered.

— A sleeping match, with a prize for the champion snorer, is announced as one of the sporting events of the season at Detroit, Mich.

— Luxemberg, probably the best horse lately on the Canadian turf, died on the night of the 25th ult., at Toronto. His owner is said to have been offered $2,500 for him a few weeks since.

— Velocipedaregues are teaching the New Bedfordites how to ride on the swift footed machine.

— A machine to prevent hens from scratching has been patented by a Mr. Rice, of West Northfield, Mass.

— A piscatorial person of Pittsfield, Mass., Truman Bates, captured 128 pounds of pickerel in three days at Lake Onita.

— Fifteen bears have been slain by one man in Marathon Co., Wis., this season.

— An attempt to use mules before horse cars proved a failure in Covington, Ky.

— A horse tamer at Syracuse, N. Y., has taught a bull to terpsichorate.

— Trappers on the frontier have up to this time been successful in gathering large quantities of fur.

— The John Morrissey coterie take terpsichorean exercises at a ball at Apollo Hall, this city, on Dec. 30th.

— For a trotting course at Rochester, N. H., 20 acres of land have been secured.

— In Canada, recently, two ladies rescued a skater from drowning while his noble companions went ashore for help.

— Canned salmon are now sent from California to the Atlantic States.

—Roman Nose, a dog Indian chief, has been slaughtered by a Cure—Gen. C. H.

BASE BALL.

THE CLIPPER GOLD MEDALS.

THE WINNERS AND THEIR AVERAGES.

We present our readers, this week, at the head of this column, with an illustration of the CLIPPER Gold Medals. It will be remembered that early in the season of 1868 we offered nine of these medals for competition by players in the leading clubs throughout the country. It was designed that there should be one medal for each player in his position, from catcher to right field, who excelled in averages on outs and runs. The task of designing and manufacturing these prizes was intrusted to one of the best manufacturing jewelers in this city. How well he has fulfilled his task our readers can judge for themselves.

In our endeavor to make a just and equitable decision, we have relied upon the clubs interested to furnish us the information which would assist us. This was the more necessary, as each club keeps an official record of the season's play, and from them alone could we obtain an entirely correct statement of what we desired. In this matter we have not been as successful as we could have wished. Of the six leading clubs who were supposed to be contending for the prizes—the Athletics, of Philadelphia; Atlantics, of Brooklyn; Cincinnati, of Cincinnati, Mutual, of New York; Union, of Morrisania; Eckford, of Brooklyn and "Haymakers"—all have sent us the desired information except the Atlantics and Unions. True, we had our files and our score-book at our command, and these have served our purpose, but we would sooner have received the figures from the parties most directly interested.

Our task is finished, however. While it has been a pleasant one, it has involved considerable labor. Complaints have been made in a number of instances against competing clubs, and we have had to investigate the truth or falsity of the charges. The result of our researches, while it has led us to make a more equitable distribution of our medals, has developed some unpleasant facts. It has shown that three of the six contesting clubs have violated the rules of the National Association in the most flagrant manner. The effect of this contempt of the regulations has been to throw out some fifteen games. In this way the Athletics lose eight games, including the two they won from the Atlantics, in which they scored 55 runs against 22; the Cincinnatis lose five and the Atlantics two. Seven of the eight Athletic games are rendered null and void through the unwise action of that club in playing Foran in their nine before he had been a member of that organization the required thirty days. It appears that Foran, who was a member of the Allegheny club, of Pittsburgh, played with the Mears Club, of Steubenville, on the 7th of August, against the Cincinnati Club, on the eastern tour of the latter organization. On the following day he took part with the Allegheny Club against the Cincinnatis, notwithstanding the protest of the "Red Stockings." On the 17th of August Foran made his appearance in the Athletic nine in a game with the Olympic Club, of Washington; on the 22d, with the Olympics, of Philadelphia; 26th, Columbia, of Bordentown, N. J.; 29th, Keystone, of Philadelphia; 31st, Atlantic, of Brooklyn; Sept. 5th, Union, of Camden, N. J.; and Sept. 9th, in the second Atlantic game. On the 11th, as before, the Athletics played the Excelsior Club, on that place. This was an exhibition game, and was so understood at the time. Lex and Hoyt, of the Active Club, of Indianapolis, played on the Excelsior nine on the 14th, and on the 16th—only a few days these eight games the Athletics scored 309 runs against 139. In the five Cincinnati games thrown out, two (Railroad and Capital, of Columbus, O., on the 31 and 4th of August) are on account of the playing of Allison, formerly of the Geary Club, of Philadelphia, who did not resign from that organization till the 7th of July. The game of Aug. 8, with the Allegheny Club, of Pittsburgh, is null and void, through the playing of Foran, as explained above. On Sept. 24, the National Club, of Washington, played Berthong on their nine in a game with the Cincinnatis, and as the same player had played with the Buckeye Club against the Cincinnatis, on Sept. 2, the latter game is null and void. The fifth and last game was with the Mutuals of this city, on Oct. 3, in which the latter club pl yed Duffy notwithstanding the protest of the "Red Stockings."

The result of throwing out these games does not make as much difference in the distribution of the prizes as might have been expected; it does not, in fact, effect in the least the chances of any players, and the same persons receive the medals as though the whole number of games played by each club had been counted in.

In making the awards we do not intend to enter into a lengthy review of each player's record. The averages of the principal clubs, as they have been published from time to time in our columns, have afforded very full information on this subject. It will suffice to say that the individual averages are far ahead of those of any previous season. This refers more particularly to the Athletics, Atlantics, Cincinnatis, Union, of Morrisania, and "Haymakers." The Mutuals and Eckfords do not compare as favorably in this respect as the Clubs named. Only two of the Mutuals and three of the Eckfords reach the average of three runs to a game. The Athletics stand first, the Atlantics second and the Cincinnatis third. As between the Unions, of Morrisania, and the Unions, of Lansingburgh, there is not much difference.

At this season of the year, when the giving and receiving of presents is so appropriate and so much indulged in, the CLIPPER Medals, we trust, will be received with due significance. Let all engaged in our noble game recollect the teachings of the great UMPIRE, who acts with such impartiality in all our recreations. Let all hard feelings engendered during the excitement of play be forgotten, and let all commence the New Year with a clean score. Do not hold enmity toward any one—much less against one engaged in the manly sport of which we are all so proud. Our National Game, which has assumed such vast proportions within the past few years, demands this much at the hands of all its devotees.

The following are the names of the lucky players, the names of the clubs to which they belong, the positions they occupy, and their averages:—

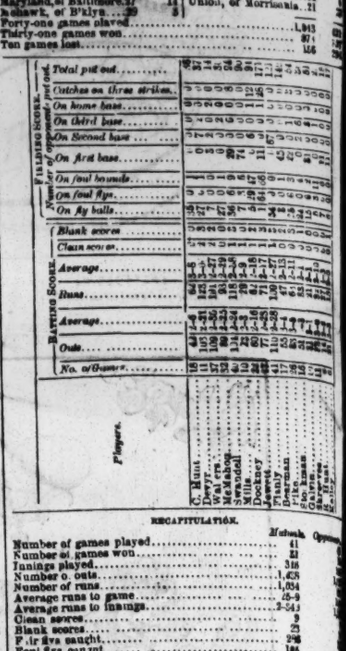
Name.	Club.	Games.	Outs.	Av.	Runs.	Av.
Radcliffe, c	Athletic	40	106	2-35	235	5-85
McBride, p	Athletic	33	96	2-80	189	4-11
Fister, 1st b	Athletic	39	91	2-14	162	4-36
Reach, 2d b	Athletic	34	91	2-23	185	5-15
Waterman, 3d b	Cincinnati	36	84	2-14	161	4-17
Wright, s s	Union	45	91	2-03	193	4-21
Hatfield, l f	Cincinnati	37	84	2-06	159	4-32
Sensenderfer, c f	Athletic	41	139	3-06	176	4-16
Johnson, r f	Cincinnati	37	117	3-06	157	4-39

CLUB AVERAGES.

THE MARYLAND CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Maryland Club, of Baltimore, the champions of the south, played 18 games during the season of 1868, of which they lost 6. They scored a total of 438 runs to 361, an average of 24 and 6 over. The following full statistical score of the season's play will be found of interest:—

Maryland	National, Washington	27
Maryland	Olympic, Washington	16
Maryland	Olympic, Washington	35
Maryland	Pastime, Baltimore	15
Maryland	Patapsco, Baltimore	20
Maryland	Pastime, Baltimore	25
Maryland	Enterprise, Baltimore	38
Maryland	Olympic, Washington	13
Maryland	Enterprise, Baltimore	15
Maryland	Enterprise, Baltimore	21
Maryland	Arctic, Baltimore	13
Maryland	National, Washington	12
Maryland	Arctic, Baltimore	18
Maryland	Olympic, Philadelphia	38
Maryland	Eckford, Brooklyn	14
Maryland	Atlantic, Brooklyn	1
Maryland	Mutual, New York	17
Maryland	Union, Washington	11



RECAPITULATION.

	Mutuals.	Opponents.
Number of games played	41	
Number of games won	31	
Innings played	386	
Number o outs	1,426	
Number of runs	1,054	
Average runs to game	25-9	
Average runs to innings	2-543	
Clean scores	9	
Blank scores	25	
Flies fly caught	246	
Foul flys caught	185	
Foul bounds caught	139	
Out on bases	443	
Struck out	21	
Blank innings	77	
Largest number of blank innings	5	
Smallest score in a game	59	
Smallest score in a game	9	
Largest number of runs in single innings	19	
Times scored double figures	18	

AVERAGE OF INNINGS.

Total runs scored in each innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutuals	125	93	124	147	112	119	126	103	1.5-13
Opponents	49	74	87	53	71	91	47	39	4-13

Total blanks scored in each innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	11	8	9	15	9	5	13	8	7
Opponents	25	17	13	18	14	9	17	12	13-12

Times double figures in each innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	1	1	3	3	3	0	3	3	1
Opponents	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1-1

Greatest number of runs in a single innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	19	13	18	17	14	9	13	13	19
Opponents	7	8	12	13	8	10	8	10	13

WM. F. ROGERS BASE BALL CLUB.—The gentlemen compo... this Buffalo organization will please accept our thanks fo... compliment of electing us as an honorary member of their...

SKATING.

THE PASTIME IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The exhilarating pastime of skating has been a fea... metropolitan amusements during the past week. All the ... lic and private ponds were open, and were visited by the... of both sexes. For one or two days the weather was ra... cold, and most people skated along side of some warm ... steaming the chilling blasts of Old Boreas.

The Park ponds were alive with thousands on Christmas ... notwithstanding the blustering weather. The private po... this city and Brooklyn also had a larger attendance on ... mas than on any previous day this season. The Fifth A... pond and the rink had the cream of the skating world on ... mas, and we saw more pretty girls at these places th... ever saw on the ice before.

On the 27th a snow storm put an end to the sport... on ponds for a time. The Jersey City rink, on whi... have a fine surface of ice, was to have opened on the 28... the unexpected change in the atmosphere necessitated ... ponement. The Brooklyn rink is not ready yet, we ... would have by the New Year. The New York rink is pro... rapidly, and in a week or two will be ready for its pa...

There was a hitch in the Swift-Mead match for the ... ship and gold medal. When the affair was consummated ... well understood that the con est was to come off on ... Jersey City or Brooklyn, and on that understanding ... of well known members of the New York Club put up ... piece, it is said. Swift, who is now skating at the Buffa... is endeavoring to induce Mead to skate the match there... Rochester, but Mead will not have it. He contends th... rules of the Skating Congress especially stipulate ... match must be skated on a rink in the vicinity of the ... plon's residence. Now, as Swift's residence is in New ... and as the twitches were made with this express underst... Mead is determined to hold Swift to the strict letter of ... or compel him to resign his claim to the time of ste... We were present when this match was made, and recollect ... the understanding was. The contesting parties made a ... mistake when they neglected to draw up and sign a ... agreement, and we guess they are convinced of it by ... time.

OUT OF TOWN GOSSIP.

In Philadelphia the new rink will all be open in a fe... The skating during the past week was not very brisk on ... ponds, the nots weather interfering somewhat with the ... lations of the pond folks.

In Boston the new rink, the rear wall of which fell in ... tember, is finished. The Cambridge, which also fell ... last winter, has been rebuilt. Jamaica and Spy ponds ... use last week, and were much resorted to.

Frank Swift continues to amuse and instruct the Bal... His "Simple Simon," "Black Crook" and "Pizzicati" ... ceived with great applause.

The "Ska orial" King," John Engler, is grating in Bo... at the new rink. An exchange says:—"Mr. Engler is ... a gymnastic performer, who shows a wonderful power ... cuting any particular feat, for, having mastered equilibr... oughly, his every motion is a graceful one, no matter what ... movement is; he dances a polka far more beautifully than ... ever seen on a ball room floor, and executes brilliant ... easily as if it were born in him."

Miss Nellie Dean and Eugene Pratt are delighting the ... wauteians with their graceful evolutions at the rink. The ... amateurs in the city talk of starting a skating club.

Mr. Charles Rockford, of Detroit, will attempt to ska... sixty consecutive hours at the "rink" in Providence this ...

Callie Curtis, the Star of the West, is at the Quincy, Ill...

At the new rink at Oswego, N. Y., races for boys and ... races are the order of the day. The prize for the best ... season ticket, and the winner of the hurdle race received ... of new skates.

Charles A. Dodge, who calls himself "champion of ... Island," (about equal to the championship of Gutenberg ... spreading himself at the Columbus, Ohio, rink.

The Newark, N. J., rink is being pushed forward with ... rapidity, but will not open till the first part of January.

Bangor is to have a new skating park 700 feet long and ... feet wide—to be kept free of snow and perfectly smo... being overflowed from time to time when it is in need of ...

At Detroit some of the best skaters have formed a ... club. The uniform adopted consists of a dark blue ... jacket, belt, an Asiatic turban and dark pants. They ... adopted the New York Club skate as the standard, and ... to make a tour of the State of Michigan at no distant ...

The attention of professionals who wish engagements ... to a card in our advertising columns.

The come down carnival at the Detroit rink on Dec. 18 ... a very successful affair, the ice being thronged during the ... ing evening. The comic dresses were various in their ... and proved decidedly ludicrous! The first prize, consi... of a silver ice pitcher, was awarded to Mr. John Vhey, ... appeared as a "carpet-bagger," with a diminutive afrai... his shoulders. The second, a revolving silver butter ... was presented to James O'Donald, who sported a "Gr... Bend."

THE CHESTNUT STREET SKATING RINK, Philadelphia, now ... standing the employment of a large force of workmen, will ... be ready for opening before Mon day next, Jan. 4th, when ... to be thrown open to the public with great éclat. Miss ... Moore and other first class professionals are having ... cured for the occasion. Mr. Wm. K. Sinn, the manager, ... provide plenty of attractions for the patrons of this ... which it is intended shall be used for innocent recreation ... the year round.

SKATING IN BUFFALO.—Christmas morning looked anyt... but favorable for amusement seeking Buffalonians. Sn... perfect gale of wind and biting cold air making it exce... unpleasant to venture out. Notwithstanding this, the ... noon found the Rink well filled with devotees of ska... and in the evening there was a very large audience pre... Frank Swift made his appearance during the evening in ... ferent grotesque characters, and kept the assembly in ... laughter. He was loudly applauded when he gave some ... astonish ng feats in regular skating costume, while the ... ental glittering on his breast. Miss Maggie Elwood, the ... dian lady skater, is engaged and will appear shortly.

PROPOSED FOUR-OARED RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP ... ENGLAND.—A Tyne four oared crew have issued a chall... in which they offer to row a Thames four for the Cham... ship of England and £200 a-side, on the Tyne, from ... High-level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, a ... three months from the present time. The Sporting ... thinks there is great likelihood of the rowing taking up ... feels confident that if some lately antagonistic interests ... the Thames could be combined,—if only for the occasion ... such a crew could be made up as would virtually repre... that river.

JOHNSON AND LANE'S WRESTLING ENCOUNTER.—The ... made several weeks ago between Joseph Johnson and Hen... Lane, to wrestle the best two in three back falls, collar and ... bow holds, for, the said, $2,000 and the championship, was ... called at Dalton Hall, Austerdam, N. Y., on Tuesday afternoon, ... Dec. 22d. The odds were largely in favor of Johnson, ... after an exciting struggle, occupying one hour and twenty ... minutes, won. Mr. Conrad was referee, Mr. M. Cook, umpire ... for Lane, and D. H. Korry, for Johnson.

AGED WIFE.—A few days ago, says a contemporary, ... Auburn entertained a party of friends at his house. Du... the conversation a white haired lady, said to be over ... of the ancients into a glass of lemonade which stood ... him. "Ah! gentleman," exclaimed the rosy-cheeked compa... taking out the silver hair with his fingers and looking at ... "you cannot say my wife wants age, for there you see a ... of its gray hairs."

THE RING.

A SLASHING FIGHT BETWEEN ABE HICKEN AND PETE MAGUIRE, For $1,000 a Side AND THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, Fought Near Perryville, Md., December 23, 1868.

HICKEN THE WINNER IN 5 ROUNDS, OCCUPYING 50 MIN.

The pugilistic engagement, so long looked forward to by the fraternity, between Abe Hicken, now of Philadelphia, and Peter Maguire, of Fishkill, N. Y., for $2,000 and the title of Light Weight Champion, took place near Perryville, Cecil Co., Md., on the morning of Wednesday, 23d inst. Below will be found a full report:—

THE MEN.

Abe Hicken was ushered into existence at the town of Wolverhampton, Eng., on New Year's Day, 1843, stands five feet seven inches in his Wellingtons (when he wears 'em), and scaled 129¼ pounds the afternoon previous to entering the ring. He early developed a taste for boxing, and by constant attendance at the exhibitions given by the fancy, Hicken, when yet a boy, acquired more than the average amount of science, and when he approached his majority began to cast his eyes about him in quest of somebody upon whom to exercise his pugilistic abilities, and for the satisfaction of himself as well as that of his friends, prove by a practical test what kind of stuff he was made of. His search was rewarded in the person of a young fellow named Mike Farrell, whom he fought and beat for £5 a side, in 45 minutes, January, 1861, when Abe was but eighteen years of age. This victory elated Hicken so much, and the ability he displayed inspired his friends with so much confidence that they desired to see him "perform" again, and to that end backed him a like amount against Ben Blowner, over whom Abe scored another victory, after fighting 5 rounds in 17 minutes, about March, same year. His third appearance was in a match for four pounds with George Careless, a draw being declared at the expiration of 2 hours and 25 minutes, July, same year. The result was unsatisfactory to both men, and they very willingly entered into a second match, in which victory again fell to the portion of Abe, after fighting 1 hour and 30 minutes, Wolverhampton, Nov. 6th, 1861, making four engagements in one year—pretty good for a commencement. He was then matched against Young Hawley, a likely fellow, of considerable local repute, for the same amount; they met in the Birmingham district, and after batting one hour and fifty-eight minutes the sponge was thrown up for Hawley, and thus Hicken obtained his fourth triumph July 17, 1862. Abe's fifth antagonist was the high tempered Mick Moran, more generally known as Mick the Greenan, the match being for £15 a side; they battered away merrily for the space of two hours and 39 minutes, during which 44 rounds were marked down in two rings, when, in consequence of the unusual vigilance exercised by the "Charleys," they were constrained to make a draw of it Dec. 30 and 31, '62. The next customer for our hero was Ted Napper, who had made Jack Hartley cry enough, and fought a draw with Bob Furse; they met in the London district for £25 a side, when Hicken was obliged to lower his colors for the first time, at the end of the 88th round, when they had been at it 2 hours and 40 minutes, April 5, 1864. Bob Furze next tried Abe's calibre, for £25 a side, at 118lbs, when, after a contest of 33 rounds, in 1 hour 49 minutes, the bobbies showed in strong force, and a draw was agreed upon, Ascott, Jan. 24, 1865. For the ninth time Hicken shied his castor into the orthodox circle in a match for a tenner a side, catch weight, with Dick Holmes, alias "Rough;" they opened hostilities at Calf Heath, Staffordshire, and fought 19 rounds in 35 minutes, Dec. 19, '65, when the appearance of the constabulary compelled a postponement; on the day following they resumed operations at Selby Oak Valley, Worcestershire, when 88 rounds additional were fought in 1 hour 32 minutes, when a draw was agreed upon. He next encountered the famous Jem Gallagher, for £50 a side, in the same ring with Mace and Goss, when after, a rattling mill of 9 rounds, occupying 45 minutes, the police put a stop to it, and a draw was subsequently agreed to. Jack Weston, a fellow townsman of Abe's, was now spoken of as a match for the latter, and articles were speedily drawn up for a meeting upon the turf, Hicken staking £50 to £40; Weston was some 8 or 9 lbs. the heavier man upon the day, but Hicken got away with him in 99 rounds, 2 hours 7 minutes, Water Orton, Midland District, Nov. 6, '65. His final engagement upon the old soil was with Dick Fellowes, £50 a side, Abe scoring another victory in 49 rounds, 1 hour and 27 minutes, London district, May 28, 1867, making twelve battles in all, nine of which are recorded in Fistiana. The glowing accounts received from those of his brother pugs who had crossed the blue ocean to the land of the free, induced Abe to follow their footsteps, and accordingly, early in the fall of '67, he took his departure from old England, accompanied by his better half and his younger brother, Harry, and the trio arrived at this port Oct. 21. After traveling through the New England, Middle and Western States, he found some good friends in Philadelphia, who installed him as landlord of the Lamb Tavern, on South street, where he still lives and does a nice little business.

PETER MAGUIRE, as his cognomen indicates, hails from the Land of the Shamrock and Shillelah, having been born in the year 1840, but only remained there some five years, when his parents emigrated to this country and settled down in the vicinity of the metropolis, where Pete continued to reside, when not attired in navy blue, until the year 1863, when he determined to try his fortunes in the El Dorado State. Being possessed of considerable science and having inherent in his nature that combative spirit peculiar to persons of his nationality, Peter, ere long, proclaimed himself ready to try a hack with any boxer on the Pacific Slope. He was not long kept waiting for a customer, for Tommy Chandler, who had just polished off Barney Farley, the "Woonsocket Boy," and wanted to try his hand on somebody else, agreed to accommodate him, and a match was arranged for $1,000 a side; they met at Lakeville, Cal., Jan. 17, 1866, and fought 69 rounds in 1 hour and 3 minutes, when darkness came on and a postponement was necessitated, the referee ordering them to meet again the following morning. From the published reports of the battle it appears that Chandler was at the close comparatively unhurt, while Maguire's head and face looked a good deal like a piece of corn beef. Peter expresses himself as confident that he could have won the battle upon the first day had he not been improperly handled by his attendants. At the time appointed for the resumption of hostilities Chandler and his seconds made their appearance, having with them the implements of war, but discovered that, during the still watches of the night, some evil disposed person or persons had cut the ropes to pieces and carried off the stakes. They immediately set to work to erect a new ring, and after the stakes had been drawn Maguire came upon the ground with his seconds. Bill Ladd, one of Tommy's backers, informed them of what had occurred, and proposed that they should defray an equal share of the expenses incurred in building the second arena. They utterly refused to do so, whereupon Mr. L., determined to leave nothing undone to bring the fight off, and settled for the material himself. Punctual to time Chandler entered the enclosure, but Maguire was non est, having left the ground sometime previously. A reasonable time was waited after the call of "time," and nobody responding on behalf of Peter, the referee gave his decision in favor of Chandler. This was Maguire's first and only appearance within the ropes up to the present meeting. He continued to make his habitation and home in the Golden State until the summer of last year, when he returned to New York, arriving here in January, 1868, and taking up his home at Fishkill, where he is now located.

Shortly after his arrival Hicken signified his willingness to fight any body of his weight and inches, or anything near it, and he and Sam Collyer deposited a century apiece for a match, but they failed to agree when they met, per appointment, to talk the matter over, and the affair fell through. Abe was unsuccessful in his endeavors to get on a match until after the retirement of Billy Edwards (subsequent to his defeat of Collyer), when Hicken challenged anybody in the country to fight at from 121 to 134 lbs., for the light weight honors and two thousand dollars. As reply was made on behalf of Ed Toubey, and there appeared a fair prospect of a match being arranged between them for five hundred dollars a side, when Maguire stepped in and covered the fifty dollar bill which accompanied Abe's original challenge, and a match was arranged on September 28th, the protocol stipulating that the men were to fight in the State of Virginia on the 23d day of December. The principals entered upon the work of preparation a few weeks afterward, Maguire taking his breathings in the vicinity of his home, with Tom Chaffers as mentor, during the latter portion, and Hicken making his headquarters at his own hostelry, in Philadelphia. The match progressed all right, the deposits being regularly posted in this office and the toss for choice of ground, which took place at the last deposit, was won by Maguire, who gave the opposite party ten days' notice of the place chosen for the battle. For prudential reasons it was mutually agreed that, instead of the fight being contested in the Old Dominion, it should be decided upon the soil of Delaware; but this alteration of the original fixture was studiously kept from the knowledge of the public, and, excepting those who had the management of affairs, very few knew anything of it positively. Those who obtained the "office" *rendezvoused* in the City of Brotherly Love on Monday night and Tuesday, 21st and 22d ult., Donohue's, corner Ninth and Sansom streets, being the centre of attraction. A special train had been chartered to leave for the battle ground from the Baltimore depot at 3 o'clock A. M., seven dollars per head being the tariff imposed for the round trip, but it was nearly 4 o'clock ere the excursionists were rattling over the rails towards the *locale*. After a ride of some three hours' duration, passed in singing, chaffing, occasional imbibing, a little betting and futile attempts upon the part of a few to snatch a few minutes' repose, the train was brought to a dead stop near Perryville, Cecil Co., Md., and the passengers quickly disembarked and indulged in a welcome stretch of their cramped limbs. Without much difficulty a suitable piece of nature's carpet was found and the ring erected a short distance from the railroad track.

Very little time was cut to waste in getting everything shipshape, as the morning air was rather too fresh for the comfort of those huddled about the ring-side, and the appearance of the contestants, who entered the enclosure almost simultaneously, was hailed with gratification by the lookers on, who fixed themselves as comfortably as possible to witness what was expected to be a protracted engagement. A referee was chosen without much difficulty in the person of Mr. York, and then the seconds—Barney Aaron and Patsy Mealley for Hicken, and Owney Geoghegan and Mike Coburn for Maguire—proceeded to disrobe their charges, a ceremony quickly performed. While this was going on, the partisans of Abe were vociferous and constant in their offers of odds of $100 to $80 and thereabouts upon him, which were now and then accepted, though those whose sympathies were with Maguire preferred to await developments before investing heavily upon their man. The colors were then tied to the stakes, Hicken having a blue silk kerchief for his ensign and Maguire having a fogle of emerald green tied about his waist. The ring being cleared and all in readiness for the fray, the principals and seconds shook hands, and then stepping back again Abe and Pete stood up for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—Hicken advanced to the scratch in an easy, careless manner, the self satisfied smile which played over his elongated physiog plainly evincing the extreme confidence he felt in his ability to pull the "little job" off without difficulty or material personal injury; his attitude was graceful, but he held his hands very low down and open. Maguire, on the other hand, walked straight and quickly to the scratch, and though his countenance did not indicate the same confidence indexed in that of his rival, its resolute expression showed that he had made up his mind to do or die, and that if he was vanquished, it would, bar accident, be only after a protracted and desperate struggle, in which nature would not prove equal to the emergency; his position was constrained, both hands being held high, far advanced and clinched tightly; legs wide apart, and an elevation of his left shoulder and inclination of the head in the same direction, which gave him an awkward appearance. Considerable time was spent in feeling for each other, neither seeming inclined to take the initiative, but intently watching the movements of the other, and alternately advancing and retreating. Finally, when several minutes had been cut away thus, Pete, thinking he perceived his chance, endeavored to take advantage of it, essaying with the left at the head, but was out of distance; Abe tried with the same hand, but the blow was neatly put aside by Maguire, who, in a second attempt at Abe's head-piece, was again at fault. More careful scientific sparring ensued, and in this respect Jack seemed about as good as his master, and the friends of Maguire were in ecstacies, while every one at the ringside was surprised, for none had given him credit for the possession of so much skill, or imagined he could baffle Hicken, as he proved already he could. At last Abe found a good opening, and, delivering his left straight, caught Pete on the left optic, not very heavily. A rally ensued in which each peppered the other with both hands, more than a score of hits being counted, with equal credit, when they broke away, and with hands down stood eyeing each other for a few moments to note what execution had been done by the hailstorm of blows so rapidly exchanged. Upon getting together again Maguire, as before, was the first to offer, planting his left on the cheek and shortly after following it with another from the same mawley on the left lamp and a third on the right eye. Hicken gave a receipt in full by a right handed shot which took effect upon Pete's left ear, making a slight incision; Abe repeated the dose on the chin, and napped a return on the body. Maguire again invested with his left on the side of the head, again on the breast and a fourth shot on the mouth, Abe countering on the left eye heavily. Pete terminated another sparring bout, after a couple of misses, by a compliment from the right on the body, when they again took a rest, lowering their hands. Hicken was away laughing, when Maguire tried to resume hostilities, but he met with success in a second attempt, landing his left on the breast, and following it up with a right hander on Abe's cranium. After a miss on Hicken's part they countered beautifully, both visiting the neck. Peter now administered the double, landing respectively on the face and left ear. Abe tried to repay these, but was baulked in an attempt at the head, and caught a spanking hit just below the left temple from Peter's right. The latter was short in an effort to follow with his left, but got home immediately afterward heavily on the eye. This roused Abe, and he delivered twice rapidly on the nose and mouth, Peter retaliating with a stunner on the ribs with his right, leaving the imprint of his knuckles. Hicken planted his right again on Pete's left visual organ and again on the cheek, for which Maguire was credited with one on the forehead and another on the left eye, the latter knocking Abe off his pins, amidst the exultant shouts of the adherents of the lad from the Emerald Isle. First blood was awarded to Hicken, and first knock-down to Maguire. Time of round, fifteen minutes.

2. The unexpectedly fine exhibition made by the New Yorker in the opening round naturally had the effect of altering the odds and some of his more enthusiastic friends were disposed to go it at evens, while the opposite side were not so loud in their offers of long odds. As the men faced each other at the call of time the effects of the hard hitting was visible upon both, Hicken bleeding profusely from the nasal organ, and his left eye being swollen, while several lumps appeared upon his ribs; Maguire's left eye was in a bad condition, an abrasion was visible upon his forehead, and the carmine fluid trickled slowly from the cut in his left ear, which was somewhat enlarged. There was an evident desire upon the part of both to fiddle for wind, and consequently another tedious bout of sparring was in order before either made an effort to resume hostilities. At last, however, Maguire broke the ice, catching Abe a good 'un on the body with the left and jumping away cleverly from the return. Hicken made several attempts to draw Pete, but unsuccessfully, the latter watching his every move very closely, and always keeping himself ready for attack or defense. The New York boy again got home with the left on the facial promontory, a very forcible argument, which caused the claret to flow more copiously than before. He shortly followed this smasher with another on the body, and napped a heavy return from Ebenezer's right on the forehead, Pete responding with a stinging right-handed blow upon the ribs. After another spell of sparring and dodging Hicken tried with his left, but Peter caught the blow upon his arm and planted a return on the right optic; Abe was away from a second well-intended lunge, but could not escape a third, which took effect on his left eye. Now ensued another long interval of sparring, which Pete as usual brought to a close; but the vicious blow he aimed was avoided by Hicken; its force caused Maguire to stumble forward, but Abe failed to perceive or was not quick enough to take advantage of the excellent opportunity for administering punishment thus presented. Recovering himself, Pete dashed to close quarters, and terrible half-arm fighting occurred at the ropes, both using right and left effectually, mainly on the face and head. In the close Maguire got Hicken upon the ropes in a rather critical position, but Abe managed to release himself and get down. Time, six minutes.

3. Both were quick to respond to the call, but were more reluctant than before to commence operations, a very long time being spent in sparring, during which they, for a few moments, stood looking at each other with hands down. Abe at length opened fire, landing twice with effect upon the left eye and breast, jumping back from the return. Maguire was not to be denied, however, but bored in and succeeded in administering a terrific smash between the eyes, which caused the flow of blood from Hicken's nose to cease. Both now offered simultaneously, but neither blow reached its destination; Abe in a second try met with better success, rapping Pete on the right side of the head, but getting as good as he sent in the shape of a right hander on the cheek. Abe, after a little weaving, delivered on Maguire's bad eye, and by way of getting hunk for a sockdologer on the body, delivered heavily on the mouth and chin; this was succeeded by warm work at half-arm distance, and in the clinch which ensued both came to grief, Hicken underneath. Time, fourteen minutes.

4. The fighting so far had been decidedly in favor of Maguire, whose friends were jubilant and now seemed fully assured of his triumph, while the friends of Hicken were impressed with the belief that he was not exactly the man they had imagined him. The faces of the men were now strongly marked, Pete's left eye being in deep mourning, and gradually closing, while both of Abe's lamps were considerably damaged, as well as his nose, which was much enlarged and out of shape. After the usual amount of fiddling, Maguire made play with his dexter mawley, which found a resting place on Abe's ribs; in an endeavor to repeat the visitation he was foiled by Hicken, who now succeeded in landing twice with the left and once with the right in succession, all on the head. More sparring terminated by Pete tapping Abe lightly on the chin, Hicken parrying a blow aimed at the ribs and returning with the right on the left eye, for which Maguire accommodated him with a powerful blow on the forehead, which started Abe on a trot around the ring. They got together again, when Abe, carefully measuring his man, planted heavily upon the body and cleverly avoided the return; Pete followed him up, however, and the next time caught him on the left side of the head, Abe giving a receipt on the left ear, and napping another on the same spot—all right handers. This led to a warm rally at the ropes, both pummeling away merrily with both hands, and Abe finally slipping down on his knees. Time, twelve minutes.

5th and last.—They were now thoroughly wound up, and both manifested a disposition to set about their work without delay. Abe took the initiatory with his left, directed at the head, but Maguire wasn't there and its force was expended on the air. Abe got back out of harm's way, but Maguire followed him up and a rattling rally ensued in Hicken's corner, hit for hit being exchanged with great rapidity, Abe finally delivering with great force on the point of Maguire's jaw and immediately dropping on his marrow bones. On being carried to his corner it was found that the last blow had broken Peter's jaw in two places, and his seconds elevated the sponge, much to the astonishment of Hicken and those at the ring side, who were unaware of the damage done. The duration of the fight was precisely fifty minutes, the final round occupying but three minutes. It is unnecessary for us to comment upon this battle, which was one of the best contested and most scientific which has ever taken place in this country; we leave our readers to judge for themselves after a perusal of the rounds. As far as it went the fighting was decidedly in favor of Maguire, and many believe that had not the unfortunate accident alluded to occurred he would have proven victor; this, however, is but a matter of opinion, and as the men were so evenly mated, it would be foolish to predict what the result would have been had the battle been fought out satisfactorily. Certain it is, however, that Hicken was very fortunate in securing the victory as he did. During the return trip Abe went around among the spectators and collected in the neighborhood of $175 for his vanquished and mortified, though by no means disgraced, antagonist. The train arrived in the city of Brotherly Love during the evening, without any attempt at molestation, and all who took the affair in were enabled to retire to their virtuous couches at the accustomed hour, showing with what ease a mill can be brought off within convenient distance when proper secrecy is observed by those having the management. Tom Chaffers called upon us on the afternoon of the 26th ult., and informed us that Peter was getting along very nicely, and would soon be able to be about again and masticate his rations with usual ease and relish, which we sincerely hope may prove the case. There is some talk of making another match as soon as he recovers for $3,000 a side, as Maguire has since this engagement found good friends who are willing to back him freely with their ducats for a fresh match with his late opponent. We shall see what will come of it.

JIMMY ELLIOTT TO CHARLEY GALLAGHER.—The talk over the recent encounter between Gallagher and Elliott has brought the subjoined communication from the latter, to which we call attention:—

CLEVELAND, Dec. 24, 1868.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—I understand Charley Gallagher is trying to build up a name on his fight with me, stating that he was robbed out of it by a one-sided referee. I see by the St. Louis *Republican* that he is in St. Louis, and as I intend to be there to see the Davis-Allen fight, I wish to say that I will fight Gallagher in the same ring for $500, or a purse, to satisfy his friends whether I beat him on his merits or not.

Yours, JAMES ELLIOTT.

GEOGHEGAN VS. COLBERT'S MAN.—After the return from the Hicken-Maguire mill on the evening of the 23d ult., a number of sporting men gathered in a well known saloon of the Quaker City and indulged in a discussion regarding the merits of the principals. Among those present were Jim Colbert and Owney Geoghegan, who happened to entertain opposite opinions, and the warm argument which ensued terminated, we understand, in a fifty dollar note being placed by each in the hands of Florry Scammell as forfeit for a match, the conditions of which were that Colbert should find a man to whip Geoghegan in sixty minutes. It was agreed that a second meeting should be held in this city on Monday, 28th ult., between 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M., when an additional deposit was to be made and articles of agreement drawn up, the fight to take place in three months' time. Geoghegan was on hand, accompanied by Mr. Gillespie, Ed. Touhey, Luke Gleason and others, but after waiting until after the expiration of the limit and Colbert failing to appear, or have anyone to represent him, Owney left, stating that he would claim the money then up, and, if Colbert desired it, would make a fresh match upon like conditions. Thus the matter stands at present, but something may yet come of it.

THE ALLEN-DAVIS MATCH.—Accounts from the west concerning these heavy-weights are favorable in character, and thus far everything gives promise of the proposed battle on the 12th instant being brought off satisfactorily. The men are hard at work, and were feeling very well when last heard from, so that, barring accident, there is no reason to fear that either will be found wanting materially in point of condition when the day of battle arrives. On Wednesday, 23d ult., Sheriff Nicola arrested Allen in Cleveland, at the instance of Prosecuting Attorney Jones, and took him before the Court of Common Pleas, where a charge was made against him of violating the law relative to prize fighting. The evidence adduced proved that he was under a course of training such as men preparing for a fight usually undergo, and he expected to proceed to Illinois shortly to commence active training. Judge Foote held that inasmuch as the fight is not to take place in Ohio, and the simple act of training is not a crime, Allen could not be retained under arrest, and he was consequently discharged from custody.

TOUHEY'S BOXING SHOW.—The testimonial benefit gotten up for Ed. Touhey will take place at the Appolo Rooms, 78 Prince street, on Saturday evening, 2d inst., when a bill of fare replete with good things is promised for the amusement of those who attend. In addition to boxing by a number of the fistic luminaries of the metropolis and Brooklyn, Pat McGowan will warble comically, and in the wind-up the beauties of the art manly will be illustrated by the beneficiary and Teddy McAuliffe.

PATSY REARDON TO ROOKE AND OTHERS.—We are in receipt of another challenge, unaccompanied by money, from Patsy Reardon, who says he is willing to fight George Rooke at 145 lbs., or any weight he likes, for $1,000 a side, in two or three months from signing; or if Rooke is not agreeable Patsy will be ready to make a match with anybody at from 142 to 146 lbs., for the same amount. By sending a deposit to this office, and articles to Reardon, at Jack Brown's, Louisville, Ky., a match can be got on.

BILL DAVIS ASSAULTED.—A telegram from St. Louis, Mo., states that a fight occurred in the saloon at which Bill Davis was stopping on Saturday evening, 26th ult., during which Mike Ryan had his skull fractured and Joe Tyrell's frontal bone was crushed in, his jaw broken and one of his eyes badly gouged. The affray appears to have originated in an assault made upon Davis by four or five roughs: he sustained a slight cut upon the wrist.

DICK HOLLIWOOD was announced to give a sparring show in Chicago on the night of Dec. 26th, after which he was to return to Indianapolis, to prepare a "feast" for the sports at the "White House" on New Year's Day, and then start upon his proposed sparring tour through the west. We hear that the Nonpareil contemplates opening a hostelrie in the Garden City ere long, providing he finds a place to suit him.

A CALL UPON HUSSEY.—We have received a communication from George Carey, of Springfield, Illinois, wherein the writer says that he will fight Tim Hussey, at catch weight, for a purse, in the same ring with Allen and Davis, or at any time Tim Chooses.

THE MATCH between Peter Morris and Frank Wilson (Mouse) for $250 a side, has ended in smoke, the person who made the deposit on behalf of Wilson having forfeited the money down.

☞ We have letters for Ed. O'Baldwin, Teddy McAuliffe, Uncle Bill Tovee and William Lang.

BILLIARDS.

McDEVITT AND GOLDTHWAIT'S MATCH FOR $1,000.

A CLOSE AND EXCITING STRUGGLE.

McDEVITT SUCCESSFUL BY SEVENTEEN POINTS.

Following close upon the heels of the contest between Rhines and Vermeulen came that for the championship of America and $1,000, in which figured those well known players, John McDevitt, of Chicago, and William Goldthwait, of Williamsburg. The twain had already crossed cues five times in public—on four occasions for a stake and once for a purse. The first encounter took place in Cincinnati in May, 1865, when McDevitt, playing in a manner which he has never since surpassed, unexpectedly captured the $2,000 stake; the second encounter took place in this city in 1866, for a purse of $150 and McDevitt again won; later in the same year, and for a stake of $500 a side, they played in Boston; next, also in 1866, they played the return game in this city, the victory, if victory it could be called, resting with Goldthwait; and finally, in January of last year, they again measured strength for a stake of $250 a side, McDevitt winning by reason of his "jawing" the balls and running 1,483. The present match, which is the first between them involving the so-called championship, was entered into about four months ago, since which time, and up to the 22d ult., both men had been in active practice. McDevitt's headquarters was on Dearborn street, Chicago, where he played with Foley, Rhines and others. Goldthwait practiced at the Odeon, Williamsburg—usually with amateurs, but once or twice with Melvin Foster. Arrived in Chicago, for which city he started on the 17th ult., he played with Peter Snyder and others, winning easily and exhibiting skill of a rare order. Nevertheless, the odds in betting was against him there, while here few indulged in the hope that he would win, although McDevitt was not regarded as the strongest opponent he could find. It was calculated that even if he succeeded in obtaining a commanding lead towards the close of the contest, he would give the game away, either from sheer excitability, or by a miscue or other careless stroke. And those who thought this simply argued that what had almost always been the case would be again. It would appear now that the argument was sound.

Crosby's Opera House, in which, on the 22d ult., the contest occurred, was well filled, a number of ladies being spectators. When the players entered they were warmly greeted, and the audience also expressed approbation when it was announced that Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, had been chosen referee. As his umpire, Goldthwait selected John Frawley, while McDevitt nominated M. McDermott, of Detroit. The marker was James Cusick, an *attaché* of Foley's rooms, Foley himself being director of affairs.

THE GAME.

Up to the 8th innings nothing noteworthy occurred. Here McDevitt, with his monotonous push, push, push, made 89, making his total score 131, against Goldthwait's 55. Shortly afterwards McDevitt added 40, and in his 12th innings Goldthwait, having "left him the balls," he ran 196 along the upper cushion, in about the same position he had the ivories when he rolled up 1,453 against Dion. Those who had laid the odds of $100 to $50 thought he was about to repeat that notable exploit, but a draw shot put an end to the anticipation, and he closed with 196, and left the spheres well for his antagonist, who put up 154, the unlucky holing of McDevitt's ball necessitating a closing shot for safety. On top of this, McDevitt having in the mean time failed to score off the safety-play, Goldie piled 116, and soon afterward 78, which placed him in his fifth hundred, slightly ahead. The 22d innings was signalized by a run of 158, made by McDevitt mostly off the reds. Goldthwait was now nearly two hundred behind. A run of 84 on McDevitt's part, in the 26th innings, increased the gap, his total being 781, and Goldthwait's 517. Slow work up to the 33d innings, when Goldthwait, a little favored by the fickle goddess, got as high as 226. The gap was now closed, Goldthwait was eleven ahead; yet still the odds were two to one, with few takers. The run was ended by a miscue, which left the balls so that McDevitt was enabled to bring them together easily, and make 111. The lead he thus regained, with ninety-six over and above. Goldthwait followed with 95, freezing when the prospect was most promising. The 37th innings shows a run of 59 by Goldthwaite, and in the 39th he made 57, which would have been largely added to had not the light red ball taken a notion to pocket itself and spoil the "break." McDevitt was now 971, and Goldthwait 1,050, a difference of 79. McDevitt now had the misfortune to "freeze," after scoring 56. In the 44th innings, the white ball again hid itself on Goldthwait, who failed to "string" all the others. McDevitt playing in hand, counted and bunched the balls. He kept them bunched, until he had counted 200, and then made 38 more around the table, the run amounting to 238, which proved the largest of the game. This sudden change of base, placing, as it did, McDevitt at 1,303, while Goldthwait was but 1,126, was not at all agreeable to the latter; nor was he at all pleased when, a few innings later, McDevitt ran 115, stopping only because of a "freeze." The Chicagoan had now but 20 points to go. What made matters worse, he was 292 ahead. Still, the play had not been knocked out of the hindermost man; for, getting the balls along the upper cushion, he counted on, never stopping until he had scored 200, and then only for refreshment. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not stopped even for that, as, upon taking up his cue again and resuming, he failed to count, although the balls were all together. The run of 200 had evidently unnerved McDevitt; for he too missed an easy carom. His own miss had astounded Goldthwait, and he slipped up after making 5. Again and again each player missed the simplest of shots. Goldthwait made another miss cue, leaving the balls well for his opponent, who counted, but went into the pocket. Attempting to "string" the balls, Goldthwait again failed, leaving the light red out. McDevitt did not count, however; steadying himself a little, Goldthwait now ran thirty. He had but seventeen to get, but he missed an easy shot, and McDevitt got a chance for and made the sixteen *he* needed. The excitement, it will readily be imagined, was beyond description; and when the game was won, McDevitt, it is needless to say, was overwhelmed with congratulations. The score:—

McDevitt.—2, 3, 2, 2, 5, 8, 0, 2, 20, 7, 40, 5, 196, 0, 0, 5, 66, 15, 3, 10, 3, 17, 158, 26, 10, 5, 84, 9, 4, 9, 7, 1, 0, 111, 4, 8, 9, 19, 9, 56, 0, 0, 24, 8, 0, 238, 15, 18, 11, 5, 5, 3, 2, 115, 0, 2, 0, 2, 0, 0, 16—1,500.

Goldthwait.—0, 7, 12, 14, 0, 2, 20, 3, [illegible], 4, 5, 2, 154, 116, 12, 78, 3, 8, 0, 5, 1, 13, 36 3, 3, 13, 46, 13, 1, 18, 1, 3, 226, 95, 2, 12, 59, 0, 57, 5, 27, 3, 20, 9, 12, 0, 3, 44, 7, 4, 6, 0, 6, 19, 200, 5, 10, 25, 6, 30—1,483.

SUMMARY.—CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Match for $500 a side, between John McDevitt, of Chicago, and William Goldthwait, of Williamsburg, N. Y. Four-ball carom game, 1,500 points, push shot allowed, played with 2⅜ inch balls, on a second-sized four-pocket Standard American table. Score—McDevitt, 1,500, Goldthwait, 1,483. Averages—McDevitt, 25; Goldthwait, 24 43-60. Referee—Philip Tieman. Time of game—Four hours.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ILLINOIS.

CONTEST BETWEEN HENRY RHINES AND JOSEPH VERMEULEN.

THE LATTER WINS BY 27 POINTS AND THE CUE CHANGES HANDS.

The second contest for the championship of Illinois, under the new order of things which prohibits the push, that stroke so repugnant to nine-tenths of the billiard playing community, took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, on the night of the 22d ult. The attendance was large and the arrangements admirable. The game consisted of 1,500 points, and was played with 2⅜in. balls, on a standard American four-pocket table, of the second size. When Michael Foley, of Detroit, had been selected as referee, Al. Smith as Rhines' umpire, and Peter Snyder as Vermeulen's, it was twenty five minutes after eight o'clock; and then they opened

THE GAME.

Rhines won the lead and choice of balls. Vermeulen was first to count, making fifteen on the two reds, leaving a bank for Rhines, which the latter failed to make, and his opponent got in a run of twenty-eight, and went to pocket off a count. Bets of $50 and $100 on Rhines but no takers. Rhines left a ball out at his next endeavor to effect a "string," and Vermeulen availed himself of the opening to the extent of thirty-six, failing on an easy shot, and leaving the balls in a line for Rhines, who made a neat bank shot and scored 7. Single figures attended the efforts of each in the two following innings, Vermeulen breaking the spell by a splendid mace shot, followed by an unexpected failure. Both then shot to pocket for safety, Vermeulen being the first to get to work, putting in a run of 17, and turning his first hundred 23 ahead. Offers of $100 to $75 on Rhines and no takers. After a successful "string" by Rhines, the other executed another mace shot, and followed with a score of 15, going to pocket off a count. Rhines failed to "string," and Vermeulen went away with 12, missing a difficult *masse*. Thereupon Rhines scored 31, going to pocket judiciously. Blanks for each, Vermeulen striking out with 14, and then being kissed out of a count. Trifling results for each in the three subsequent innings, an unlucky kiss for Rhines leaving the reds in fine position for the other, who met with a miscue after a run of 17. Rhines followed with 26, missing a simple shot. After a series of small runs by each, Vermeulen turned his second hundred, with a lead of 76. A bet of $100 to $50 on Rhines found a taker. Poor playing was the rule, until an injudicious shot by Vermeulen left Rhines a fine opening, which, however, he abandoned, after a run of 23. No noteworthy billiards up to the thirty-seventh innings, in which Vermeulen accomplished a run of 63, turning his fourth hundred, and being 150 points ahead. Then Rhines scored 29, leaving the balls for his opponent, who profited by it to the extent of 10. Rhines now let out with 34, which Vermeulen cast into the shade by a score of 76, which carried him over his fifth hundred, and placed him 168 in the lead—the game standing, in the forty-first innings, Vermeulen, 451; Rhines, 283. Both players now began to redeem the game in a measure, Vermeulen with 90, and Rhines with 53. On the fiftieth innings Rhines had crept up to within a hundred of his opponent, and his next essay diminished the disparity by twenty-four. At the close of the sixty-third innings Rhines had passed to the front with a run of 61, which carried him to his seventh hundred and placed him ahead, the score standing—Rhines, 668; Vermeulen, 652. From this point onward Rhines gained slowly, turning his ninth hundred 39 points ahead, though doing but little average playing. Rhines now treated himself to a benefit of 42, missing an easy shot, and Vermeulen followed with 34, also failing where he should have counted. At the one hundred and first innings Rhines had turned his eleventh hundred and was 164 ahead, the score standing—Rhines, 1,016; Vermeulen, 952. This lead he increased by 24, going to pocket off a count, but Vermeulen, by slow and persistent efforts, had reduced the difference to 42 at the one hundred and seventh innings, and now bets of $100 to $50 on Rhines met with takers. But the latter produced, in quick succession, aggregates of 40 and 50, and made the matter as bad as before, turning his twelfth hundred 117 ahead. A series of failures on Rhines' part, and of small runs on Vermeulen's, again brought the lead to but fifty; and then it was increased once more by a score of 29 by the former. On the one hundred and twenty-second innings Vermeulen made a run of 54, which carried him to the front once more, and brought up his stock so that bets of two to one against him found ready takers. A series of downright "scratches" enabled him to accumulate 46 and to turn his fourteenth hundred 86 points ahead, the score standing—Vermeulen, 1,306; Rhines 1,220. In the one hundred and thirtieth innings Rhines made 97, and developed, in a remarkable degree, his splendid nerve and reliability, and brought down the house with thunders of applause. Game—Rhines, 1,332; Vermeulen, 1,317. Rhines left off his run by stringing the balls, and Vermeulen counted handsomely with a mace bank shot, which was in turn warmly applauded by his admirers. He went to pocket for safety, after a run of 14, and a failure of Rhines to string the balls left him another chance, which he improved by fourteen, missing on account of a miscue, and again passing his opponent. Then both sought pockets for safety, and a miss by Rhines left all the balls out, so that Vermeulen got away easily with a run of forty-three, enjoying two or three bits of good luck in bringing it about and at length shooting to pocket. Again Rhines missed a hard count, leaving all the balls out, and again Vermeulen accumulated twenty-five, turning on his fifteenth hundred seventy-three points ahead. Rhines now missed a gift, went to pocket and failed on his subsequent bank. He was unable to overcome a series of bad breaks, while Vermeulen, on the contrary, seemed to have the fickle goddess not exactly at the end of his fingers, but certainly at the tip of his cue, achieving a run of twenty-six by her aid in two or three instances. A failure at length, through over confidence, left Rhines his first chance for several innings, and he improved it by a beautiful run of ninety-five by the aid of his consummate nursing along the cushion, and only forbore by a hair's miss, but left a bunch for Vermeulen, who by no means played with the confidence he had shown before, and left off with seven, after having pocketed his opponent's ball and strung the others, after executing a splendid mace shot, sought the pocket for safety, leaving an impossible shot for his opponent. He then ran nine, and unquestionably would have done much better, says the Chicago *Tribune*, but for the disgraceful yelling set up by his friends, which induced him to alter his mind concerning a shot which he wished to make. His chances were excellent for winning the game as it was, but an unlucky kiss on a round-the-table shot left the balls for Vermeulen, who, in the one hundred and forty-fourth innings, ran fifteen and closed the game, winning by only twenty-eight points. The following is the score:—

Rhines—3, 1, 2, 7, 4, 3, 6, [illegible], 2, 3, 31, 6, 0, 2, 0, 4, 26, 3, 7, 3, 2, 0, 21, 11, 8, 0, 8, 7, 2, 4, 5, 0, 1, 3, 6, 8, 3, 29, 4, 34, 0, 4, 8, 19, 53, 4, 5, 26, 0, 6, 0, 17, 17, 0, 26, 37, 10, 0, 0, 6, 61, 12, 2, 18, 9, 26, 8, 0, 13, 0, 9, 5, [illegible], 3, 0, 12, 0, 2, 0, 0, 15, 31, 11, 0, 2, 6, 5, 40, 42, 0, 0, 18, 0, 0, 10, 0, [illegible], 0, 2, 0, 5, 0, 42, 3, 4, 0, 0, 0, 6, 29, 2, 0, 0, 9, 0, 11, 14, 0, 0, 1, 2, 97, 3, 2, 0, 3, 3, 8, 3, 3, 3, 7, 95, 3, 9, 0—1,473.

Vermeulen—17, 28, 36, 5, 0, 2, 5, 17, 15, 12, 3, 0, 14, [illegible], 4, 17, 2, 0, 2, 5, [illegible], 0, 2, 4, 2, 3, 11, 3, 10, 17, 7, 19, 4, 5, 63, 10, 0, 2, 76, 8, 16, 90, 13, [illegible], 5, 0, 0, 0, 14, 6, 4, 20, 3, 22, 14, 1, 16, 5, 7, 0, 4, 23, 0, 16, 26, 2, [illegible], 26, 1, 3, 6, 0, 0, 0, 17, 2, 21, 6, 4, 6, 23, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 34, 3, 2, 19, [illegible], 2, 1, 2, 11, 11, 27, 12, 7, 0, 11, 22, 13, 21, 0, 3, 3, 24, 7, 0, 0, 51, 6, [illegible], 6, 43, 11, 14, 14, 0, 3, 43, 15, 6, 3, 11, 20, 10, 7, 3, 0, 15—1,501.

SUMMARY—CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO, Dec. 21, 1868.—Match game of billiards, 1,500 points, push barred, for the championship of Illinois and $100 a side, between Joseph Vermeulen and Henry Rhines. Won by Vermeulen. Score, 1,501; Rhines, 1,473. Winner's average, 10 2-5; loser's average, 10 1-5. Time of game—Five hours and thirty minutes.

MATCH FOR $1,000 BETWEEN FOLEY AND FRAWLEY.

THE LATTER BEATEN 355 POINTS.

ANOTHER MATCH FOR $1 0000 A SIDE.

The final contest of the Chicago series was between the ex-champion of Illinois, Thomas Foley, and the ex-champion of Ohio, John Frawley. On the 2d of December these experts played the first game of a home-and-home match, at Garrett's Hall, Cleveland, the stake being $500 a side. Foley won by 525, in a string of 1,500. The push shot was permitted on that occasion. In the match which we have now to record it was prohibited. But very little interest was manifested in it, as Foley was looked upon as the sure winner. The odds were 100 to 25, and the run of 78 with which Foley opened the game was not calculated to enhance the stock of his Cleveland opponent. By the score it will be seen that the Chicago player never lost the lead, and that the victory was a very hollow one indeed.

After the game was over, another match, 1,500 points up, push shot allowed, for $1,000 a side, was made between Foley and Frawley. It is to be played in Chicago about the 23d of February. A match of an equal number of points, at the same kind of game, but for $500 a side, was also entered into between Frawley and Henry Rhines. This is to take place in Cleveland on the 23d of January. Frawley is determined to have his hands full. The score:—

Foley—78, 1, 0, 3, 2, 10, 5, 21, 23, 3, 13, 8, 24, 0, 0, 7, 9, 2, 33, 0, 3, 4, 0, 3, 3, 15, 0, 6, 1, 47, 7, 15, 30, 21, 12, 3, 7, 2, 25, 0, 7, 9, 33, 33, 19, 5, 6, 1, 5, 77, 3, 10, 6, 2, 17, 0, 3, 9, 6, 2, 3, 2, 1, 6, 0, 0, 0, 33, 41, 63, 8, 5, 1, 10, 73, 4, 0, 3, 5, 0, 23, 6, 2. Total, 1,000.

Frawley—2, 3, 9, 4, 15, 0, 7, 2, 0, 0, 0, 3, 2, 9, 2, 10, 2, 26, 11, 2, 3, 0, 15, 5, 26, 6, 6, 3, 6, 0, 1, 2, 5, 0, 0, 21, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 7, 5, 2, 2, 28, 4, 12, 2, 2, 0, 18, 0, 81, 0, 0, 4, 0, 2, 19, 21, 15, 17, 31, 20, 3, 2, 0, 3, 8, 16, 2, 0, 11, 4, 4, 11, 3, 0, 2, 14, 37, 0, 7, 12, 3. Total, 645.

SUMMARY.—CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO, ILL., DEC. 23.—Match for $1,000, 1,000 points, pushes barred, on a standard American second size four pocket table, between John Frawley, of Cleveland, and Thomas Foley, of Chicago. Score—Foley, 1,000; Frawley, 645. Averages—Foley, 11 54-81; Frawley, 7 50-85. Best runs—Frawley, 81; Foley, 78. Time—Three hours and forty-five minutes. Referee—Peter Snyder. Umpires—For Foley, John McDevitt; for Frawley, John W. Coon.

THE DION AND FOSTER MATCH.—Next week we shall have a detailed report of the Dion-Foster match, which has for some time been the all-engrossing topic in billiard circles everywhere, and which is in progress at the Academy of Music in this city as we go to press. Since the 21st ult. Dion and Foster have been practicing alternately at Phelan & Collender's new warerooms. They have played alone most of the time. Each, however, has had John Deery for an opponent on three different occasions. Deery defeated Dion twice in three games, but invariably had to succumb to Foster. The best known runs were 57 and 35 by Dion, and 34, 35, 35, 40, 42, 44, 55 and 63 by Foster. The latter, so far as is known, made the best average in a long game—it was 8.

THE BROOKLYN TOURNAMENT.—Let it not be forgotten that on the 30th December, in the afternoon and also in the evening, all the great players, such as Dion, Foster, Goldthwait, Deery, Tieman and Phelan, are to play at the City Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, in aid of the Workingwomen's Co-operative Union.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF

Trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

AN ATTEMPT TO SUBSTITUTE ANOTHER HORSE IN A MATCH DEFEATED

It rarely happens that we are called upon to record a trotting match on a regular track at so late a period of the year as the 22d of December, but such is the case in the present instance. The match in question was announced to be between two Westchester County horses, Mr. Purdy's chestnut mare and Mr. Miles' brown mare, for $500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon. The former was trained and driven by Aleck Patterson, and the latter by William Borst. The attendance was confined to the immediate personal friends of the principals in the match, and a few of the irrepressible *habitues* of the trotting track, like Messrs. Tuttle, Jonas, McCarty and Mott, who cannot be kept away when a race is going on by the stormiest of weather. The track was a sheet of ice and frozen mud, which, when partially thawed by the sun and working on it in scoring, became awfully heavy and holding. After the stakes were put up and the judges appointed, the owner of the Purdy mare objected to the animal that Borst was driving against him, on the ground that it was not the same mare that was named in the match, and which was expressly declared to be "Mr. Miles brown mare," and that the one on the track was a bay mare belonging Mr. Fellows, of this city, which it was attempted to "ring in" instead of the one originally matched. This charge, Mr. Summers, who had matched the brown mare, met by saying that the mare in question was really owned by Mr. Miles, who had purchased her of Mr. Fellows over a month ago. The judges required Mr. Miles to produce his bill of sale, which he declared he had received, but it was found that he did not have it in his possession at the time. The judges therefore decided that the race should be trotted under protest, and that they would afterwards receive evidence as to the *bona fide* character of the purchase of the mare in question from Mr. Fellows, whose affidavit of her sale would be sufficient and satisfactory. The Miles party evidently did not court investigation into the affair, and to avoid it, they announced that they would pay forfeit in the match, which was accordingly done.

The owner of the Purdy mare then offered to trot a match for $250 a side, against the mare the Miles party had brought upon the track, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon, so as to prevent the parties present from being disappointed in a race. This offer was at once accepted by Mr. Robert Hamilton, on behalf of the Fellows mare, and the money put up in the stakeholder's hands. The betting was slightly in favor of the chestnut mare (Purdy's), but comparatively little business was done.

FIRST HEAT.—Aleck Patterson had the pole with the chestnut mare, and had slightly the best of the send off. Going round the turn she broke, and Borst took the lead, and was two clear lengths ahead at the quarter pole. As soon as the chestnut mare got settled to a square trot, she showed a fine turn of speed, closing rapidly on Borst, and collaring him as they passed the old stand. Here again she broke and fell off, Borst being a couple of lengths ahead of her as they passed the half mile pole. On the Flushing stretch, the chestnut again showed a great burst of speed, evidently out-trotting the bay mare, but unable to act steadily in the heavy mud, for which her long reach stride was not adapted, for she made another break near the three-quarter pole, and again in coming up the stretch, which enabled the bay mare, who trotted very steadily, to come home a winner of the heat by six lengths in 2:59½.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was still even on the Purdy mare, for it was thought she would act better in the second heat than she had done. Many who had laid odds on her before the start now hedged, for they saw that she could not trot in the heavy ground, which just suited the little bay mare, with her short, quick stride. Borst got away first, but the chestnut was even with him before they got to the turn, where she broke as before and fell off, making a double break before she got to the quarter pole, where the bay mare led three lengths. As soon as the Purdy mare struck a trot, she went up to Borst in a surprising manner, but just as she got to his wheel, she lost her feet in a succession of breaks, which she kept up all the way home, despite Aleck Patterson's efforts to keep her steady, and the bay mare won the heat by two lengths in 2:54½.

THIRD HEAT.—Betting $50 to $30 on Borst, who led throughout, the chestnut mare acting as badly as in the two previous heats, having cut her quarter and twisted off a shoe. Borst won the heat by six lengths, thus taking the race and money; time, 2:56. The chestnut mare is evidently very fast on a good track, but unable to trot any in mud, for which her long, sweeping stride is not adapted. She is a very handsome dark chestnut, with [illegible] tail, about fifteen hands three inches high, and only six years old. [illegible] sired by New Jersey, a son of George M. Patchen, and will doubtless be seen to greater advantage than on this occasion. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Tuesday, Dec. 22.—Match $1,000, $250 ft, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon.

Mr. Purdy's chestnut mare	Received ft.
Mr. Miles' brown mare	Paid ft.

SAME DAY.—Match $500, play or pay; mile heats, three in five, to wagon.

Mr. Miles' bay mare	1	1	1
Mr. Purdy's chestnut mare	2	2	2

Time, 2:59½; 2:54½; 2:56.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Racing Season of 1868—Its Principal Winning Owners and Winning Horses.

INTERESTING TURF STATISTICS OF THE PAST YEAR—THE METROPOLITAN STEEPLE CHASE MEETING AT KINGSBURY—SINGULAR MISTAKE ABOUT THE SCRATCHING OF THE WINNER OF THE PRINCIPAL RACE—THE NEW RACE COURSE AT EPSOM AND ITS OFFICIAL APPROVAL BY THE JOCKEY CLUB—SALE OF LADY ELIZABETH AND THE EARL.

The immense magnitude of racing operations in England and the vast amount of public money, in purses and stakes, that a really first class race horse can win for his owner on the turf there, may be estimated from the subjoined statistics of the past season, which have just appeared in Messrs. Weatherby's annual racing calendar. The name of Sir Joseph Hawley heads the list of great winners, he being credited with the sum of $104,000, won by his small but magnificent stable of racers during the past year. Of this large amount Blue Gown won $50,000, having been successful in eight out of the eleven races for which he started, among which was the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," the Epsom Derby. His other winners were Pero Gomez, ($26,000); Morna, ($8,600), and The Palmer, ($3,400), all of them, like Blue Gown, sired by his own horse, Beadsman, with whom he won the Derby in 1858. Next on the list of great winners, is the famous gin distiller, Mr. William Graham, who is credited with $95,300, all won, with the insignificant exception of $3,000, by his renowned three year old filly, Formosa, who divided half the stake in the Two Thousand Guineas, and subsequently won the One Thousand, Oaks and St. Leger. The Duke of Newcastle ranks third in amount of winnings, his horses having carried off $93,350; no bad result of a season's campaign. Speculum (the Metropolitan Stakes winner), Julius, and the two year olds, Abstinence and Tenedos, are the animals that have done him this good service. Next comes that staunch Scottish turfman, Mr. Merry, with $67,000 attached to his name, of which his brilliantly performed two year old, Belladrum, at present the leading favorite for the coming Derby, who has won ten out of his twelve races, has won $27,000 and Crocus £16,000. Mr. Padwick, the sporting bill discounter and money-lender, is returned with $57,350, but this amount comprises all the money won by The Earl and other horses belonging to the late Marquis of Hastings, upon which he held a lien for money advanced. Mr. Chaplin, the owner of Hermit, the winner of the previous year's Derby, is credited with $58,000 and the Ascot Gold Vase, and Mr. Saville with $47,000, the greater part won by Blueskin, and his two year old, Ryshworth. Mr. J. Johnston has to thank Tabouret, Mandrake and Mercury for the $42,000 balance in his favor, while Baron Rothschild is indebted to King Alfred and Restitution for the $37,500 he has won. Captain Machell and the Duke of Hamilton each average $36,000; Mr. Brayley and Mr. Crawford over $30,000; and Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Prior and Sir Frederick Johnstone each a trifle under that sum. Of the winning two year olds Belladrum stands highest, with $37,000; Tenedos next, with $27,700; Pero Gomez third, with $25,600, and Ryshworth $12,500. Of the three year olds Formosa ranks highest, with $92,000, and Julius among the four year olds, with $13,000. Vespasian, $8,000, and the Clown, $5,000, are the highest among the five and six year olds respectively, while it is not a little remarkable that of those brilliant performers of last season, Achievement, Hermit, Vauban, Marksman, Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian, which comprises the Middle Park, Derby, Two Thousand, One Thousand and St. Leger winners, not one has won a single race this year. The number of races that have been run on the flat this season is 2,150; of horses, 2,510, including 844 two year olds; 621 three year olds; 411 four year olds, and 617 of five and upwards. Short distance races are rapidly on the increase, there having been 437 half mile dashes and under last year to 290 in 1863; 796 over half a mile and under a mile to 860 in 1863; 180 of two miles and under three to 218 in 1864; and 5 races of four miles to 9 at that distance in 1864. Of the successful stallions, the hitherto supreme Stockwell has been surpassed by the expatriated young sire, Buccaneer, whose stock have won $144,500, to Stockwell's $143,500. Newminster comes next with $100,000; and Beadsman fourth with $93,800. Young Melbourne, mostly by the aid of his magnificent son, The Earl, won $84,500, and Knight of St. Patrick has to thank Moslem and Tenedos for the greater part of the $50,400 he is credited with. St. Albans, Thormanby, Rataplan, Wild Dayrell, Skirmisher, Newcastle, Trumpeter, Carnival, Vedette, Lambton and Weatherbit rank in the order named as winning sires. Of the above list, Newminster, although now dead, has the largest number of winners, although he ranks below Buccaneer and Stockwell as far as the pecuniary amount won is concerned; his own falling $60,000 below that of the previous year.

The Metropolitan Steeple Chase Meeting, at Kingsbury, commenced on Dec. 8th, and continued three days. There were thirteen steeple chases and five hurdle races on the card, and one hundred and twenty horses took part in the different contests. The most important event was the Metropolitan Steeple Chase Handicap, three miles, in which eleven horses started, including The Lamb and Alcibiade, both winners of the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase; The Nun, winner of the Birmingham Steeple Chase; Pensioner and Globule. A singular occurrence in connection with The Nun took place, which caused a great commotion among turfmen. This mare had been greatly fancied by the public for the Croydon Grand Metropolitan Steeple Chase, and was heavily backed, starting at the short odds of 6 to 4 against her. In that race she held a clear lead of the field until nearing home, but, being most wretchedly ridden, she was beaten by half a length by Pearl Diver. Her performance was so good that she was again heavily backed for the race in question all over the kingdom, when, the day before it was run, the daily papers and sporting journals contained the announcement, received and endorsed by the Electric Telegraph Company's agent, that she had been struck out of all her engagements at Kingsbury. Those who had backed her immediately transferred their investments to other horses they fancied in the race, but to their astonishment The Nun had not only not been scratched, but she ran and won the race. The false intelligence originated out of a mistake of the handicapper's clerk, who had informed the telegraph company's agent that The Nun was struck out of *all* her Kingsbury engagements, instead of, as was really the case, all *but one*, the race she won. The betting at the start was 5 to 2 against The Lamb; 3 to 1 against The Nun and 5 to 1 against Pensioner; The Nun, after a splendid race, winning by a short head only from The Lamb. A great many of the bookmakers, on the strength of the telegram of The Nun being struck out, had bet heavily against her, all in, scratched or not, and they made a tremendous outcry after the race, but few felt any sympathy for them. The affair is likely to do good, by leading to a more regular and systematic way of "scratching" horses, which in future will have to be done in writing, and not, as is now usually the case, by a *viva voce* declaration.

The new course on Epsom Downs, constructed by the Grand Stand proprietors, to avoid altogether running over the narrow strip of land owned by Mr. Studd, the new lord of the manor, and thus evade the payment of the exorbitant rent he asks for allowing them that privilege, has just been inspected by the Duke of Beaufort and Admiral Rous, in their capacity as stewards of the Jockey Club, and *ex-officio* stewards of Epsom races, and they have expressed their approval of it. Mr. Clark, of Newmarket, the race judge, has also certified that he has examined the race course over which it is proposed to run the Epsom Spring Meeting of 1869, and that he finds it very little different in form from the one previously used, and equally as good for racing purposes; the proposed new turn at Tattenham corner being a decided improvement. In consequence of this, the races at the Epsom Spring Meeting will be run over it. The dispute between Mr. Studd and the grand stand proprietors, relative to the Derby course, remains *in statu quo*, and the uncertainty that exists whether the great Epsom event of 1869 will be run, materially checks all speculation on that momentous race. The only horse that has been inquired after, and supported, is Martyrdom, a son of St. Albans, and Eulogy, belonging to Capt. Machell, the racing confederate of Mr. Chaplin when the latter's horse Hermit won the Derby. This horse was backed at 25 to 1 for all the money that could be got, and ultimately 1,000 to 45 was taken. At Newmarket, where the horse is trained, the highest opinion is entertained of him; it being there sanguinely anticipated that he will emulate the achievement of his stable companion, Hermit. His two year old performances do not warrant such hopes, for he only won four out of the ten races he started in.

At a recent public sale of racehorses at Tattersall's, Lady Elizabeth and The Duke, formerly owned by the late Marquis of Hastings, were sold, and the appearance of the once famous and now notorious filly caused the greatest sensation. The crowd assembled to see her was so great that it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to get her out. She looked greatly improved since her last appearance in public, having filled out and thickened considerably—so much so that several eminent trainers were, with difficulty, persuaded that she was the same animal that started for the Derby. After a few bids, she was knocked down to John Day for 600 guineas. There was a general feeling of regret that she had not fallen into other hands, as in that event it might have been ascertained whether she had any real chance for the Derby or otherwise, and thus considerable light might have been thrown on one of the most recent of turf scandals. Undoubtedly Lady Elizabeth has at once been the most sensational and notorious animal of modern times, hardly excepting Running Rein. No one can doubt, when contemplating her splendid series of two year old performances, that she was, (not even excepting her immediate predecessor, Achievement), probably the most wonderful youngster of her sex that ever appeared on the turf. The probability is, that her heart was broken by her wonderful two year old match with Julius, who was an extraordinary horse when in form, and whom she beat in a mile at a difference of only 9 lbs. for the year's difference of over age between them. She will now be put to the breeding stud, and her name sink into oblivion. Her stable companion, the Earl, who could have won the Derby the same year, but was not allowed to start for it, has been purchased, it is said, by the Austrian Government, and will go out to join the expatriated Buccaneer, whose value as a stallion has this year been convincingly proved by the splendid performances of his offspring.

COCKING.

MAIN BETWEEN UNION HILL AND NEWARK, NEW JERSEY,

FOR FIFTY DOLLARS EACH FIGHT AND THREE HUNDRED THE MAIN.

NEWARK VICTORIOUS.

The second main of the season in this locality came off on Wednesday evening, the 23d ult., at the usual scene of sport, between the fanciers of Newark and Union Hill, N. J. There was a large assemblage of the most prominent and distinguished patrons of the sport from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, etc., present to witness the proceedings and speculate upon the various contests, as their fancy, judgment or feelings prompted them. The conditions of the main were to show fifteen fowls on each side, eight chickens weighing from four pounds to five pounds, and seven cocks, weighing from 4 pounds 4oz., to 5pounds 6oz., and fight all that fell in for $50 a battle and $300 the main. When the last match was completed it was found that nine matches had been arranged, so that the winner of five battles would carry off the $300 in greenbacks dependent on the issue of the main. The Newark fowls were principally of a cross strain of Irish and English breeds, while the Union Hill fowls were mostly of the Sefton and Derby strains, crossed with Devonshire, which is so much fancied in that locality, and which the Ludlows have so carefully preserved and cultivated.

FIRST BATTLE.—As is customary, the light weight chickens were the first to enter the pit, two four-pounders opening the ball. Newark showed a fine black red, with a white hackle, and Union Hill a pile which was evidently not up to the mark in condition. The Newark bird was the favorite at $10 to $7, and he commenced fighting in a style that apparently would give him a speedy victory, hitting the Union Hill bird repeatedly in the throat and breast, so that offers of $10 to $3 were loudly and currently offered on his winning. Just when victory seemed certain, the Union Hill bird made one last desperate fly, and his spur transfixing the throat of his opponent, laid him dead on the spot, to the astonishment of the layers of the odds, and the corresponding exultation of the takers. This fight lasted four minutes.

SECOND FIGHT.—The heavy weight chickens, 5 pounds each, were next introduced. Newark showed a brown red, with black hackles, and Union Hill one of the same kind; in fact they were own brothers. The Newark bird had the call in the betting at $10 to $9 and speculation was heavy and brisk. It was a most severe and punishing fight, although a short one, only lasting one minute; the Newark representative laying the other dead in his tracks, with a brain hit, and winning the battle.

THIRD FIGHT.—Newark sent in a fine brown red chicken, 4lbs 8oz. and Union Hill a black red, with ginger hackle, of exactly the same weight. The betting was $10 to $6 on Newark, whose representative took a strong lead in the fighting from the start, although the Union Hill bird fought gamely and desperately. After a quick, well fought battle, of 4 min. 50 sec., the Union Hill bird was withdrawn, vanquished and dying, from the pit. The Newark party were particularly jubilant at the appearance of affairs, and sanguine of winning the main.

FOURTH BATTLE.—Newark showed a four pound pile, and Union Hill a showy looking brown red, with black hackle. Betting was even between the pair, but the Union Hill fowl was a duffer, and, after receiving a couple of cuts, flew the pit, and was declared beaten in 1 min. 40 sec.

FIFTH BATTLE.—Union Hill was represented by a 4lbs. 9oz. pile, and Newark by a 4lb. 8oz. black red. The betting was $10 to $6 on the latter, and the fight was perhaps the best and most obstinate of the evening. At the first fly, the Newark bird lost an eye; but he continued fighting desperately; for even when apparently dying, and his previous backers trying excitedly to hedge at any price, he rallied and fought gallantly. A second time he was prostrated on the pit floor, but once more he arose and renewed the contest, and at last his obstinate gameness triumphed, for he cut the Union Hill chicken, a thorough game one, into ribbons, killed him and won the battle; time, ten minutes twenty-three seconds.

SIXTH BATTLE.—Newark showed a black and red, and Union Hill one of the same color, both 4lbs. 4oz. The betting was now $50 to $5 on Newark winning the main, as they had already won four battles to their opponents' one, but there was no betting, as the victory of the Newarkers seemed a certainty. After a rattling good fight the Union Hill bird laid his foe dead in the pit.

SEVENTH BATTLE.—Union Hill produced another black red, and Newark a blue red, both 5lbs. 6oz. This was a most exciting fight Union Hill again winning and their stock looking up, as they had now scored three fights to their rivals' four.

EIGHTH BATTLE.—Both sides showed two black reds, 4lbs 9oz. each. This was a short, sharp and decisive fight; the Union Hill bird quickly laying out his opponent. The score now stood even and the excitement was intense.

NINTH BATTLE.—This decided the main, and betting was lively. Union Hill showed a grey, and Newark a blue red, both 4lbs. 7oz. This was one of the best fights of the series, and resulted in the Union Hill fowl killing his antagonist after a long and severe struggle. This fight decided the main in favor of Union Hill, to the chagrin and heavy pecuniary loss of the Newark party.

GRAND MAIN BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH FINALLY ARRANGED.—After protracted negotiations, much talk and more unfounded reports, we are now enabled authoritatively to announce that a grand cocking tournament between the gallinaceous representatives of the Northern and the Southern States has at length been arranged. The high contracting parties were Colonel McDaniels for the South, and the well-known New York sporting man, Mr. James Murphy, for the North. The conditions, which were only finally arranged on the 27th ult., were to fight two mains, the first to take place at a well-known racing locality in the vicinity of this city on the 18th of January, and the second at the same place on the 27th of January. In each main both parties have to show seventeen cocks, and fight all that fall in for $200 each battle, and $1,000 the main; to fight according to the rules of the New York pit. The weights to range from four pounds two ounces to five pounds twelve ounces; and an interval of only twenty minutes allowed between each battle. This match will be productive of great excitement among the fanciers of this sport.

ALBANY VS. TROY.—A main between Albany and Troy came off on the 21st of Dec. at the last named place, for $50 each battle and $300 the main. The conditions were to show seventeen birds, ranging from 4 lbs to 5 lbs 6 oz., and fight all that fell in at that weight. Fifteen birds on each side fell in, and the betting was brisk on both sides. Albany won ten out of the fifteen fights, and consequently carried off the main and money.

NO USE.—A little four year old, residing a short distance from the city, was saying the Lord's Prayer, and after he had finished it his mother said:—"Now, Sandy, ask God to make you a good boy." The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then startled her with the following reply:—"It's no use ma. He won't do it. I've asked him a heap of times."

NEW YEAR'S DONE BROWN; OR, How Two Fast Men Got on the War Path and Finished the Day.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Talk of holidays! You may reckon up all the pleasures and advantages ever derived from a single festival, put them in a row and multiply 'em by five, and New Year's will discount them all. It's a *bully* festival, and, what's more, it's one of our own making—none of your imported humbug, but home-made all over—having not even the name of a Saint to hold it in countenance. I keep all the holidays, more or less, when in tolerable health, and have even known some people to like them so much that they got up holidays on off occasions to suit their convenience; but this affair being of the chronological order, and a sort of appendix to Christmas (like a champagne cocktail after a festive night at the Club), can only be enjoyed at a stated time, and neglected only at the forfeit of a twelve months' hiatus, and that, I suppose, is the reason we put so much "vim" in it.

Each of us has some intimate acquaintance whom we are in the habit of selecting to keep us company at such times and bear a portion of the responsibility for our sins. I always select my bosom friend, Tom Jones; firstly, because he can stand up to his fodder like a man; secondly, because he is good natured and fond of a joke; and thirdly, because he has plenty of tin and don't care what becomes of it. Also, because he is posted in music and can sing like a tea kettle.

When New Year's came round, it found Tom and I duly armed and equipped for the labors that were to devolve upon us as the Damon and Pythias of our set. We had achieved beforehand the composition of a "card" embracing the calls we were to make—I think there were some two hundred names at the outset, but as, in the course of the day, we got them somewhat mixed with the lists of others, on that point I won't be statistical. We were up betimes, and by ten A. M. were regally seated behind a team which by any one not up to the dodge, might have been mistaken for the private turn out of a Fifth avenue nabob. As we drove off, Tom was guilty of a most execrable pun. "Can you tell me," he asked, "why that little man yonder, in the doorway of the theatre, is like one who celebrates a perpetual New Year's?" "Give it up!" "Why, because he passes all his time in *making calls*. G'lang!" And we were off with a jump that had nearly upset us.

It was one of those mornings never to be forgotten—bright, sunshiny, cold—and everybody as it seemed to be in keeping—cold and sunshiny too. We first stopped at the new three story brick with brown facing, just built by our mutual friend, Ham Peters, who combines in his proper person the dignities of a dry goods merchant and the functions of a general in the militia. Five young ladies, luxuriously got up as to curls and ribbons, rushed precipitately back from the parlor windows as we reined up; and one stout gentleman in his shirt sleeves, with a lathered face and a razor in his hand, slunk back from an upper window confusedly. We found Mrs. and the Misses Peters seated in a semi-circle, as though they had been rivetted to their seats for a fortnight, including Sundays, looking very pretty but sleepy, having, to tell the truth, only a little before arrived from a party. Received cordially, drank a little cordial, (with an air of bashful protest), and were off after the compliments of the season. The receptionists who were favored with early calls were much after the same pattern, but they got warmed up to their work by twelve, when it was pleasant to sip a glass of wine and nibble a sandwich with the prettiest girl of your acquaintance. A hearty greeting awaited us at the hospitable mansion of Alderman Stubbs, whose parlor resembled the drawing room of the White House on a reception day. His circle embraced a dozen of the most charming of his wife's lady acquaintance—not a speckled apple among them, being picked for the occasion, like a sample basket of fruit. Some forty gentlemen were making libations at the shrine of these deities, and the conversation was lively and inspiring. The Alderman, with his ruddy, good humored countenance towered above the assemblage like a colossus. Several, himself included, smoked cigars, and the waiter who presided at the table had the look of an active barkeeper oppressed with custom. The official seemed on the best of terms with the people, and Tom whispered, "Lord help the old fellow if has got to do the honors for all his constituency!" We persevered at our self-assumed task with the heroism of martyrs. It was not until the sun had passed the meridian, however, that the day could be considered as inaugurated. By that time the task of going from house to house was found to be so agreeable, and there was so much fun in the thing, that most people, I found, were disposed to take their favorite public resorts in their way, where punch and toddy were capital things to settle the wine. The first *contretemps* I noticed was at Treddle's, where we found Captain Mac Snifter, of "Ours," fast asleep with his head buried deep in the window curtains, which he had probably mistaken for the lap of his hostess, and some graceless female, seeing that he still held his hat in his hand, as if for offerings, had filled it with floral and vegetable tributes from the confectionary and fruit dishes. Not to be outdone, Tom pinned a very soft motto to his coat front, and we left, in the midst of what I thought to be rather uproarious laughter on the part of the ladies. By 2 P. M. we found the work so fatiguing that we clubbed our forces with one friend after another, until at last we numbered quite a respectable party.

The belles of Japonicadom received due attention. At Miss Guipure's a merry circle was gathered. Everybody knows the lively little milliner of fashion who goes by that name. "You must be introduced," said Tom; "she's a regular tip-topper; goes to all the balls and new operas of the season, sings like an angel, is pretty as Venus, dances like Terpsichore, herself, and pitches into everything, from the lancers to the *cancan*, with a hearty relish. Nature designed her for an actress, but destiny made her a milliner." And we were making our bows to her in the centre of her luxurious French drawing-room before he had done speaking. Imagine a portrait by Watteau, *minus* her shepherd's crook, transplanted to a gorgeous modern reception room—furniture, style of Louis Quatorze, Axminster carpets, sofas, ottomans, lounges, pictures, *étagères*, and a great boss table on one side, heaped with cakes and confections and wines of the rarest—that was Miss Guipure's. Here the company assumed formidable dimensions and was chock full of animation, which was kept at fever point by the arch voice of Miss Guipure, ringing incessantly above all the others, like a clear mountain streamlet rippling over silvery ledges. It was really dangerous to remain in her presence, and so I remarked to Tom, who only answered by repeating the lines of Sir John Suckling:—

"I know a maiden fair to see,—beware!
She has a bosom white as snow—Take care!
Trust her not; she is fooling thee!"

Here we found that insufferable bore, Gawthorpe, who fancies he resembles Dundreary—and *does*. "Haw! My dear Guipure—how angelic! Nectar and earth in beautiful juxtaposition. It is not spring; and behold, the flowers are budding—haw! Compliments season. Muscatel! charming! No wonder the—the what d'ye call 'em—dreamed such—what do you call them? aw (looking at a footstool to remind himself)—oh! ottomans by Jove!" And down went the Muscatel, and he skipped off like his prototype, to pay homage at the shrine of another beauty.

At the rooms of Jack Hornblower, the musician, to which home of the muses and avatar of refinement I had piloted Tom in town, we found another crowd. The character and predilections of the host had caused all the knowing ones to turn out strong, and accordingly we found the professions well represented—vocalists, actors, editors, authors, artists, doctors, lawyers, mixed up in glorious confusion; and etiquette sent into exile for this occasion. Besides the creature comforts—for this was a sort of bachelor *conversazione*—we had music, and the Professor volunteered to give us that fine oboe solo from the "Bohemian Girl," *a la* Stoepfl. Then he took up the horn, and, having filled his capacious lungs with wind, made a mighty effort. The music elicited was of a nature very different from that he had contemplated, for at the first blast a shrill "ki—i" issued from the horn, and a poodle leaped forth at the moment that the Professor, in his astonishment, fell over a chair, to the loss of his spectacles. But the trick was very amusing and we all laughed, and drank, and again passed the compliments of the season.

"We must never omit our fash'nable frens," said Tom, who was getting mellow, like myself; and by this time, be it remembered, we had gotten through half our list (clearing away the rubbish, Tom called it—clearing the decks for action, was my simile). "I think we'd better call upon the Mushrooms—worth a square million, to begin with."

To Mushroom's we went.

We found there the usual semi-circle of divinities, and I couldn't help wondering who taught them all that same attitude. Here Stewart was evidently in his glory—such costumes one does not meet at every turning. And here the fashionable *coiffeur* had evidently laid himself out. Such oceans of perfumed locks of the purest gold tint—such enameling! Madame Rachel would have died in despair at the sight, and never smoothed faces more. How one longed but to kiss the fingers that flashed with such brilliants—bow——

But here etiquette was enthroned, and courtesy was the thing in order. The freezing civility, blent with the conscious dignity of wealth, which pervaded every look and act of both Mr. and Mrs. Mushroom, forbade the infringement of the rules of decorum. The head of the family had merely dropped in to take a glass of wine at his own table, and looked very much like a fish out of water, for he regarded this as a plebeian occasion, at variance with the rules of strict propriety. This visit was enlivened by an unexpected occurrence. Young Grafullo, who was to marry the younger Miss Mushroom, (his father is worth a million, too), had taken this opportunity to make a present of a casket to his betrothed; but, unfortunately, on the way from Tiffany's Young Grafullo had wet his whistle so many times that he had almost forgotten the nature of his errand. Mr. Mushroom said, "Hey, what's that!" and looked both severe and dignified as he set down his glass; the ladies tittered—the company waited for developments.

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Mushroom, "do say it as quick as possible, and don't be stupid before company. The usual compliments, I suppose."

"Bluveduvunsoul anallthat," responded Mr. Grafullo, speaking rapidly and with fearful distinctness, "'low me as—yoor—yoor—fy teder—dorer—dorerst—t—huel—pre-sent you trifiin' 'morial 'feckshun 'n steam. Take this cashket, an' when the sparkle of i sh dimons sh'l meechoor eye, in the remind your feelins 'ncomprable beautish n'mbried! huc!" Saying which he threw the beautifully inlaid box at the head of the young lady for whom it was intended, and stumbled head foremost into her lap.

This extraordinary demonstration put us all to flight, out of compliment to the feelings of the parties interested, and we resumed the prosecution of our duties with redoubled ardor. I think that by this time I must have buttoned under my waistcoat five cold turkeys, about twenty ham sandwiches, several quarts of jelly, a dozen tarts, a ton of almonds, raisins, and mixed confections, and of wine and various liquids a ministerial river. One of us had, I am sure, but respecting which, my memory is somewhat indistinct.

Next, we steered boldly for the Barbary coast, west side of the Bowery, where everything was buzzing with excitement. I don't remember distinctly how many places we visited here, as we had lost our cards and won, it blind. I'm certain, however, we met many "intimate friends" whom we had never seen before, and who, if they met us to-morrow, wouldn't know us from Adam. My notes gave out at the point where our friend Cracklethorpe, in Lize Simmings' parlor, fell asleep with his head, which is flax and shaggy, on that lady's centre table, where it was mistaken, firstly by Miss Caddy Jupon in the gathering twilight, for a pincushion, into which she stuck all her pins as she disrobed herself of her shawl, after a running visit to a neighbor's; and, secondly, by the hostess herself, who, thinking Fido, her pet lap dog, had got on the table, kissed and fondled the unsightly mass of tow, "called it pet names, love," and then gave it an awful boxing because the naughty thing wouldn't wake up. It *did* wake up, somewhat to her astonishment, and, seeing a hat on the floor, and mistaking it for a spittoon, directed upon it a volley of contributions gathered from various sources in honor of the occasion. Our party having now increased to about twenty, including Swipey Tight and Bleary Jinks, and one or two more of their clan, we started off on a promiscuous raid among the back settlements.

About two in the morning, as near as I can judge by my timepiece, which was not going, another mutual friend, whose name we forbear mentioning, discovered five persons, standing at the corner of Bowery and Grand street, back to back, like the last tailors hope of a vanquished regiment, awaiting the onslaught and determined to sell their lives dearly.

"And has it come to this?" he said, as he surveyed us, "one would suppose you'd just formed a pyramid, like the acrobats, and were waiting for some one to get on top for the apex. Now pretty you'd look in the circus!"

ROB O'GORMAN.

RECONSTRUCTION OF NOAH'S ARK.—A deluded citizen of Portland, Me., becoming impressed with an idea that the world is soon to be visited by a second deluge, has applied his whole property ($8,000) to the building of an ark, [illegible]. The boat will be 50 feet long, [illegible] square sterned, [illegible] ships. He is sole planner and builder, and intends, when it is completed, to furnish it with necessary provisions, and calmly await the rising of the waters.

THE SKEIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

From off my hands she deftly winds
The slender threaded, silken skein;
Athwart the painted window blinds
The sunlight falls, and amber ram,
That, drifting through in sloping lines,
Flecks the wide sill, the tufted chairs,
And over all the carpet shines
In diamond shapes and gilded squares.

She winds and winds, and all the while
Her roving glances come and go;
About her mouth there plays a smile
Whose meaning she alone can know.
Her white hands flash, her fingers shine
With brilliant gems that gleam and glance;
And now and then her touch meets mine—
Oh, can it be so often chance?

The sun that falls athwart the blinds
Is not more golden or more fair,
Nor yet the slender thread she winds
More soft and silken than her hair.
A June rose laden with perfume
And nursed by winds from out the South
To fullest shape and richest bloom,
Were not more perfect than her mouth.

Sometimes the skein will tangled grow,
And then from off my awkward hands
She winds the glossy silk more slow.
Ah! passing well she understands
The value of her touch, her glance,
Which send a thrill through all my frame,
Or steep me in a lover's trance
For whose delights there is no name.

And well she knows that while she winds
On that white card the silken skein,
With every added turn she binds
About my heart a stronger chain;
And will its links prove always true?
And hold us, parted North or South?
Bind me forever unto you,
Oh, maiden with the perfect mouth!

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XLI.

CLOSING IN.

Mrs Bartley and Mattie did not find Mr. Ord at home; he was gone to Birmingham on business, and Jessie went to Bertie House to see Mrs. Gaveston, her companion going home by the first train she could get to Edgbaston. It was not the old housekeeper's purpose to say anything to her former mistress beyond the bare fact that she was going to leave until she had seen Mr. Ord; there might be some mistake after all, she thought. Mrs. Gaveston received her very kindly, but was much perplexed by her agitated manner and unhappy looks. She saw there was some mystery, and forebore to question; but Alice divined the cause of her conduct, and waylaid her as she went away.

"Dear Jessie, what is it?" she asked. "Have you found out anything about that night? Is that mystery come to light?"

"That and waur. Dinna ask me ony mair, my bairn, for I canna speak o' it yet; dinna fash your mither wi' it either, but wait; can ye no speak til that bonnie lassie that's tae marry him, and gar her wait? She'll rue it to the end o' her days else."

"I can't interfere with Ruth any more," said Alice, mournfully. "I've lost her friendship already through it; she's blind and besotted in her love for him, and must take the consequences."

It was two days before Mr. Ord returned, and before then Jessie had left the Hall, taking with her only her clothes, and waiving all right to any wages due to her. It was not much, for Ralph Gaveston had always shown himself a just master, and none of his servants could ever complain that he owed them anything. She took a humble lodging in Warwick, and again waited on the lawyer; she found him looking terribly aged and worn, and, to her astonishment, quite conversant with the subject of her anxiety.

"I believe it is killing me," he said, wearily putting his hand to his head as he spoke. "I liked him so much, not as Gaveston only, but for himself; he is so like his poor father—that is—good heaven, I don't know what I am saying, I believe."

"He is like him," returned Jessie. "*Like his feyther!* Do ye mind o' puir Mildred Bennett, Mr. Ord?"

"Mildred—Bennett," repeated the lawyer slowly, "can it be possible? I never thought of that."

"But I did, the very moment that lassie told me. It accounts for a' things that seem mysterious. But, sir, what are we to do? We maun na let things gang on as they will; there's puir Miss Grantley, ye ken."

"She must not marry a villain, Mrs. Bartley, we must prevent that; but I cannot see my way to move in this matter till Mr. Kennedy returns, and he seems to have vanished most mysteriously. That he intended to come back, I am sure, for he not only promised me, but he left a statement of his suspicions in the hands of the police at Birmingham, and they immediately communicated with me concerning it. They advise waiting, also."

"And let him go on wi' his villainy; let that puir lassie live on hoping and happy in the thought of a future she is never to see. Oh! Mr. Ord, it's wrang, it's wrang!"

"It is all we can do at present, Mrs. Bartley," Mr. Ord said gravely. "Remember, as we stand at present we have nothing to go upon but Mattie Brock's word. Mr. Kennedy is not here; neither of the men who came seeking Mr. Gaveston as old digger acquaintances can be found, and Mrs. Dale (poor soul, we can understand her part of the trouble now) has utterly disappeared. There is nothing for it but waiting, you see."

"And I never kenned till now how hard it was to wait, even when naething but trouble can come out of it," said the old lady sadly. "I wish I'd never live to see it a'."

"So do I, Heaven knows," he replied fervently, and Jessie departed to 'wait' as best she could for the end of the dismal events which she foresaw would soon take place at Gaveston.

Mr. Ord wrote to London to the address from which the telegram had been received by Mr. Kennedy, and in reply was informed that both that gentleman and Mr. Carter had sailed for Australia on board the steamship Cygnet, Captain Frost commander, and were by this time far away on the seas. With this letter he repaired to the office at Birmingham, and laid it before the superintendent, who summoned Hawkes, and put it into his hands.

"Well, Hawkes, what do you think of that?"

"I think it's a regular plant, sir, and that the Squire's at the bottom of it. If he has got rid of Kennedy, and packed him off to Australia, we shall have to rely upon other sources for information. There's the girl, first and foremost. Mr. Ord here had better see her and tell her to hold her tongue till she's bid to speak, or she'll spoil everything. There's that innkeeper's wife, that's ill of a fever at Gaveston now. There's the big digger fellow that Mrs Ord gave five pounds to (he was the tool to get Mr. Kennedy away, I fancy, and I don't think he's gone to Australia, whatever the other may be), and then, last of all, there's Mrs. Dale and Limping Jack. It'll be as pretty a case as I ever handled, and it's beginning to work—it's beginning to work."

"But that Dan the Devil has vanished, and as for Jack and the lady, didn't you tell me you'd lost the scent completely? I don't quite see your game, Hawkes."

"May be not, sir; but I've found the scent again, I think. I'll let you see my hand, and you'll say I can play to win. When I was in Glasgow I met an old pal of mine in the force there. He's getting old now, and they look upon him as past much work; but he's 'cute yet, is Johnny Archer, and I just put him up to the fact that there'd be a bit of money for any one as would help me to find those two people. Well, he's kept watch, and this morning I had a letter from him, and I think two or three lines in it concerns us pretty nearly."

He fumbled in a large pocket-book for a minute or two, and then produced a roughly written and worse spelled epistle, and ran his eye over the contents:—"'—— row in the Gallowgate.' That ain't it. Oh, here it is. 'I think I've got at something about the parties you want. One of our men has a brother who keeps a newspaper shop in Paisley, and a lame man, sometimes with a big black dog, sometimes without, buys Birmingham and Warwick papers there regular. Nearly all on 'em he gets, and they have to be ordered for him. He don't know where he lives, but he don't think it is Paisley.' That's the information, gentlemen, and in my opinion it's worth a journey to Scotland to find out the truth of it."

"I think it is, Hawkes, the buying of Warwickshire papers points our way, doesn't it?"

"It seems to me so, sir. I think I shall take it on myself to be off. It would be a pity to wait to hear from Mr. Dale, and I know his mind upon the matter. He's for doing whatever can be done by means of money, and sparing nothing; so, if you please, sir, I'll be off to-night, and see after this lame party as is so interested in Warwickshire affairs. I'll look to you and Mr. Ord to keep all dark till I come back again. It won't do to have those women splitting and making a mess of things before we want 'em to."

"We'll do our best, Hawkes. Mr. Ord will see the housekeeper and the girl. What if Mr. Dale turns up again before you get back? Do you know where he is?"

"Not rightly, sir. He hasn't reported himself for the last day or two. I heard from him last at the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. He seems as if he could not rest anywhere, poor fellow, and no wonder."

"He'll be more unhappy still when he knows the whole truth," said Mr. Ord; "it will be an awful blow to him. It seems hard that an honest, loving heart like his should be so sorely tried."

"Depend upon it, it will all come right," the superintendent said, unhesitatingly. "We haven't seen the end of it all yet. I can't help thinking that those two people will be happy after all. Who is the next heir to Gaveston after the Squire, Mr. Ord?"

"Gordon Gaveston's daughter Alice; failing a *direct* heir male it descends in the female line; failing daughters or granddaughters it goes to the next of kin, a distant cousin, Mr. Rupert Gaveston, a lawyer's clerk, in London."

"Ah, well, he'll never change the desk for the hall library. Mrs. Gaveston is plentifully supplied with daughters in case of a failure of the male succession. Pretty Miss Gaveston would make a lovely mistress of the old place."

"Ah, she isn't there yet," said the old lawyer with a sigh; "and there's much to happen before she can succeed. Then you think nothing should be hinted to Sir John Grantley of this miserable affair?"

"I think nothing. We must ascertain more about Mr. Kennedy before we do anything so definite; and also wait the issue of Hawkes' journey to the north. When we have our puppets well in hand, then we will pull the strings."

"Then I will wait on you to-morrow."

"If you please; and in the meantime I trust to you to see Mattie Brock and the old lady; and also, if you will be kind enough, to call upon Mrs. Gaveston, and find out whether she knows or suspects anything. I need not caution you to be very careful in your demeanor at the Hall; it will not do to have our suspicions scented there just yet."

"I must try; but I am a bad hand at deception. I have not much to do with the 'Squire just now; the Grantley's lawyer is doing most of the work about the settlements. Mr. Gaveston is very liberal in the matter."

"Yes, he has kept up the family character well in that respect; he has always appeared generous. Good day, Mr. Ord. To-morrow evening, at about this time, if you please."

Mr. Ord had a busy time of it the next day. Before he left Birmingham he called at Mrs. Sturrock's to see Mattie, frightening the old lady even more than Hawkes had done by the abrupt announcement that he was a lawyer, and making her think that her demure looking servant, whose character was so good, was the centre of some secret conspiracy against the public weal. Mattie was grave and quiet, and promised all he required of her regarding silence.

"A day or two would make no difference," she said, "provided she were not silenced altogether. She must speak some time, for the sake of all kindness shown to her in days gone by."

Mrs. Bartley was in the same quiet mood, with this difference, that she listened more eagerly to Mr. Ord's account of what had passed about Limping Jack, and put the same question about the succession that had been asked at the police office.

"I'm glad o' that," she said, when she was answered. "I aye thought it, but I was na sure. Oh, I winna speak gin ye wish me not, till it's a' found out; though had I stopped at the Hall, I couldna' ha' held my tongue, may be."

"I think it is quite as well you left," he said. "You are sure Mrs. Gaveston does not suspect?"

"She doesna, but Miss Alice does. Whiles I think yon lassie saw frae the first what we puir o' blinded by the illusion." [illegible]

Mrs. Gaveston did not suspect, Mr. Ord soon found out. She spoke frankly of her brother, as she always called the squire, and told all about Mr. Kennedy's visit and the questions he asked with so much candor.

"It was so strange of him to be so surprised at Ralph being so improved and altered, was it not?" she said; "he surely did not expect him a rough digger like himself."

"Oh, mamma, Mr. Kennedy was not a rough digger—he was a perfect gentleman, was he not, now, Mr. Ord?"

"I thought him so, my dear, but people see with different eyes." No, it was quite certain Mrs. Gaveston suspected nothing—her faith in her "brother" had yet to be shaken.

CHAPTER XLII.

FOUND.

More tidings from London awaited Mr. Ord the next day at the police office. The man sent to make the inquiries respecting Mr. Kennedy's sudden departure had done his work wisely and well. He had ascertained everything there was to be learned about Mr. Carter, who had arrived in a cab with no luggage only the night before his friend came, and had gone out for a couple of hours, coming back and ordering breakfast for two in the morning. He had paid well for everything, and had given the landlord to understand that he was the bearer of terrible tidings for the gentleman he expected, which would necessitate their starting for Australia at once. A ship's captain had come to see him, and he had been heard urging something upon him very strongly to which he seemed to assent; it was supposed to be about waiting a tide for the friend he was expecting.

Having no luggage and seeming as though he was fearful of being mistrusted, he had given the names of Messrs. Talland and Geary, of Cannon street, City, who he said knew both him and the gentleman whom he expected, Mr. Kennedy, of Melbourne. The landlord suspected nothing, and it was not until they had left under very strange circumstances that he made any inquiries respecting them.

"What circumstances?" asked Mr. Ord, interrupting the narrative at this point; "how did he go away? I cannot think that he went of his own free will."

"It did not look like it, sir; he was carried away quite insensible." And then he went on to relate how the gentleman had duly come to breakfast, and how, when a cab was ordered, his friend and a waiter had carried him down between them and placed him in it. The landlord made some remark, but Mr. Carter only said something about his being overcome.

"Partly agitation and partly brandy," he said. "He'll be all right in an hour; but I cannot wait any longer." He paid everything in a business like manner, and it was no concern of the landlord's; but, for all that, he thought it rather queer, and went to Messrs. Talland and Geary on the quiet, to see what they would say.

"And what did they say?" asked the lawyer in great excitement.

"Why, sir, they seemed to have said that they knew both gents; they gave Mr. Kennedy the highest of characters, and said they were sure Mr. Carter wouldn't fetch him without good reason, so of course nothing more was thought about it, for Mr. Kennedy had put his name down on the book and they had seen it on his valise as well. I'm afraid he's disposed of, sir; I'm not so sure about the other."

"Why?"

"Because down among the pilots by the river I heard something about the Cygnet; the man that went out with her was back, and he told me of a passenger that was took on board drunk; he hadn't come to himself then, he said, and they couldn't find the other nowhere; he'd got off the ship at Gravesend, they thought."

"I was sure of it," the superintendent said; "I knew he would not want to go to the other side of the world; his secret is too profitable here. Is that all?"

"Not quite, sir," replied the man, with the look of one who had kept his most important piece of intelligence till the last. "When Mr. Carter left the hotel he was in such a hurry, or so confused that he left his coat behind him. I brought it with me, gentlemen, for I thought it would interest you, may be; and I made so bold as to look in the pockets, too. There wasn't much in them, but a handkerchief and this."

"This" was a letter—a trivial little note—twisted up and forgotten, but the handwriting was Ruth Grantley's, and it was directed to Ralph Gaveston, Esq., Gaveston Hall, whose name was stamped in gilt letters on the loop in the collar of the coat.

"Very clear as to who was the planner of this pretty affair, I think," the superintendent remarked, after they had looked at one another and the coat for two or three minutes of amazed suspense. "Now we have to discover who was the acting agent, though I think there can be little doubt it was that bosom friend of the squire's who bears such an extremely elegant name. We shall have to catch him now."

"Yes, but how?" Mr. Ord asked.

"I suspect he will come blindly into our clutches. He does not know that other people have discovered the secret that is so valuable to him, and he will come for more money as soon as he has rioted away whatever his payment may have been for his friendly offices now. I suspect, however, that lame fellow that Hawkes is after holds the most important proofs. Mrs. Badger told one of our men, in the most innocent manner, all she knows or had heard, this morning."

"You have left nothing undone, I see," Mr. Ord remarked sadly—the worry was telling on him terribly.

It was a dreadful thing for him to be so deceived where he had so loved and trusted. The officer saw the feeling which spoke in his words and pitied him.

"It is necessary to do everything," he replied quickly. "The law cannot countenance a career of crime like this. I can hardly comprehend how it has gone on so long."

"I can; I know how heavily he must have paid for the keeping of his secret. I understand now where the money went to that used to vanish so mysteriously. Limping Jack has had his share, you may be sure, and this other man, too. Poor Ruth Grantley, I am vexed to the heart for her, and yet nothing can be done."

While affairs were thus progressing at Birmingham Mr. Hawkes was pursuing his way in the world, and doing a good stroke of business in his own line. He had said that Mr. Dale was wandering about, and he had spoken truly. Poor gentleman, he could settle to nothing, and was wasting his will and energy, to say nothing of his money, in a fruitless search. He was beginning to give up hope, and to regard Ralph Gaveston, for all that gentleman's apparent innocence in the matter, as the cause of his troubles. He had plenty of money, but he was spending it uselessly in wild journeys to all sorts of impossible places, in answer to mysterious advertisements, and in payment to all and sundry whom he thought likely to be able to help him. By a strange coincidence, he met Hawkes at Glasgow, and even the stolid detective felt a pang as he saw the glance of hope which lit up his face.

"What brings you here?" he asked with quivering lips; "is there any clue? Are you come to look for her?"

It was hard to dash the hope that had so suddenly sprung up; but he was not to be told, so Hawkes replied evasively.

"I'm on another lay now, Mr. Dale; after a party as may be able—I say, *may be* able, to give me some information. I wouldn't count on it too much if I were you, for when it comes, sorrow to many a one will come with it."

"Sorrow to me about her—my Mary?"

"I can't tell you, Mr. Dale. I'm working a little in the dark myself, but I do believe that your wife is alive and took care of, and has had no harm from any one. But that Squire Gaveston is a villain, sir, and the man I'm after can prove it. You was good enough to put yourself in my hands once, sir; will you do it again and be patient?"

"I will try, but it is very, very hard."

"I thought you would. Then, sir, if I might advise, I would say, go to Warwick or Birmingham, giving me your address, and wait. In a very short time from this all will be made clear, and you will understand what puzzles you so now, and see your—your wife again."

"I will go, Hawkes," he replied. "Heaven knows it does not much matter where I go, or what I do now; I'm sick of it all."

"So are more I could name, sir. I think you will do well to go and see Mr. Ord, if you will but keep clear of Gaveston Hall. We don't want any suspicions roused there at present; our bird might fly away and leave us in the lurch, if he got wind of our intentions."

"And is Mr Gaveston a——?"

"A murderer. It is a big charge, is it not, Mr. Dale? The man I want can prove that the present 'Squire of Gaveston is the man who did that ghastly deed out in America; others can speak to his having caused, or rather hastened, the death of the baby whose place he took in the estate; and there's more behind that I can't speak of yet; but it will all be out soon."

Mr. Dale was comforted even by this fragmentary intelligence, and promised to do all Hawkes bade him, and that gentleman left him and went on to Paisley. The shop where the Birmingham papers were ordered was soon found, and he bought a *Herald*, and proceeded to chat with the owner of the establishment.

"Business good, eh?" he asked, with the air of one intensely interested in the sale of penny papers and cheap literature.

"Oh, ay, middling."

"Seems a good paper, this *Herald*. Much circulation now?"

"Ay, pretty weel; but the Glasgow papers come down wet from the press, and locals hae na muckle chance, ye ken. But wha' may ye be that are speering about my trade; does it concern you ony way?"

"Not a bit; but I have a son in it—a big shop in London, where they do business in all the newspapers published in the world, I do believe. It would make you stare to see the quantities they receive and send out daily."

"Ah, I daresay; we dinna dae muckle here beyond Glasgow and Edinburgh papers, whiles a few locals from different parts of Scotland, nothing else."

"No English ones?"

"Only two or three of the London dailies and a few weeklies."

"Indeed! Now I should have thought that some of the big towns, like Liverpool and Manchester, would send their local papers almost everywhere—in London, now."

"Ay, but London and Paisley are different; I dinna sell an English local paper in a year, or I have na till the last week or two. I hae a customer now wha take Birmingham and Warwick papers; I reckon'd he comes from thereawa."

"Ah, indeed, he's a countryman of mine then. I come from that part of England. So you get these papers for him?"

"Ay, and he's gey particular about them, and winna thole their nae being here to the time or getting mislaid, or onything. Ance I mind, he said, when ane o' them wasna to the fore, that he might see something in those papers that might make his fortune."

"Indeed! And he comes for them himself?"

"Ay, never misses—as regularly as Monday comes round."

Mr. Hawkes gossiped on a little longer, but he had got the information he wanted, and the result of his visit was that he established himself in a lodging, the window of which overlooked the little shop, and waited. Monday came in due course, and when Limping Jack returned to Pollockshaw's with his weekly parcel of news, Mr. Hawkes was seated in the next compartment, ready to follow him the moment the train stopped.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.—The Annual Exhibition of the Washington Gymnastic Association took place at the spacious rooms of the Association on Louisiana avenue, Washington, D. C., December 22. The building used by the Society is well adapted for the purpose, being large and roomy, and conveniently located. The stock of apparatus is as complete as can be desired, every fixture used by gymnasts being embraced in the schedule. In consequence of illness, Dr. T. C. Calver, the professor, was not present; Mr. T. B. Nolan, however, conducted the exercises in a very satisfactory manner, the absence of Dr. Calver only necessitating the withdrawal from the programme, of one act, the Musical Rings. Messrs. Warren and Pugh appeared upon the double trapeze and acquitted themselves creditably, Mr. Tuttle performed the slow revolve feat in a very graceful manner, and Mr. Colgate on the Giant Swing elicited hearty applause. Several members participated in feats on the Parallel Bars, Messrs. Alden and Nolan being particularly good in accomplishing graceful acts.

PIGEON SLAUGHTER.—Four pigeon matches were shot on Neversink mountain, near Reading, Pa., on the 19th inst. The first was between Thomas Riley and William Eyler, ten birds each, the latter killing eight to his opponent's five. The second was between Riley and William Linderman, five birds each, the former killing all of his share and winning the stake at issue. The third was between Eyler and William Jenkinson, five birds each, the former killing five to the four of his rival. The fourth and last match was contested by Linderman and Riley, four double birds each, Eyler killing his first pair and one of the third couple, thereby winning the match.

PONDEROUS PORKERS IN THE SMITH FAMILY.—Six Smiths, brothers, of Middlefield, Mass., and thereabouts, killed their several rival pigs of the Northampton breed recently, and Mr. Lawrence Smith, the owner of the smallest, paid the supper previously agreed upon as the stakes to be forfeited, "the hindermost" in this race for fatness. This smallest porker kicked the beam at five hundred pounds, and the largest tallied six hundred and eighty-four. Lawrence's house was beautifully decorated on the occasion of the supper, and fifty of his kith and kin partook of his hospitality.

WHICH SHE LOVED BEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY F. Q. LEAR.

"Tell me, darling girl," said I,
"Ease me of my wild unrest;
Which of all your suitors, now,
Tell me, do you love the best.
Some are rich, of noble birth,
Some are handsome men, I see;
Some have talent; others, skill—"
Straight she looked and smiled on me.

"Gracious!" to myself, said I,
"After all my hopes and fears
Can it be that *I* am blest?
I'm the one—so it appears.
Can it be she chooses me,
Leaving, in despair, the rest?
Have I waked the God of Love
In the gentle maiden's breast?"

"Tell me," then again said I,
"Pretty, little trembling dove,
Which, of all that seek your hand,
Do you only, truly love?"
All was silent; you'd have heard
A pin if it had chanced to fall.
Said she, in my waiting ear,
"O, you flat—*I love 'em all!*"

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 36—The Drury Case.

When I was a little boy the gossips of the town were wont to discuss the sad story of the murder of Miss Sands, one of those mysteries in the criminal life of New York by no means uncommon, which put to the blush the truth of the time honored adage, "murder will out." So even in those early days of our community it was possible for a malefactor to commit a horrid crime and cloak it in such a manner as to preclude possibility of detection. The body of Miss Sands was discovered in a well in the very heart of the present Eighth Ward, not more than two blocks to the rear of the St. Nicholas Hotel, and yet in the beginning of this century that location was so far out of town as to be reached only by employment of a vehicle, and so secluded as to be out of sight of any neighborhoods. No wonder that our worthy progenitors were perplexed at the non discovery of a murderer with such circumscribed limits as then encompassed the town.

Next we had the murder of Helen Jewett, an unfortunate courtesan dwelling in the aristocratic abode of sin of a Mrs. Townsend, patronized by the rich men and merchants' clerks, situated in Thomas street, in close proximity to Hudson, a locality I do not think any Aspasia of now-a-days would select as a desirable mart for the sale of her charms. Her murderer was presumptively a Richard P. Robinson, a fast young man related to some of our first families, who was tried for the crime and declared to be an "innocent boy." And our people had reason to wonder that a sleeping girl could be murdered in her own bed in a house densely tenanted by ladies not afflicted with regular habits of ordinary society.

Then came the mysterious disappearance of Mary C. Rogers, the pretty cigar girl, and the finding of her body on the waves of the Hudson, near the Sybil's Cave, a living spring in the undercliff of Hoboken on the main pathway to the Elysian Fields, the great afternoon resort of all New Yorkers inclined towards an economical and rural excursion, during which lovers wooed and fashion showed itself—a place quite as public as the Central Park. The excitement over Mary Rogers had scarcely died away before we had the assassination of a man named Corlis by some undiscovered hand, a few yards from the corner of Broadway, in Franklin street, but a step from the Carlton Hotel, at a few minutes before six o'clock in the afternoon, at a time when the streets are full of promenaders. And since that period we have had the equally mysterious murder of a doctor in his office, corner of Grand street and Broadway; of a porter in his store upon the same thoroughfare, and of the more recent of Dr. Burdell. In all of these the perpetrators of the crimes have not only gone unpunished, but have remained undiscovered.

But of all the interesting *causes celebres* which have agitated the public mind, the trial of Samuel Drury presents the strangest, partially from the multiplicity of individuals and side issues connected with the main case, as from the extraordinary developments which came to light during the inquisition, directed nominally against Drury, but in reality against a gang of malefactors, of which it appears he was erroneously considered to be the ringleader. The story of the Drury case is therefore of profound interest, as illustrating the interior workings of criminal life and the secrets of a fraternity whose deeds rarely see the light.

One morning the papers teemed with sensational reports of the attempted murder of an entire family by means of a torpedo, or infernal machine, the explosion of which had shattered the windows of the house, luckily without harming the individuals intended to be destroyed. An examination into the truth of the reports gave information to the effect that Mr. Thomas Warner, sitting at the dinner table with his son, a youth, was informed by his wife that a package had been left for him during his absence in Philadelphia. Mr. Warner inquired why she had not opened it, to which she replied that it was intended for him, and requested him to open it in her presence that she might see its contents. Warner attempted to postpone the opening, but his wife sent the boy for the box and took her seat to witness the operation. Warner was nervous and undid the bundle bunglingly, so much so that his wife insisted in cutting the strings. The wrapper off, there was exposed an ordinary segar box with a sliding lid. Warner drew the slide and instantly exclaimed, "run for your lives!" and suiting the action to the words he rushed for the rear of the premises, closely followed by his son, while his wife lingered in bewilderment until she perceived a flame issue from the box, when in courage of desperation she made a final struggle to reach the door. Scarce had she crossed the threshold, when an explosion took place, the wind caused by which shook her gown.

A man by the name of Drury was immediately after arrested as the perpetrator of this act, the main points of evidence against him being that his son, a young man, delivered the box, and he himself had had a quarrel with Warner, on law business, and had threatened "to be even with him." As a matter of course, after a long and deliberate trial, Drury was acquitted of all participation in the crime alleged against him, but as his trial did not, nor was intended to, reveal the real projectors of the torpedo scheme, I will narrate the veritable history of the plot, simply to show how blindly our magistracy can be misled and the public judgment prejudiced when directed by skillful knaves.

Thomas Warner was what has been termed a Tombs lawyer, but one of the better class, to whom thieves and criminals of the better class resorted when in difficulty. He had, moreover, a fair collection of reputable clients, among whom was Dr. William B. Moffatt, of Phoenix Bitters notoriety, and Drury. Warner was a shrewd, cunning, unscrupulous and vindictive man, an Englishman by birth, coming to this country in poverty.

In England he had been what is termed a "sponging house keeper," or attendant upon the sheriff, arresting persons for debt and detaining them temporarily. Being sharp and persevering he had picked up some scraps of law, when, being guilty of a criminal transgression, he was forced to decamp to this country, which he did with such precipitancy as to exhaust all his financial resources, leaving his wife in the almshouse.

Warner commenced his career in New York as a reporter of criminal news, and finally edged his way into the bar, at which, through his influence with the newspapers, he contrived to build up a profitable reputation. Then he started a paper of his own, the *Police Gazette*, which he conducted on the principle of prejudicing popular opinion in favor of his own clients and of exercising it for the conviction of those who did not. As a matter of course he employed other editors, whose names appeared upon the sheet, but he was the head, front and bottom of it.

Tom Warner, between his newspaper and his practice, began to grow rich, but the machinery of his office was extensive and the demands of his satellites were exorbitant. At first they were contented with a moderate commission, but finding the counsellor dependent upon them, they augmented into boldness, until they ultimately divided his profits. Tom was provident save in one particular, that touching the fair sex, for, like most men of his stamp, he was a professed sensualist.

The right hand man of Warner, whom he employed in all confidential operations, was One-eyed Thompson, a man likewise maintained by the police as a "stool pigeon" or traitorous spy upon his fellow criminals. Thompson, who originally had been a forger of Haytian coin, an incendiary and burglar, was a man of great ingenuity, cunning and sagacity; plausable, treacherous and thoroughly selfish. His ordinary business was the fabrication and sale of counterfeit money, that is, the making or raising of notes from a one to a higher denomination, and disposal of them to those designated "shovers," or persons who passed them upon traders. As he was generally feared by criminals on account of his presumed influence with the police, he was of immense service in bringing them to the counsellor's den, and even while thus profitably employed he could not resist temptation, and he was more than once arrested upon being caught in passing his counterfeit money. He was either released on straw bail, or, being a stool pigeon, the complaint was shelved to die a judicial death.

Notwithstanding his numerous drawbacks, Mr. Counsellor increased in wealth and importance, so much so that his fame penetrated to the little English village wherein dwelt his better half, dependent for support upon an honest mechanic who had married the daughter of the trans-Atlantic counsellor. At first they were incredulous as to the tales told of Thomas' progress, but finding them corroborated by the reports of well posted travelers, the family announced their determination of joining their truant relative. Now this was precisely the reverse of that condition of marital affairs which the rising lawyer wanted, for after discarding a couple of mistresses he had taken to his embrace the fair daughter of a superannuated copyist, a thoughtless inebriate who had forced his child to barter her honor to secure him a comfortable, indolent support. The arrival of a wife advanced in years, and of a married daughter, were sad dampeners upon the domestic arrangements of a buxom mistress of sixteen, blooming in beauty and grace.

In this dilemma Warner consulted his one eyed Achates, and seriously proposed that, as Thompson was a chemist, he should administer some poisonous mixture to his better half immediately upon her arrival. The Cyclopian scorned the idea of being hung to oblige an employer, but tendered his inventive talent to concoct some scheme whereby the killing might be done by proxy. So Mrs. Warner was suffered to come to her husband's house and live and breathe in it, taking absolute and recognized possession of it as the legal wife of the thriving counsellor. Warner treated her decently, concealed her from public sight as much as possible, but still treasured his secret idea of having a veritable skeleton in his household. At the same time he maintained his youthful *protege* in handsome state, a kindness she returned by transmitting to him boxes containing slippers, suspenders and other ornamental productions of her loving hands, all of which were duly opened by the jealous wife or the indignant daughter, and their contents ruthlessly cast in the fire. It was an ingenious method of torturing the females in the art of opening suspicious packages.

While Warner complacently bore the torture of his wife's presence, One Eyed Thompson was engaged in a private enterprise of his own, in which, as he was short of funds, the counsellor assisted him. Dr. William B. Moffatt, the patentee of the Life Pills, was persuaded that they were being extensively counterfeited in upper New York, and he was advised to send a trusty agent to counteract and expose the fraud. The counsellor recommended his satellite, who went forth nominally for the pill vender, but in reality to vend counterfeit money, Moffatt paying the piper. Although Thompson was possessed of a wife at home, he still possessed an eye for the beautiful abroad, especially when in the female form. Happening at a prayer meeting somewhere in central New York, he made the acquaintance of a woman named Knight, whom he induced to elope from her husband. The lady being a good penman was of valuable service to him in filling up the bills which he received from brother counterfeiters. Thompson had a partner in this business, an ungrateful fellow, named Farnham, who, while Cyclops was toying with Delia, absquatulated with the entire capital in trade, failing to recover which he was forced to return to New York, leaving the Knight to her own consolations.

It was then that Thompson invented the torpedo scheme to rid Warner of his matrimonial alliance. The box, being made by a Sylvester Mount, a cabinet maker who recently returned from State service at Sing Sing, it was entrusted to Thompson, who induced young Drury to deliver it at the house during the absence of Warner about the hour of the family dinner. Fortunately the daughter was absent at the time, otherwise female curiosity would have caused the destruction of all. Warner, on his return, was forced to explode the instrument in the manner I have related, although much against his inclination. The plan having failed, the plot was laid at the door of Samuel Drury, whose son had delivered the box without knowledge of its contents, and Thompson set to work to manufacture such evidence to ensure his conviction, while the *Police Gazette* was employed to prejudice the judiciary and jury against the alleged criminals. Samuel Drury was a man in excellent circumstances, the proprietor of the Merchants Bank at Canandaigua, a retired assayer, who had done a very large and profitable business. He then resided with his family at the neighboring town of Astoria, upon a handsome estate, upon which stood a very fine mansion, a reduction mill for working precious metals, and an office for the transaction of business. He was a man of violent temper and somewhat irregular habits, unpopular with his neighbors and of a repulsive manner of address. He had been unfortunate in accidentally losing an arm in some machinery he was erecting, for he was a good machinist and chemist.

Drury had a large family, of whom the eldest son, young Sam, a bright and intelligent youth, having been maltreated, ran away from home and attempted to make his living elsewhere. In the course of his wanderings Sam, with a son of a neighbor, fell in with One Eyed Thompson, who, gleaning from them the particulars of their flight, promised to communicate to the parents knowledge of their children's whereabouts. Instead, however, of fulfilling his promise, he sent both on wild goose chases, while he endeavored to induct the boys into the mysteries of "shoving the queer," in which he excelled. Returning to this city, Young Sam Drury obtained employment with Tom Bell, the auctioneer, and was in his establishment when Thompson employed him to deliver the torpedo box, representing that it contained some packages of the counterfeited Moffatt's pills, the object of his journey in the back part of the State during the prosecution of which he had accidentally encountered the young man, over whom he seemed to have attained a remarkable ascendancy. On the same day he wrote to the elder Drury to call at the house of Mount, as there he would find his son. The old gentleman did so, but was disappointed in his mission, as he did not see his son until the young man, terrified at discovering the nature of the box he had delivered, voluntarily returned to his father's house for advice and consolation. Thompson followed the boy, and attempted to extort a large sum of money out of Drury, who had, at Warner's suggestion, previously employed him as an agent in some law business, relating to counterfeits on Drury's bank. Upon the extortion being refused, Thompson went deliberately to work out the ruin of both father and son.

In the first place Thompson went to a well known burglar, Bristol Bill, whose real name was Arlington, and proposed to recompense him if he would break into Drury's house at Astoria, and place upon the premises a quantity of implements and materials used by counterfeiters, so that when Drury was arrested, as Thompson and his associates had designed him to be, the search and robbery of his mansion could be justified on a criminal plea. The burglar reconnoitred the premises with an artistic eye and pronounced the plan impracticable. Thompson then requested Bill to testify that in a conversation Drury admitted the making of the torpedo, the manner of its being made and other circumstantial details. Bill hesitated at commission of perjury; he was a burglar, it was true, and so skilful at his trade as to defy detection, but his nature rebelled against sending a man, through false testimony, to the State Prison. Thompson had no such scruples, for, desirous of compelling his associate to enter into his plans, he hit upon a very ingenious scheme for his complete subjugation.

Bristol Bill had a mistress upon whom he doted, Margaret O'Connell, a very pretty woman, a vocalist at our minor concert rooms, whose brother, under the name of O'Connell, the tatooed sailor, was well known years ago from his execution of the New Zealand dances. In order to render Bill subservient to his wishes, Thompson persuaded Margaret to visit Boston to utter some counterfeit money he had prepared for that purpose. Vainly she protested that she had never passed a counterfeit in her life; she was assured that the work was easy, and she was furnished with a list of stores at which she could pass them with impunity. By the same train by which Margaret reached Boston on her criminal errand, information as to the existence of a new and dangerous counterfeit was forwarded by Thompson to the very stores indicated on her list. The consequence was upon presentation of the first she was arrested and committed.

Bristol Bill would make any sacrifices to secure the release of his mistress, but Thompson had determined to operate on both, the better to carry out his schemes. So he persuaded Bill, with a view of obtaining the money requisite for Margaret's release, to visit Danville, Vt., and rob the bank, which he assured him would prove a rich job. To facilitate him, Thompson promised the co-operation of a friend who would meet him at the depot and furnish him all information relative to the locality and other desirable matters. This man was a stranger to Bill, but could be readily recognized from his wearing of a peculiar coat and hat. At the same time Cyclops requested as a favor that he would deliver to this man a small package, which he could carry in his coat pocket and save the cost of express.

Bill Arlington went on his way, indulging in golden dreams as to the proceeds from the contents of the bank vault, in which Thompson was to share most liberally. But Bill's friend had taken the precaution of advising the Danville police that there was to arrive at that town, from New York, by a certain train, the most skillful counterfeiter in the country; that he would meet at the depot Christian Meadows, another of the gang, and particularly charging the arrest of the New York man, as upon his person were to be found the counterfeit plates.

Agreeably to the information in this way furnished, the police of Danville surprised both Bristol Bill and Christian Meadows, this latter notorious as the best engraver of counterfeits in the country, and who furnished the work which Thompson disposed of. The evidence against Bill was secured by his seizure with the package of plates in his pocket, which he had neither opened nor examined, and upon this evidence, and no other, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. Fruitlessly Bill told his story; it was not believed, and in desperation, when sentenced, he assailed the district attorney with his manacled hands with such force as almost to inflict fatal injuries. For this assault Bill was sentenced for ten additional years.

The trial and acquittal of Drury, despite the prejudice and excitement against him, is a matter of record, but it cost the man thousands of dollars to establish his innocence, although not a particle of testimony could be adduced to show his participation in the alleged crime, so deeply laid had been the plot to entrap him. Warner, the main witness, fled the country, fearing that the true facts of the case might be developed; Bristol Bill, although tempted by the hope of a pardon, resolutely refused to give in the required false testimony, and Margaret O'Conner, brought on from the Massachusetts prison by her betrayer, trusting that her womanish love could be imposed upon to obtain the release of her imprisoned lover, turned and in the bitterness of rage laid bare the deceit and treachery practiced towards her.

Tom Warner, after flying precipitately from the city with the relics of his fortune, traveled to California, thence to the Sandwich Islands and from there to Australia, where he officiated as ticket taker to a circus. In each of these places he attempted to establish himself in the law, but his tarnished reputation preceded him and he fell in abject poverty. By some means he contrived to secure a passage to his native land, where, shortly after his landing, he committed suicide.

One-Eyed Thompson and his wife, who had been a model artiste in Dr. Gregory's troupe, so worked upon the sympathies of the people of Brooklyn that they established him in a news depot opposite the Park. While thus engaged he, in company with his former pal, Farnham, with whom he appeared to have settled former difficulties, tried their old amusement of passing counterfeit bills. They were detected and arrested, and while in Essex Market prison Thompson committed self-murder. Farnham, who loved life, even inside a prison, was convicted and served our State for the term of five years.

Margaret O'Connor, the most unfortunate actress in this romance of real life, was, contrary to law, reconsigned to the prison, beyond whose jurisdiction she had been voluntarily carried by the authorities, there, shortly after, to draw her last breath from a prison house disease.

"LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN "ACTOR WITHOUT TALENT."

It is not necessary that I should give the anecdotes in rotation as they occurred, and I shall, therefore, skip to the "days beyond," which will bring me to the opening night of the "City Museum," lately burned (Nov. 25), in Philadelphia, as a "Legitimate place of Amusement." This was on the 28th October, 1866. Mr. Miller, who was induced through "immense representations" as to the amount of money to be made out of the enterprise, lost a good round sum, I take it. He had never previous to this been connected with anything pertaining to theatricals, and unfortunately for him he engaged several "leaches," who knew as little as he did, but according to their account, they had managed theatres with great success, both in this country and in England. They might have added "Asia and Africa," without raising the least doubt as to their veracity, in the mind of "M," who really had no thought beyond his "curls," and the particular adjustment of his hat, when about to take a walk. Miss Annie H——, announced as a bright, particular star from the "principal theatres of London," opened the season.

"The Betting Boy's Career," written by an author of small imagination" and "Large Grammatical and Spelling Ideas," or *vice versa*, was the opening piece of her engagement, and I may add the closing also, as it was anything but a "paying spec." Now Annie was as "large" in feeling as in "body," and on her last appearance and "farewell ben," it was announced that the celebrated (?) actress from Europe (not Laura Keene's, in Broadway) would sing the laughable song entitled the "Suicidal Family," during the farce of the "Clock Maker's Hat." The oldest actor in the profession now living would not have recognized the play in the absence of a programme. The star (?) did not know ten lines of her part, and forgot to sing the song. At the fall of the curtain the prompter turned off the "footlights," when some "god" in the gallery applauded. Miss H—— came hurridly forward and commenced her song in the dark, and without music (the band "went out" with the "footlights") she pitched the "air" too high, and finding it impossible to "keep up in that key," she stopped abruptly and said in a voice audible to every person in the house, "I can't sing it!" and retired amid groans, hisses and applause that would convey the idea of "guying."

Shortly afterwards the stage manager (a man noted in the profession for his roughness of manner, and believed by many to be a perfect "Jonah") commenced running some of his "specialties." One night it was necessary that a number of "supers" should be procured, and as the demand greatly exceeded the number of "Regulars" to be had, the "Captain" was obliged to take a number of "Raw hands." "The Lone Man of the Ocean" was the attraction, and in the scene where Adam Bashford and Jolly Jack are on the ship, and prostrated by yellow fever, one of the "supes" asked the stage manager in a whisper, "What shall we do?" "Watch me you damn fools, and do as I do," answered our not over amiable director. The questioner communicated this command to his "brother sufferers" and accordingly it was obeyed to the letter. The attempts of these "ambitious gents" to imitate the acting of the professionals was ludicrous in the extreme. Jolly Jack would crawl from one side to the other, groaning and wringing his hands, and then fall back again to his old "posish." These motions were imitated as far as possible by the "sux's;" as Jack would move so would they, just as regular as "clock work," only somewhat more awkwardly. Instead of producing the effect they imagined it would, *strange to say it was exactly opposite*. The audience applauded and laughed, or fairly screamed, I may say. The stage manager did some "tall talking" and instead of the "awful effect" generally produced upon an audience at witnessing this scene, it turned the whole affair into a burlesque, and the director ordered the "shitters," in a very unpleasant voice, *to move that "slow" scene down "fast"!*

Speaking of supernumeraries reminds me of another laughable incident that occurred at the old Amphitheatre, Philadelphia. During a play, the "property man" forgot one important "prop," a "stuffed club." The "heavy" at the last moment rushed into the property room, and not being able to find a "stuffed club," in the excitement consequent upon the short time allotted him to procure one, seized upon a good sized *wooden club*, and forgetting that is was not "stuffed," he rushed on the stage, in the character of a hero, and "laid about him" right and left, to the utter consternation of the "supes," who either "fell or fled" from his blows as if moved by the "four winds." The manager, who happened to be in front, hastened around to the stage door, and commenced praising the stage manager for the excellent manner in which the supernumeraries had been trained, and added:—"I never saw 'supers fall so naturally as they did." "By George!" exclaimed our "heavy," who had by this time discovered that his *club was not stuffed*, "You would have fallen naturally too, had you been subjected to the blows from a wooden club." It was with great difficulty that our "Captain" could in any way induce young men to "supe it" after this occurrence, as the news of the "knock down argument of our heavy" had spread upon the "suping fraternity" as if telegraphed to each as a "special."

AFTER A PANTHER.—John L. Fisher, of Tiffin, Ohio, while hunting in the woods of Ottawa County, recently, thought he discovered evidences of deer, and stopped to wait for their appearance. While on the watch he discovered a large animal crawling toward him. He fired at it and blew off a piece of the skin and flesh from its hind leg. It managed to escape, but left behind it the piece of flesh and skin hanging to a small tree. On examination he found it to have been a panther, and followed it but could not get another shot at it.

HARDSCRABBLE HALL;

OR,

The Sportsman Checkmated.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Gentlemen," said Squire Tracey, turning abruptly round from the window of our club, where he had been for nearly an hour inspecting the gaily dressed multitude as they thronged out of the operatic matinees into the spacious avenue—"gentlemen, you may say what you will—my mind's made up on one point—I'm going to Hardscrabble Hall once more, as fast as steam and beef can carry me. What you call 'the season' in this disorderly and incongruous collection of brick and mortar is an imposition, and no more conveys an appropriate idea of what the word signifies than a suit of clothes on a tailor's stretcher conveys the idea of a man—which it doesn't much. It's a sham, I tell you; a paltry dodge which consists in all sorts of subterfuges to evade the season, and disguises the Creator's intent so effectually that it puzzles a good judge of nature to make head or tail of it. To enjoy the season you must get rid of your bricks and mortar, let good stout kerseys and corduroys supplant your fine French broadcloths, exchange your walking sticks for guns and fishing rods, learn to eat grouse and venison from a shingle, and ride a horse as nature intended and he expects to be; then there is some possibility of making men of yourselves and getting rid of the doctor."

"You talk of a horse," drawled out young Seargent Kidds, who belongs to the Seventh, "as if there was nothing else worth living for. Man don't want to be like wild Injens, live all time on hossback, 'taint genteel; and, besides, people good taste p'fer society lovely woman—refines and elevates."

"Pah!" exclaimed the Squire; "you talk as if there was not a pretty woman outside of a drawing room or Fifth avenue, where your girls are so overdrest that you can't see the beauties of the wearer. Wonder they never thought of it, the more extravagant kickshaws they put upon their backs, the more they are thrown in the shade by the splendor of their dry goods. Come into the country with me, and I'll show you some samples of female loveliness that shall make your eyes snap—yes, snap, sir!" And he brought down his cane with a thump to emphasize the remark.

Squire Tracey is one of those hale, hearty men, of whom the country side furnishes occasional specimens, and who, although obliged to pass their earlier days within the marts of trade, return to their first love, the country, as soon as fortune will permit them, and there amid nature's seclusion lead the lives of petty princes, although taking good care not to separate themselves entirely from the enjoyments to be found in the metropolis. He was the proprietor of a pretty retreat among the Hudson Highlands, and thither, although in possession of all the concomitants which could render life a thing to be desired in town, he was frequently in the habit of retiring for a few weeks' relaxation; for he was a hearty abhorer of fashionable shams, and detested what townish people call etiquette with a most holy horror.

As the true fall season had just fairly set in, his listeners knew by the Squire's disjointed exclamations that there was fun in prospect, for to be invited to share the hospitalities of his shooting box was regarded as a desirable privilege even among the frequenters of that favored club. Shooting boxes, be it borne in mind, are now-a-days something more than the mere word implies, having emerged from the contracted dimensions of a hunter's lodge, with its scanty covering of boards, its carpetless floor and its rude couch of undressed skins, to the more pretentious accommodations of a miniature rustic homestead, with housekeeper, gamekeeper, servants, luxurious furniture and all the modern improvements. Such a retreat was the country seat of Squire Tracey, and as an "invite" in his name implied "a good time" in the very broadest acceptation of that much abused term, there was, you may be sure, no difficulty in forming a party of choice spirits to grace its woodland shades for the space of a week or a fortnight.

We sat down to his luxuriant board at five in the afternoon, on one of the finest days of the by past September—a merry party of six, and as jovial a crew as ever planted their boots beneath a gentleman's mahogany. Tracey's neighbor and coadjutor in field sports took the foot of the table, while Tracey himself, as host, was accorded the head. Tom Rocket, favorite fast crab of "our club," was at the chairman's right, while Major Buzfuz, who often escaped from garrison duty at West Point, a few miles away, occupied the left. At the lower end, Doctor Bolus, a fussy little fellow connected with the staff, shared the corresponding positions with Tom Rocket, of Ours. Besides, there were Perkins and Dawkins, both prime fellows from the club, and several ladies, who were very presentable specimens of country beauty in their way, and whose attentions promised agreeably to relieve the monotony of our stay—if such a thing as monotony were possible.

The conversation was a running discussion of matters pertaining to the field, mingled with flashes of wit and *repartee*, the clatter of knives and forks and the popping of champagne corks, almost without cessation. There and then I learned that the denizens of the rural districts are sometimes as anxious to get to the city as we are to leave it, and reminiscences of *opera bouffe* and the last grand *ballet*, mingled with anticipations of the pleasures which the winter might have in store. In the midst of the confusion a horse clattered up to the door; a musical voice was heard, saying—"No, thank you—I think I ought to know the way;" and light feet were heard pattering up the steps. Then the door of the dining room flew open, and a young lady entered, who might have sat to poor Elliot for her portrait as Diana, the goddess of the chase. She was clad in a dark green dress, wore a hat of dark color, trimmed with a falling fringe of Valenciennes lace, and bore a bouquet and a little whip, which she threw aside, with the hat, and plumped down in the seat by the side of Squire Hawthorn, vacated by the doctor, at the same time throwing her arm round the neck of the former and kissing his cheek. The "click," or the modulated "cheep, cheep!" of a woman's lips has something about it provocative of singular feelings, and when that woman is very pretty besides, it exerts a stimulating effect which throws all other sensations in the shadow. The first thought which rose to the mind of Tom Rocket was, "Gods! what a beauty!" though he took good care not to express it. Being her *vis-a-vis* he could not help getting in conversation with her, and very soon came to regard Miss Grace Hawthorne, whose father sat next him, as the loveliest and most delightful girl he had ever met with.

"I must tell you a good joke," said Grace, who was almost out of breath; "I should not have been here according to promise if it had not been for my cousin, Rupert, who was deputed to be my escort—because, you see, father came over last evening, in order to be on hand to do the amiable. Well, if I must tell it, Rupe drank a little too much on the way, and, being sleepy, fell off in the road; so I took Bouncer's reins, and led him in handsomely, as you see, leaving poor Rupe to follow. And serves him right, to treat a lady so cavalierly—don't you think so, Mr. Pocket?"

"Rocket, Madam," said Tom, interposing a correction; "but, I assure you, the matter surpasses all joking. I think the brute ought to be shot." And he twirled his *auburn* moustache, just like Lingard in his Champagne Charley episode.

"Shot! O, I hope not; it would never do to shoot my future husband," replied Kate, with a laugh. "The better way is to allow him to kill himself, which I am sure I have no objection to after we're married."

"Kate!" said Mr. Hawthorne, reprovingly, "you will make a strange impression, I am afraid." Then added, "Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter, Miss Grace Hawthorne, the cleverest, and, I might add, the wildest girl in the county."

The gentlemen immediately began to "pick" themselves up a bit, and Tom Rocket had a number of rivals in his attentions to Miss Hawthorne, who appeared to be "full of the devil," as he afterwards expressed it, and just the creature suited to his whim. He was laying himself out as well as he knew how, when a stentorian whoop resounded like an Indian yell through the corridors, before which the ladies rose and filed out of the room by a side door, like a flock of geese in high feather, just as the long, wiry figure of Cousin Rupe appeared in the main doorway. Mr. Rupert Culpepper was in his happiest mood, if not his most presentable condition. His nose was skinned and his face was covered with mud, his coat torn up the back, and the right leg of his trowsers split to the knee. In his hand he carried the stock of a whip, and on his head he wore something that had once been a hat. He sank into the chair vacated by Grace, and, after helping himself to a full tumbler of port wine, poured it gracefully into his shirt bosom and fell asleep, with his head in the jelly dish.

Poor Gracie! Family reasons were to induce the match—a marriage of convenience, she being legal inheritress of a handsome property on condition of marrying this disgusting brute, who, strangely enough, insisted upon his claim with all the persistence of an ardent devotee—Tom was a judge of woman nature, and he could see beneath all Grace's reckless levity, adopted, perhaps, as a mask to her secret sorrows, there was a warm, sunshiny nature and a heart that might be worth the winning. The week wore away with a succession of sports and pastimes, in which field of enterprise Squire Tracey was in his element. Whether it related to hunting or fishing, or racing, or boating, in all these he was equally at home. Many amusing incidents occurred, and many a practical joke was played, of which Major Buzfuz, who was always making a ridiculous display of his gallantry, and the amiable Perkins or the irascible Doctor Bobs were the victims. Cousin Rupe was almost too serious a subject to practice upon, but even he did not at all times escape. Somehow, Tom Rocket was continually in the way of Miss Grace, who was always saying severe and caustic things to him, and then provokingly taking his arm, by way of compensation. During the week a grand pic-nic was improvised in the woods—a sort of barbecue, which was attended by all the folks for miles around. The day was brisk and inviting, and by way of keeping up his military character, Major Buzfuz had brought his gun along, with which, while the rest were engaged, he sallied forth into the neighboring grain field to find a lark or a robin or two. He had not gone far when, just above the waving grass, which reached to his chin, he caught sight of a bonnet and feather. All the chivalrous impulses of the Major were aroused at the sight, and, inspecting the mysterious objects once more, he pulled his hat down and gave chase. And it was very funny to see the Major rising and falling among the furrows, and the mysterious hat and feather bobbing up and down between the tall ranks of grain, as though its owner had heard him coming and was trying to avoid him. After an hour's hard chase Major Buzfuz came up with the object of pursuit, and found it hanging in quiet repose upon a pole, where it had been deposited by some gay deceiver who had led the gallant Major all this weary tramp for nothing. It was only a scare-crow, whereat the Major walked back discomfited.

In the meantime, Perkins was "lallygagging" around Miss Sallie Peters, having drawn her as far as the arbor attached to the grounds, and was approaching a most interesting point, having succeeded in getting his arm round her waist, when, all at once, a smell arose of such wondrous potency, that Miss Peters concluded, with her smelling salts to her nose, that "she had best to go back to her mother," and started on a bee line for the encampment. Perkins followed, wondering and retching by turns, when, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth, to his great disgust, a broken bottle of assafœtida. He looked at the coat again. By all that was *powerful*, he had taken the Doctor's coat from its peg in the hall, by mistake!

Cousin Rupe having heaved in sight at this crisis, drunk, as usual, the worthy physician hit upon a shrewd device to get rid of him. He called Rupe to him and asked him to be so kind as to convey a bottle of wine to that party (pointing) on the other side of the enclosure, shrewdly supposing that, if he thought it to be wine, Rupe would drink it himself. That boozy personage complied with the request, and started in a zigzag for the opposite side, but he had seen the doctor "fixing" something beforehand, and sagely conjecturing that he was to be the victim of a trick that had been practiced before, he quietly drew from its place the bung of a cider barrel which reposed beneath a tree in readiness for use, and emptied his bottle therein. The Squire thought it now about time; he took his place on the stump next the tree, and after expatiating upon the "glorious occasion," invited the assembled people to partake of cider and apples to their heart's content. The bung was started and foaming tankards were passed around to the health of the Squire, but in less than five minutes the ground was deserted, and there was a general stampede for the nearest settlements. The multitude must have been jalapped—at least that was what Rupe hazarded.

Since then, I understand that Tom Rocket, who is well off, has been a frequent visitor at the Squire's, and folks do say, but I don't know how true it is, that he and Grace Hawthorne are on the point of being married, Cousin Rupe to the contrary notwithstanding.

BOB O' GOTHAM.

AN HONEST CUSTOMER.—An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover the theft, and the merchant perceived it. "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?" "Oh, yes," answered the merchant, "I have no complaint." "Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by." "That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend!" cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

THE OLD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY I. D. CLARK.

Under the waving lindens,
Blanche and her lover stand;
So happy—ah! so happy—
Lip to lip and hand in hand!

Not for a crown and a sceptre
Would she exchange her lot;
Without him, and a palace?
Rather with him and a cot!

* * * * * *

The lindens wave exactly
As they did a year ago,
But where is Blanche and her lover?
Under their leaves? Ah, no!

False were his vows and promises—
False to her and to his God!
The light of her life went out, and she
Lies underneath the sod.

Only the old, old story,
Love and Falsehood and Pain,
Since the world began, the same old tale
Over and over again!

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

When the good burghers of New Amsterdam concluded to make a permanent residence upon this island of the Manhattoes, they, in the first place, put up the old block fort, and in the middle of it constructed the governor's house, and as a matter of further defence placed the figure head of the Dutch galleon—an effigy of honest old St. Nicholas, who had directed their course to the New World—directly in front of the mansion door. Then, to show their loyalty, the burghers ordained it to be the duty of every citizen, on the opening day of the Year, to array himself in his best apparel, and present himself in person before the governor and respectfully congratulate that potentate with a "Happy New Year." After this mark of respect each burgher conceived it incumbent upon him to visit in succession the families of his friends and acquaintances, for as all the male population were about the streets, the mansions were turned over to the sole control of the fair sex for that day at all events.

Like Christmas to the Englishman—and Thanksgiving to the New Englander, the New Year's Day, to which for better convenience of the community the Hollanders shifted the feast day of St. Nicholas, as the patron saint of the colony, became to the burghers of New Amsterdam a national holiday, and one which has survived the wreck of other celebrations, through being legally recognized as one of the five days of rest the legislature of New York have accorded to bank clerks and over worked humanity generally.

By our Dutch progenitors dwelling in tiled cottages, in which habitations they were born, married and died, adding to their original dimensions an additional room as each daughter suited her destiny with some buxom husband, the observance of New Year's calls was exacted as a sacred duty. Indeed, it was regarded as a signal breach of etiquette to overlook visiting the ladies of even a passing acquaintance, who were ever on hand on that auspicious day, blooming with health and blushing with smiles, in their respective chambers, trimmed with evergreens, and adorned with a large mahogany sideboard, upon whose highly polished top glistened pretty decanters, cut glass ware, and silver tankards.

For a week previous to New Year's all the housewives in town were engaged in culinary preparations, chiefly in the making of mince pies, for the tables in the good old times were supplied with none but home-made confections, doughnuts, crullers, waffles, and New Year's cookies, which the visitor was expected to partake while washing it down with spiced rum punch, a bowl of which stood temptingly in the centre of an inviting and heavily laden dining board.

During the holidays the bakers of New York were expected to prepare and vend New Year's cakes, a gigantic, lozenge shaped concoction, with a portrait of Santa Claus impressed upon its middle. These cakes were sold by the dozen, which custom had fixed at thirteen, as a baker's dozen, the odd one being the perquisite of the servant or messenger making the purchase. So universal was this practice in counting that but one baker in all New Amsterdam was found hardy enough to break the measure, and his fate became a fearful warning to others of his calling, inasmuch as he was carried off bodily by the enraged St. Nicholas, and his corpse found floating in the Wallabout Bay, as has been duly chronicled in the veracious history of Diedrick Knickerbocker.

When the English became masters of the island, their first act of outrage was the smashing of the pipe of Saint Nicholas—a pipe full two yards in length—an iniquity which excited the direful ire of Peter Von Stuyvesant, who, to exhibit his contempt for an ingrate race, took off his silver leg and refused to receive calls for three successive New Year's days. Then the English Church, insisting that New Year's was a holiday, being the feast of the Circumcision, proscribed the accustomed jollity of that occasion, but the dominies of the Dutch churches laughed to scorn such a forced celebration, and in revenge for their insubordination the British Government consigned the effigy of St. Nicholas to a fiery grave by employing that venerable gentlemen to cook his Christmas dinner.

Like all other true born New Yorkers, I always make calls upon New Year's in the legitimate manner, on foot, and consuming the entire day and a fair share of the night in performing the operation of visitation. It is really interesting to chase up acquaintances once a year, with the aid of a directory, and highly entertaining to notice how your former friends get up in the world, moving gradually from yellow framed domiciles to brick dwellings, and finally resting in brown stone fronts. The ladies are always excessively cordial and so happy to see you, making every allowance for the coldness of the weather and the actual necessity of imbibing a good share of stimulants to keep up animation. But somehow or other, I miss the mince pies and spiced rum of the days of yore, and I am free to confess that boned turkey, lobster salad, pickled oysters, ice cream and hot coffee, disposed in layers within the human stomach, and floating in an immense sea of noyaux, annisced, Bourbon whiskey and champagne punch, prove, often times, too heavy a load for moderate carriage, but then there is a bracing tendency in the atmosphere of the first day of January, keeping a man upon his legs despite an apparent failure in pedal propulsion.

Last New Year's day I made calls with my friend Kight, who is a man of fashion, a promising broker, well posted on the street, who bids fair to become a railway king; but, as he only failed in business twice, his experience in stocks is somewhat limited. Kight is emphatically a lady's man, and as an uncle who has been laying at the point of death for twenty odd years, with Kight as sole heir to his fortune, he is regarded as a rising speculator and an apt match for many a belle. For a New Year's companion my friend was invaluable, as he was on good terms with the fathers, better with the mothers, and, best of all, with the daughters, and then, as he informed me, he only visited the very first families.

It was upon the stroke of noon when Kight came to my house, wherein I had been waiting patiently since breakfast, for, in my time, half New York was in visiting motion before ten, at the latest; but Kight assured me that none of the fair ones of his particular set would be able to receive before midday, as one past meridian is, in fashionable language, the dawn of the morning.

Kight was elaborately costumed, and I felt somewhat ashamed of my own plain attire, but then my friend assured me that literary men were never expected to be gotten up gorgeous, to which I assented, remarking that I might serve as a contrast to heighten his individual brilliancy. Then we got into a cab, when Kight pulled out a list of names at least two feet in length, with the residences marked opposite them.

"What's that Kight?" I inquired, "a digest of the directory?"

"Only my visiting list," responded the broker, carelessly.

"Going to call at all these houses?" and I stared in amazement.

"Why not?" responded Kight, it's nothing to do when you have a system to go by. Here's a hundred and fifty houses, divided into three classes, snobs, nobs, and millionaires, with an average of two minutes to reach each—that makes—

"Five hours," I suggested.

"One hundred and twenty snobs, at two minutes each—"

"Four more hours," I calculated.

"Twenty-five nobs, at three minutes each—"

"One hour and a quarter more," I observed.

"Five millionaires, at five minutes each—"

"Grand total," I figured up, "ten hours and forty minutes."

"With twenty minutes to spare, and all through by eleven sharp."

Just then the cab stopped, and Kight darted through the door.

"You need not spread yourself here," remarked Kight, "it's only a tailor—the fellow who gets me up—the wife keeps the accounts. Where's your card, old follow, for we must be lively."

Now in all my prior visiting I had never deemed the ceremony of card presentation indispensible, and, as I now perceived my companion had ignored my personal acquaintance, I told him that he could call me by any name coming handy.

No sooner was the door opened than in bolted Kight, drawing me after him by main force and thrusting me into the centre of the parlor.

"Happy New Year, Mrs. Simpson—my friend; Miss Jemima, compliments of the season, fine day for riding. Been to the opera, lately, Miss Jemima? Many calls, Mrs. Simpson? My friend's in the literary business—Simpson's out, of course?" and the irresistible Kight bowed gracefully and proceeded to back out of the room, not perceiving that he had mistaken a large mirror for an entry way.

"You'll partake of refreshments, gentlemen?" interposed Mrs. Simpson, who was a prim, methodical personage, leading the way to an adjoining parlor, wherein stood a long table prodigally laden with the delicacies of the season.

"I'll try an oyster," said Kight, patronisingly, and the fair Jemima gave him a dozen or so with a huge sandwich of ham.

"Which kind of wine?" interposed Mrs. Simpson, suggestively.

Kight was bashful, didn't know which to prefer, everything was so delicious in good society, so if the ladies had no objection he would indulge in a little Bourbon straight. The ladies had no objection, and Kight took a pretty stiff horn.

Finally we emerged from call No. 1, and when we came out I remarked to my companion that we had consumed at least five times the time allotted to his original programme, and at that rate we should never get to the millionaires.

"It's policy, my good fellow," explained the broker, "but we'll cut the others short, and no more Bourbon. Now make yourself agreeable—the next house is a millionaire."

Our vehicle turned into a spacious avenue, and stopped before a large sized mansion, whose portals were large enough for a handsome hotel. Kight rang the bell with a nervous twinge, for even the man of the world paled before the abode of Mammon. A servant in livery ushered us into the hall way, thence we passed into a frescoed parlor, the windows of which were hermetically sealed to all appearances, for the reception was conducted in the glare of gaslights flashing from branches and chandeliers, and in this wise turning day into night.

A very portly, austere and authoritative man was Mr. Spondulicks, president of a bank, who boasted the possession of two millions and a half, with several tons of petroleum stock as ballast.

"Ah, Kight, happy to see you," said the millionaire, condescendingly; "by the way, what did Erie close at in Second Board?"

"I really can't say," responded Kight, for the first time in his speculative existence, overawed by the presence of greatness, "but I've heard tell it went heavy; you're not in the corner?"

"No, I'm always square," and Mr. Spondulicks smiled grimly; "by the way, is your friend on the street? He looks like a financier."

I was overpowered by this sagacious bit of flattery, and was about denying the insinuation when Kight interposed "Does the charming Mrs. Spondulicks receive?"

"Crinoline May does the hospitalities of the house for her," and, as the bi-millionaire spoke, he pointed majestically to a remote corner of the magnificent parlor, in which was congregated a half a score of exquisites, negligently lounging around some centre of general attraction.

"Mr. Kight, my daughter!" quoth the financier with dignity.

And sure enough there, beneath a handsome canopy, sat enthroned upon a pedestal the daughter of this aristocratic mansion—a short, stout maiden of some twenty odd years, literally loaded down with brilliants and jeweled ornaments, receiving with conceited grimaces and imitation regality, the homage of a crowd of worshippers. It was Crinoline May in the full blossom of early parvenuism.

"I congratulate you, Miss Spondulicks; this is charming. Your European tour has produced brilliant results," said Kight, with the gravity of a courtier and the gallantry of a knight.

I [illegible]

a recognition of our presence, terminating with the quaint remark of:—"Lor, Mr. Kight, you are always so very fanny."

The Honorable Knight acknowledged the compliment by a twist of his moustache, when, remembering some idea of the rules governing presentations to European courts, as told down by Dr. Kane for the illumination of unsophisticated Americans abroad, I resolved upon attempting a departure from the queenly presence in strict accordance with courtly etiquette.

I commenced by executing a profound salaam, and stepped back three paces to the rear, a movement which brought me in direct contact with one of the inquisitive with such force that he was deprived of his perspicacity and descended upon the Brussels carpet in considerable of a heap. But as I was travelling upon my dignity, I did not cause to pick up the pieces, but executing another salaam I retreated backward with an augmented pace and, again insisting in a third performance, made, with my eyes still fixed respectfully on the fair hostess, a double quick movement to gain the parlor door. Unfortunately I made calculated the direction of my course and came upon Old Specie dulics who, astonished at my courtly manœuvre, jumped from an ottoman just in time to avoid my approach, leaving his seat directly in my path. Over the confounded thing I went with a crash, and suddenly found my head in contact with the floor, and both legs at right angles with the flat of my back.

Kight was wonderstruck at this exhibition; so, after picking up the fragments of the demolished exquisite and setting me firmly on my pins, he explained to Old Spondulicks that I had once made a state visit to some Oriental queen, and had probably got confused at the magnificent state in which we had been received by his charming daughter. Old Spondulicks was tickled at the idea and insisted upon going into the dining room to repair damages.

In the dining room Kight recovered his equanimity, and the millionaire, priding himself on the merits of his wine vault, insisted upon my opinion as to the value of his different vintages, for, he added, "You travelers know the best of everything."

I confess I was diffident at first, but, as Kight remarked that it would be policy to humor a pillar of the Exchange, I was induced to sample his imported lot, particularly as my comrade indulged in glowing commendations upon each liquid produced, and Spondulicks was terribly accommodating with his glasses.

He was posted in the wine business to a point, so he brought out Chambertin, Osborne Port, Sherry of his own importation, old Otard, as old as his grandfather, Teneriffe, gold seal Johannesberger and Imperial Tokay. And, finally, when we had sampled all these varieties, the man of wealth insisted upon our trying a champagne punch of his own concoction, just to test his individual taste.

When we got in our cab it was wonderful to remark how enthusiastic Kight had grown under the influence of the millionaire's really good wines, so we rattled along with our calls at a tremendous pace, Kight insisting that we had no time to stop beyond a "how to do," "compliments of the season," "good time a coming," and the interchange of conventional phrases. We had reduced the catalogue of "snobs" to nearly a quarter, the "first class houses" to fully one-half, without venturing upon a second millionaire, designing, as Kight observed, to take them in a bunch.

At first I had fears as to the results of Kight's hilarity, but perceiving that, as his good nature increased, he grew more inclined to favor "snobs" with his prolonged presence, especially as in these houses, seemingly indifferent to his visitation, we found heartier welcomes, better chess and more interesting ladies, than among the more pretentious classes; so I, for my part, was willing to throw the millionaires to the dogs and confine our attentions to the third class entirely, as the shades of evening were about to fall.

Kight had behaved himself manfully, considering the temptations of the day and the libations we were compelled to imbibe, just to honor the courtesy of the ladies. At times, it is true, his merriment partook of an eccentric character, but then, he said, these incidents were as natural to a New Year's holiday. For instance, in his hurry, he called at two or three wrong houses, dropped in to inquire after a lady who had been dead for years, mistook widows for wives and mothers for daughters, and actually proposed himself in marriage to a lady he had never seen before. But these were, in his opinion, mere mental aberrations, accidental trifles, which could be rectified when he called again on the next New Year.

But there were physical vagaries in which my friend indulged of a more startling nature, and not so easily rectified. In the outburst of musical enthusiasm he astonished the ears of a pious family by commencing "Casta Diva" and degenerating into "Champagne Charlie," while he shocked the nerves of the damsels of another by attempting an exemplification of the "Can Can."

In the feeding department, however, Kight committed his grossest blunders. He sweetened his coffee from the salt cellar, and ladled out stewed oysters into punch glasses; he poured out whiskey for sherry wine, and deliberately carved a boned turkey in place of mince pie, besides carrying off two or three daguerreotype cases, which, in the error of the moment, he considered as tobacco boxes. And again, towards the close of our visiting, he clearly exhibited aberration of mind when upon being asked by a fascinating belle what he would take, he graciously responded, "twenty drops of aqua ammonia in half a tumbler of water," evidently believing himself to be in a druggist's store, inquiring for an antidote for intoxication.

There was no recovery from this last bungle; hence Kight and I came to the sage conclusion that we had done our duty for one day at least, especially as at the last stopping place he had lost his visiting list, and without it he was wholly at sea. So we entered our cab, leaving some more indefatigable individuals with clearer heads and emptier stomachs to attend to the levees of the neglected millionaires, as undoubtedly they would do.

When I reached home I lit my cigar and contemplated the extent of enjoyment in which I had participated. The credit side of the sheet was flattering in the extreme, comprising the acquaintance of some hundred and odd ladies, old, young and middling, whom I had never seen before, and would never see again, with least a gallon of mixed liquors, and a quarter hundred weight of commingled condiments, including a mince pie which some mischievous urchin had deposited in the crown of a hat which had been substituted for my own. *Per contra*, the fun of the holiday had been damaged to the extent of a disordered stomach, an incipient headache and an exchanged hat. As for Kight, he was not seen upon the street for three days, during which time he breakfasted regularly upon hock and soda water, and supped upon anti-bilious pills. Still, notwithstanding these trivial drawbacks, he agrees with me that, in view of the general hilarity, from time immemorial, accompanying annual visitation of friends, it is an act of wisdom to encourage pleasant memories of the present and of the past in a happy New Year's Call.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

NO. 2.

The mania for establishing journals among persons wholly inexperienced in journalism, which has been prevalent for several years past, called into momentary existence more than one journal devoted especially to dissemination as general information, which, while it benefited the printer and paper makers, failed not to convince its projectors that in indulging in assuming an editorial seat was much more costly than satisfactory. Many men of tolerable education, with the necessary capital at their disposal, seemingly believed themselves competent for a newspaper management, totally oblivious to the fact that, compared with the other liberal professions, the editorial fraternity are the more limited in numbers, as well as the most overtasked as to intellectual requirements. Out of the immense congregation of successful merchants to be found in the business part of the town, or the formidable array of the bankers, lawyers and other men of repute, it is estimated that not one in a thousand can compose an ordinary editorial touching topics connected with their daily avocations which would not be rejected by a professional member of the press; while it is notorious that even our most prominent politicians, when forced to appear before the public in a literary guise, are compelled to avail themselves of members of the literary profession in order to temper, if not wholly to compose the epistles published over their names. A person may write an excellent essay, a readable discourse or an elaborate romance, but when he attempts an editorial article his incapacity in that branch of important and practical literature becomes signally apparent. The learned and persuasive orator, Edward Everett, was tempted, through patriotic motives, to contribute a series of articles to the *New York Ledger*, and we will venture to assert that they were inferior in style of a veritable editorial composition to the crudest of under paid emanations of a writer trained in the ways of journalism. The popular Charles Dickens, originally a reporter, endeavored to enter upon the editorial arena under the title of the *Daily News*, a London daily, whose main dependence was upon the credit of his name, and still he was found inadequate to a task so materially different from his usual literary occupations.

Specialties in journalism, intended to be sustained by the general public, have been oftentimes attempted and never attended with more than indifferent success. This has been particularly the case with publications devoted to the culture of music and the fine arts, which, although conducted by men of eminence in their respective professions, competent and able critics, could not be rendered stable enterprises, their projectors being ultimately forced to seek a channel for their opinions in the all absorbing daily press. If in the musical world such competent critics as Storr Willis, Henry C. Watson, C. C. Rosenberg, Charles B. Seymour, C. B. Burchardt and others, could not induce the public to sustain periodicals especially devoted to operatic and musical literature at a time when a musical mania pervaded all classes of society, what reasonable expectation of success could be entertained by those over ambitious individuals who have ventured upon purely art journals when but a very limited portion of the community has cultivated a taste for the beautiful?

It is true that a quarterly magazine of the fine arts, the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal*, at one time attained a handsome circulation, but then that publication was but a secondary appendage to a scheme of art distribution, in which the chance of gaining a valuable painting preponderated over any interest felt in the magazine itself, although it was handsomely printed, neatly embellished and replete with interesting matter. When Mr. Chauncey L. Derby, the actuary of the Cosmopolitan Association, contemplated employing this institution as the basis for a permanent journal of the arts, as has been successfully done in England, he greatly over-estimated the artistic capacities of his patrons and under-estimated the enormous expenses of so laudable an undertaking. The unwise legislation of this State, which proscribes the possibility of Art Unions as legitimate institutions, and of free art galleries as the attendant consequences, has so far circumscribed the improvement of the masses at large with respect to appreciation of the fine arts that a popular art journal must be regarded as a chimera. In all European capitals the inhabitants grow accustomed to the inspection of works of high art through the existence of free galleries, and being interested in the originals, naturally seek possession of their reproductions in a fair style of engraving. With us, since the suppression of the American and International Art Unions, no local gallery has been open to the general public, who are, therefore, although naturally inclined towards an admiration of works of high art, deprived of those opportunities of inspecting masterpieces of value and of skill, which it has been the policy of European governments to throw open gratuitously for inspection. When this trans-Atlantic piece of wisdom is emulated, if not excelled, then, and not until then, can we rationally suppose our population competent to sustain publications devoted exclusively to art subjects, and embellished with such engravings as would tend to popularize a school of design to which our people are, at the present moment, comparative strangers.

Even in the specialty of Freemasonry, sustained as it should be by the countenance of an ancient and most numerous body of men, united by mystic bonds and ceremonious ties, boasting a history running into a remote past, and exerting an immense influence upon social progress, it has been discovered impracticable to establish a permanent organ, although several, edited by gentlemen of ability and high in the order, have expended both time and money in various endeavors so to do. Possibly the most learned and intellectual masonic periodical ever published in any country, and assuredly infinitely superior to the *Freemason's Magazine*, of London, emanated about eleven years since from a publishing house in this city, under the title of the *American Quarterly Review of Freemasonry*, which, although edited by the celebrated masonic jurisprudent, Dr. Albert G Mackey, of Charleston, S. C., was, in reality, the conception of Mr. Robert Macoy, one of the grand officers of this State. Its main contributor was Albert Pike, the head of the Scottish Rite at the South, whose erudition, sustained by possession of one of the most valuable libraries in the United States, unfortunately dispersed during the late civil war, evinced itself in a series of articles upon the Mysteries of Antiquity as kindred to the masonic science. But these learned and elaborate researches, in lieu of producing the effect desired, without evoking the enthusiasm of the intelligent members of the fraternity, amid the prejudices of these adverse to their entire creation beneath which their profundity and erudition, treating, as they did, a subject unknown save to a deeply read ekeonical scholar, disgusted a vast majority, who considered them as the dryest of dry reading. Really valuable articles were contributed to the *Quarterly* by Albert G. Mackey, one of the most learned craftsmen of the State, but, as in the case of Pike, these contributions were enjoyed only by a select few, the chief among the class. Despite a gratuitous circulation among every Lodge, Chapter and Council, which the management of the *Review* could obtain for the asking, it failed to admit to its pages, a masonic publication of so isolated a character could never be rendered popular with the mass of the order; hence, this ambitious periodical, after causing the admiration of the learned masonic writers in Europe, passed out of existence at the termination of a two years' trial, leaving the field in occupation of provincial monthlies.

During the troublesome days of Freemasonry, when the harmony of the craft was distracted by the contentions of rival grand lodges, there was published quite a spirited, although small sized, sheet, devoted to the interests of the St. John's Grand Lodge, and entitled the *Masonic Sentinel*, avowedly under the editorial supervision of its Grand Master, Henry T. Attwood. Although accredited as the organ of secessionists from the representatives of the main body of the fraternity, the *Sentinel* obtained a good circulation among all parties, mainly on account of the admitted masonic proficiency of its conductor, who, although neither a publisher or a vigorous writer, was well versed in the traditions and practices of the craft, he having been instructed in the ancient work, presumptively engaged or vitiated during the continuance of the Morgan excitement. Upon settlement of the Grand Lodge troubles the *Sentinel* was allowed to fall into abeyance, until after a lapse of several years, upon recurrence of masonic troubles, its resuscitation was vainly attempted by a young printer named Wisdom, who, during the late war, was slain as a Captain of Zouaves and Master of an army lodge.

The *National Freemason*, originally a monthly in the city of Washington, edited by the Rev. Dr. McMurdy, was translated to New York and converted into a weekly, in the hope of establishing a central organ for amalgamating the various rites, among which the higher degrees had been distributed, in which task the reverend editor was assisted by John W. Simons, an elevated dignitary, in all the various branches. Probably Dr. McMurdy and his colleagues ventured upon too comprehensive a scope of action, or perchance the numbers of the rival grades adhered too closely to their peculiar dogmas; but certain it is that the prosperous of the sheet, finding Freemasonry unprofitable, if not impossible, caused the expedient of converting their publication into a semi-sensational hebdomidal and of changing its title to the *National*, adding the words and *Freemason* in very illegible characters.

The decision of our city postmaster, assigning the publication of the list of advertised letters to an Ann street printer, afforded him an opportunity of publishing a masonic paper upon a comparatively economical scale. Consequently Dr. Levy, who could append almost as many mystic hieroglyphics to his name as his clerical rival, came out with his *Mail Bag and Masonic Mirror*, devoted equally to the interest of Uncle Sam as to those of the fraternity. As the paper was both useful and economical, for a time it attained a good circulation, until the retirement of the postal list deprived it of its more useful feature in the eyes of the general public. Thrown upon its masonic resources the *Mirror* appeared semi-occasionally, until the ill health of its editor necessitated its suspension.

The final and most vigorous attempt to establish a purely masonic sheet, unmixed with literature, commerce or mail bags, was made by an association of masons, created by a Mr. Charles Latour, who ventured to assume business management of the *Mystic Temple*. The "Fraternal Association" knew nothing of journalism and still less of printing, so, after the publication of their banning for the space of a quarter of a year, they discovered their entire capital expended, together with all receipts, and not a dollar of assets. They assessed the stockholders and proceeded with the publication, which, by the way, was accepted by the fraternity at large as the best paper, notwithstanding the manifold defects as to size, form and other typographical qualities, which had as yet been devoted to masonry, as to intellectual and literary properties, until the association found themselves overwhelmed with debts, generated by their salaried officers, and threatened with judgments from every quarter. As this state of things could not be made to pay, the amateur associates wisely concluded to retire from masonic publishing, leaving the sheriff to close up the door of the *Mystic Temple* and to extinguish the greatest lights of masonry lingering in our midst.

Neither have the Odd Fellows been more successful in sustaining a special journal than their brethren of the mystic tie, for, notwithstanding their numerical strength and the advantage of laboring under neither the religious nor political prejudices of any portion of the community, as is the case with masonry, they have suffered a sheet which once possessed a wide spread circulation to languish into oblivion. True, the *Golden Rule* flourished in those days, when Superintendent Kennedy, James W. Hale, the Rev. Dr. Chapin and other well known magnates, ruled as the moguls of Odd Fellowship; when Odd Fellows' Hall was erected, in plentitude of brown stone glory; when Masonry was obscured by a passing cloud and Odd Fellowship received as its moral substitute; at that period the *Golden Rule*, in itself, irrespective of its specialty, a very handsome and ably edited sheet, of mammoth dimensions, could be found as the acceptable government, as to literature and morals, of almost every homestead in town and country, so widely disseminated had been its propagation. But Odd Fellowship was at that time a fraternal mania, and, when its attractiveness partially subsided, as the force of masonry renovated, the instructive morality and entertaining literature of the *Golden Rule* was among the first things forgotten.

Neither was the *Golden Rule* a solitary example of deserted enthusiasm, for, when the Temperance movement was at its height, the *Organ*, published by Isaac J. Oliver, since politician and supervisor, attained a circulation of many thousands, and its rival, the *Washingtonian*, another advocate of the Goughic libations, almost equaled its popularity. Nevertheless, when the cold water excitement passed away, people awoke to an appreciation of the literary intemperance of those who would persecute a social dereliction as a criminal enormity, and hence newspapers of so proscriptive a character were either totally suspended or converted into childish gazettes, to tickle the untutored fancies of the rising generation.

The most profitable specialty in journalism upon a minor scale, is undoubtedly to be found in that relating to commercial and financial matters, in which votaries to Mammon find some congenial means of extending their notoriety or their business operations. The so-called capitalists of Wall street are among the most sensitive of our inhabitants, inasmuch as their operations are mostly based upon credit, while shrewd speculators dread editorial animosity, lest the bubbles by them set afloat might be punctured by the keen pen of a satiric journalist. At the same time the honest trader finds it to his advantage, whether original importer or jobber, to patronise newspapers devoted to his pathway in commerce, as it familiarizes him with the habits of dealers and with the value of the commodities in which he deals.

Some eighteen years ago the *Dry Goods Reporter*, one of the most able commercial sheets of its day, boasted an influence and patronage second to none of the Wall street journals, as well from the ability of the commercial articles by it published, as from its sound and practical editorials upon the topics of the day. The dry goods dealers conceived themselves, and most justly, to be an influential class of merchants, and therefore bestowed upon the journal placed under their nominal guardianship a liberal advertising patronage, which enabled it to secure the most competent writers upon mercantile subjects available, and in this way to render it a standard authority in the Atlantic and Western cities. The soundness of such a policy was soon apparent to the metropolitan importers and jobbers, as their trading advertisements preceded the advent of purchasers from whose points the *Reporter* had reached. This financial department being under the charge of Thomas F. Kittell, a most competent money market editor, who bought him a reputation he desired to augment by becoming editor and proprietor of the sheet, in which capacity he changed the form of the paper and its title to that of the *Economist*. The folly of this step soon became evident, as the dry goods trade, no longer identified with the journal, withdrew their patronage, and dependent solely upon the monetary interests, it could no longer sustain the heavy expenses incurred in the management of the other departments. Consequently, the *Economist*, despite its financial value, after a year or so sickened and died.

In a like manner the *Journal of Finance*, *New Stockholder*, *Insurance Monitor*, *Mining Journal*, *Shipping List* and other papers of an especial character, more or less known to the public at large, have been able to sustain themselves by a direct appeal to the patronage of those whose business interests they represent and advocate. Such moreover is the case with journals adhering to the advancement of the mechanical and inventive interest, who, however, not being local by reason of the costliness of their embellishment, far exceed in general circulation their contemporaries limited to the influences of trade and commerce. As the genius of the American people is decidedly mechanical, and the spirit of invention confined to no particular section of the country, details of ingenious contrivances, especially those covered by letters patent, are greedily devoured by readers in every portion of the country. It is upon this account and an illimitable thirst after scientific information, that the *Scientific American* and the *American Artisan*, both chronicles of the inventive art, have attained a widespread dissemination which would be hopeless in other countries where knowledge of mechanics and their application to the purposes of every day life has been confined to a few educated engineers.

The *Citizen* originated as a weekly journal devoted to a political speciality, the abolition of municipal corruption as it exists in our city government and its dependencies. For years past the Citizens' Association, seemingly a body of impracticable reformers, have expended large amounts in a presumptive unveiling of municipal frauds and abominations, until, finally, they came to the conclusion of establishing an organ wherein their grievances, oftentimes the subject of newspaper jocularity, could be set forth in due manner and form. But the *Citizen*, under this management, found little favor in the sight of the reading public. Hence, upon the close of the war, it was disposed of to Col. Halpine, who, during his martial career, had made a literary reputation under the subriquet of "Private Miles O'Reley" by a series of political effusions of a semi-satirical character. Under the editorship of Mr. Halpine, a superior scholar, genial humorist and astute politician, assisted by Messrs. Robert B. Roosevelt and John R. Walker as editorial associates, the *Citizen* was gradually assuming a leading position in journalism when the sudden demise of its chief editor, who had unfortunately for its permanent welfare made Miles too much of its specialty, arrested its progressive career.

BIG BOVINES.—Five full blooded Durham steers were slaughtered on the 20th ult., for a Fulton Market butcher. The dimensions of these bovine monsters were extraordinary; two of them were five years old each, measuring five feet across the back, 22 feet in girth and weighing 4,000 pounds; one was four years old, measuring on the back four and a half feet, in girth 19 feet, and weighing 3,800 pounds; the two others were three years of age, 18 feet in girth and weighed respectively 3,320 and 3,480 pounds. Six imported Southdown sheep were also killed that averaged, dressed, 150 pounds each. But they were excelled by two which weighed, dressed, about 200 pounds each. The large ox, Gen. Grant, that was on exhibition at Central Park Garden last week, is 9½ years old, weighs about 4,500 pounds, is 13½ feet in girth, and four feet broad. He is seven-eighths Durham, and was raised in Livingston County, N. Y. He was bought by the ladies of that county, and presented to the New York Sanitary Fair some four years ago; was afterward presented to President Lincoln, who then gave him to the Boston Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair. Since then he has traveled about the country, and has earned $12,000 for our disabled soldiers and sailors. He is now exhibited for the benefit of the National Church of Washington, D. C., and will leave here for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington during the first week of January.

"HEM" GAME OF OLD SLEDGE.—A California correspondent tells this story:—"I was a passenger on a steamer from Panama to San Francisco, when the rush of travel on that line was immense. We were badly crowded, and there was no room for chairs or tables, yet we were bound to have our game of 'old sledge.' A Baptist minister, with a lust for gold, had deserted his flock, and occupied a sleeping place on the cabin floor. He was a large, corpulent man, and, finding him a sound sleeper, four of us squatted around him and commenced to play on his broad stomach, scoring the points of the game on his black vest. We played for several hours undisturbed, except by an occasional snore of uncommon force. I had won considerable, and one of my opponents, Jim Doyle by name, becoming excited at my turning up 'Jack,' brought down his fist upon the lower part of the parson's stomach with great power. The pious old gentleman was awakened thereby, and, looked up with some surprise, but seeing the state of the case, quietly exclaimed:—'Go on with your game, boys; but if you are going to pound me in that manner you had better let me turn over.'"

TAKING COLD BATHS.—While skating, on the 19th ult., on Keap's Pond, Elizabeth, N. J., a Miss L. Day and Mr. Howe went through the ice. Miss Day's brother and a Mr. Leggat, who were skating close behind, also fell in. A lad named Willie Halsie went to their assistance, but he too went in. A boy named Ferdinand Ritter skated to a fence, and procured a pole, with which Miss Day was "fished" out. The other parties scrambled to dry land. The water was very deep at the time, and it is very fortunate that none of them were lost.

"BUYING WID HASSE."—"Well, Sam, what hab you been doing wid yourself all dis blessed day?" "What is dat to you, you nasty beggar; s'pose I was to tell you dat I hab been holding a long chat wid Miss Brown, what could dat signify to you?" "Nothing wid means! Pray what might you have been talking about?" "Well, den, I'll tell you. Miss Brown came up to me and inquired de price of eggs, and I told her." "Dat's all right, Sam, for dat was de proper subject for a lady to inquire of a gentleman about." "Yes, but, massa, I paid it out of my own money."

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS

WHICH of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.

WHAT point is least distinguished for brevity? Longfellow.

WHY is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall.

DID Bacchus ever smoke a pipe of wine?

WHY is a ship like a watch? Because the hands in the top are often consulted.

WHY is a weathercock like a loafer? Because he is constantly going round, doing nothing.

WHY is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the latter end of pork.

WHY are lazy-looking girls most adored? Because they are *idle-ized* of?

WHAT piece of furniture should those tradesmen who profess to take charge of goods *without packing* have under their especial protection? The jury-box.

"WHAT branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole willow tree."

MAY you not gather from the historical accounts of the Triumvirate at Rome, that the Romans were well up in the "Rule of Three?"

WHAT is the first historical mention of a Hippophagist banquet? When Cæsar's ghost said to Brutus:—"We shall meet again at fifty-pis!"

BREVITIES.

IN love, the heart is the pupil of the eye.

THE prettiest lining for a bonnet is a sweet face.

FLATTERY is more dangerous masked than bare-faced.

THERE are wide wastes of intellect yet unincloased.

MANY a theory won't bear the broad daylight of fact.

THE bride's orange blossom often bears bitter fruit.

BLUSHES are flying colors, which maidens carry becomingly.

To lay a wager is to *bet*; but to win it is BETTER.

ACTEON was chased, but DIANA was CHASTER.

A FAMILY likeness, not as a rule, a family picture.

A CURIOUS contradiction—the reign of snow.

MARRIAGE always begins and sometimes ends in a "union."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES—particularly reduced circumstances.

FASHIONABLE ladies are like aristocratic houses; they have high *stoops*.

IF domestic infelicity drives men to sea, they should seek the Pacific ocean.

MISFORTUNE'S a filter which separates sincere friends from the scum.

THE most sterling of all newspaper articles—the money articles.

HOUSEHOLD NEWS.—Wives with melancholy eyes generally have melancholy husbands.

THE man who saw his neighbor die, and went home and dyed himself, is still living.

"YOU are a pun," says a fop to a young lady; "a par-a-gon." "You are a key," was the reply; "a don-key."

INDECISION is a decided evil, whether in the choice of a waistcoat or a wife.

DON'T reckon too much on the honeymoon; it may prove all moonshine.

THE heart that beats for no woman, is a niche without an image.

BE well assured that in the end, your life will be the manifestation of your principles.

DON'T attempt to be magniloquent upon trifles. Reserve your thunderpeals for proportionate occasions.

IT is doubtful if any man could by possibility do his noblest, or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering.

IF you would know the full bitterness of ingratitude, wait till you have been wounded in the house of your friends.

WHEN the health of a city is good, the undertaker has a "beggarly account of empty boxes."

WHEN a man looks a little pale thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

"MY inkstand is stationary," as the schoolmaster said when he found it nailed to his desk.

"UNION is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

IT'S a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

IT requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

IT is easy to conceive why egotists find the world so ugly—they only see themselves.

A BACHELOR friend of ours has left a boarding house in which there were a number of old maids, on account of "the miserable *fair* set before him at the table."

A LADY'S cheek is described as the poetic abode of the rose, but we are not told what kind of rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a *cabbage-rose*.

"YOU would not take me for twenty?" said a miss girl to her partner, while dancing, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

A YOUNG lady was discharged from one of the largest pickle manufactories one day last week. She was so *much* that the vinegar wouldn't sell.

SINCERITY, in this world, is like gold among the savages, who barter treasure for glass beads. 'Tis a costly quality, but not current money.

MISUNDERSTANDING and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice; for, at least, their consequences are more universal.

WE speak evil of others; and should we not fear the evil they may say of us? Speak ill of no neighbor, if they wouldn't not hear what will trouble thee.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you are a lover don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like lobster, you can't afford to have too much on hand at one time.

POLITENESS.—Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talent from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

WE buy the services of fools by the right they take of tediously harangning to us; in the same way that a tree which shelters you from a shower drops upon you long after it has ceased.

HUMAN credulity is boundless and inexhaustible. Often as mankind have been duped by schemes, they are still ready—nay, anxious to be again gulled—and there is no absurdity too gross not to find many to give it credence.

LET him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree, while the others are in distress, "Let him," as old Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

MERRY MOMENTS.

CHINESE SELF-POSSESSION.—It is said that a Chinaman, no matter where he finds himself, is never perplexed. Probably the reason is that he always has his *cue*.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will generally "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

REFINED EMPLOYMENT.—A number of "elegant and refined young gentlemen" in Missouri, it is said, advertise for situations as sons-in-law to wealthy families.

JUVENILE LOVE.—Recently in Paris a girl eleven years old stole a meerschaum pipe from a shop window, and was detected in the act. Being asked what she wanted with such an article, she replied—"My lover wished one, and I determined to gratify him."

A BAD SPELL.—A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher, recently, in which she had spelt the words very badly. She apologized by adding a postcript as follows: "You must excuse this letter, as I pla bi neast, but spell bi ear."

A SAGACIOUS BLACKSMITH.—A blacksmith, having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom:—"I shall never sue anybody for slander; I can go into my shop and work not a better character in six months than I could in a courthouse in a year."

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Southey says, in one of his letters, "I have told of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they may look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make most of my enjoyments; and, though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself and never let them annoy others."

SCOTCH PSALMISTRY.—A Scotch minister went into his pulpit once, in the olden time, in a somewhat muddled State, and, leaning over the precentor's desk (below the pulpit), said:—"Gi-i-ve out the 256th Psalm." "There beant so many," replied the precentor, wisen faced and savage. "Then sing so many as there be!"

THE "VIRGINIA" *non est.*—The performance of "La Giose" in a western theatre, lately, was suddenly brought to a stop by the manager appearing before the curtain and informing the audience that his wife, who was to have played one of the "virgins," had at that moment been safely delivered of a fine, stout boy.

THEOLOGICAL INQUIRY.—A French journal reports the discovery of a book of theological discussion, written by some of the early monks, upon such questions as these:—"What was the shape of the wings of the Archangel Gabriel?" "Did Pilate use soap when he washed his hands?" "How much wine did they drink at the marriage in Cana?" "Are there any angels with baritone voices?"

TEXT EXE RE ALTERIOR.—"Gentlemen," said a candidate in the far west, after having given his sentiments on the "Constitution," the "Monroe Doctrine" and such like topics—"gentlemen," and he put his hand on the region of his heart, "these are my sentiments—the sentiments, gentlemen, of a honest man—aye, a honest politician—but, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, *if they don't suit you they can be altered!*"

EPIGRAM on an indifferent actor *doubling* the characters of Richard and Richmond.

"An unparalleled feat."—*Vide Playbill.*
Time was when these two parts two actors filled.
The one to kill—the other to be killed:
But now one spruce forward, nothing loth,
And brilliantly succeeds—in murdering both.

TOO HASTY.—A reporter recently lost a first class item by want of forethought, according to a Boston paper. A young man attempted to jump from a train of cars which was approaching the city, and the Knight of the Pencil, with an eye to business, imprudently requested his name, age, occupation and residence for an obituary item. The man concluded not to jump.

WHAT A LOVER WOULD DO.—Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear the eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trousers' pockets; I'd pick the sun—that celestial god of day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee." "Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark."

A BARRISTER FOILED.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not was the cold reply. "Does it resemble your handwriting?" "Yes, I think it does." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?" Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "I-a-a-s, sir." Now, how do you know?" "Cause I can't write."

ROGERS AND MEYERBEER.—Rogers and Meyerbeer quarrelled to such extent, but seldom met. A friend once asked Rogers did why he was not more familiar with his German rival. "You know he chastens your transcendals," said Omnibenus, "while you admire the music of his *chefs d'œuvre*." "That is quite true," said Rogers, "but Meyerbeer and I cannot get on together." "How very odd!" "Why, he always will have it that water must be better than Rhine Wine!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—If you will be so kind as to put all *additions et corrigenda* on sheets like the "NOTES" it will aid us in preserving and arranging them; and we will give them in a body at convenient times. A little reflection will convince you that it would be totally subversive of the value and interest of the "NOTES" to give them in the "mongrel German" notation, and we thank you for deciding to drop it. The necessary translation costs us much trouble and multiplies the chances of clerical errors, especially in dealing with Black.

LOCIN GOLDSMITH.—As we predicted, the CLIPPER *corps Anz* brought "Ranidigitation" to its bearings. Re-enter "Crooked Lake" with either Kt or P on Black Q 4th.

1..Kt to R 3 +	8..Q-Kt 6 +	15..B-Kt sq	
2..Q-Kt 2 +	9..Kt-Q 7 +	16..B-Q 3	
3..R-B sq +	10..Kt × Q,	17..Q-Kt 5	
4..R-R 3 +	11..P Queens	18..B-B 3	
5..Q × B +	12..K-R sq	19..Q-Kt 2 +	
6..Q to Kt 3 +	13..1st Q-B 6 +	19..P × Q, mate.	
7..Kt × Kt or P + +	14..B-B 3		

Black's best 7th move is K to B 4; for if 7..K to his 4; 8..Kt to Q 7th + + proceed as above, and the solution is in 18. Black's best 14th is to move to his 4th.

White's 15th move is as given, or Q to B sq +, as Black plays 16; and Black's 15th is P × B.

But now comes Chas. Porter and lays it and them all out, with the following, with a Pawn on Q 4th:—

1..Kt to K 3	8..Kt to B 5	15..B to K 3	
2..Q-R 4	9..Q-R 4	16..R-B sq	
3..Kt-B sq	10..Q-R 6	17..Q-Kt 7	
4..Q-Kt 5	11..Q-Kt 5 sq	18..Q-Q B 3, compelling	
5..R-Q 7	12..Q-B 3		
6..R-R 8	13..Q-R 4	18..Q × Q, mate.	
7..Q-R 3	14..Q-R sq		

(a) Black's best 8th is Kt to B 3rd. (b) Black's best 9th, K × P. If Black play 8..K to Kt 7th; White, 9..Q to R sq; 10..B to K 3; 11..R to B sq; 12..Q to Kt 3; and 13..Q to B 2, forcing 13..Q × Q, mate. All White's moves incomparably uninteresting, if the above are sound. "Is it answered yet?"

WM. H. LYONS.—Thanks for renewed contributions, which we will use as you suggest. In Enig. No. 652, you have run into the old "sell," not yet having discovered its full and true beauty. The author of "Eureka" owns to the correctness of your handiwork; but if you will be good enough to add a Black Pawn at K Kt 2d, we have no doubt you will see new depth and beauties in it. The displaced problem we will use as "for beginners." All else right. Your "impunity" omission, in "A. E. H.'s" little 4-move extra, is forestalled by placing a White P at K Kt 2d.

A. E. H.—Thanks for acquiescence; the exception is approved; the omission in old No. 7, we find was yours.

CHAS. PORTER.—You are the only one thus far to whom it was new, to send a solution of Enig. 652; and your note that "it will do" for a metaphysician, 'or any other man,' " well merited. Prob. 652, right and "very pretty," as you say. You and L. Y have run a close race on "Zalridi," with C. P a little ahead.

G. RECHERELM.—Our contributor C. P., says:—"In game No. 646, Mr. R. can give mate in 8 moves, thus:—

1..Q to B 6	K home	5..Q × R	K home *best*
2..Q-B 7	K-Q sq	6..Q-Kt 8	K-his 2
3..Q × R	K-his 2	7..Q-B 8	K-his 3
4..B-Kt 5	B × B *best*	8..Q-B 6, mate.	

All White's moves give check.

M. M. COOKE.—Your *remiress*, with the nice little triplet, a worthy successor to your others, is cordially welcomed.

ARCANUM.—If your "first attempt" prove sound we shall be tempted to give it, on account of the number of contingencies provided for, as it seems a promise of future excellence.

H. B. ROGERS.—The game is most welcome.

Enigma No. 656.

From the Gloucesterm.
BY J. B. BERGER.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 656.

"The Stonewall."
BY A. S. H.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 656.

Our contributor G. Reichhelm, gives Mr. B. Henry, of Philadelphia, the odds of Q R.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Reichhelm.	Defence, Mr. Henry.	Attack, Mr. Reichhelm.	Defence. Mr. Henry.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q to Q 3	Q to K B sq
2..Q-R 5	Q Kt B 3	14..Castles	Castles
3..K B-B 4	B-B 4	15..Kt to Q 2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

C. H. Day,	Barry Alden,	Geo. De Haven,
Billy Sherman,	Fred Buckingham, 23c	David Hanchett,
J. H. Plumer,	R. S. Dingess,	Harry Gurr (2),
W. A. Johnston,	Geo. C. Charles,	L. E. Hicks,
R. C. Davenport,	Frank Pankhurst,	Joe Jefferson,
F. A. Gossin,	Dick Melville,	W. H. Redmond,
Harry Allan (2),	W. R. Griffith,	Rollin Howard,
Wm. Arlington (3),	Lee Powell (2),	C. P. Sherman,
Thos. Turnbull,	Avery Smith (3),	W. R. Smith,
Ned Turner,	Chas. Moore,	Etienne Buislay,
George Monk,	John C. Rivers,	D. C. La Rue,
George Tillotson,	G. W. Harrison,	Harry St. Leon (3),
C. E. Lovett,	T. H. Jefferson (2),	A. W. Hayes,
George Danforth,	Sebastian Philo,	John Crosher,
J. W. Collier (3),	Edward Henryson,	C. G. Seaver,
H. Van Hamme,	Lorenzo Maya (2c),	J. Fox,
Harry Weston,	T. J. Allyne,	Geo. Oglesby,
Ed. S. Marble (2),	Robert H. Height,	Wm. McGill,
W. H. Newcomb,	John Sherman,	Thos. Keiner,
Ben Brown,	C. Williams (7),	Wm. Armstrong,
O. P. Sweet,	C. S. Clark,	Fred. Hughes,
R. S. Eggleston,	Sam Sharpley,	Fred. Sealian,
Bishop Brothers,	Thos. Penenger (3),	R. Simcoe Lee,
Charles Seeley,	R. Eddy,	Walter Field (38c.),
C. C. Chase (2),	Cool Burgess,	Frank McCarthy,
Chas. Reed,	Mr. E. Levi,	Edwin Booth,
A. J. Whitcomb,	J. H. Haverly,	I. N. Drew,
Leo Hudson (3),	Gus Straub,	Dan Castello,
Susan Denin,	Millie Blair,	Chas. Weightman,
Florence Stanley,	Miss Kellogg,	Kate Foster,
Mad. Macarte (2),	Pet Celeste,	Mrs. Harry Everts,
Miss S. Barton,	Julia Hill,	Carrie Aug. Moore (2)
Ella Sands,	Violet Campbell,	Annie Dillingham,
Emma Booth,	Fanny B. Price,	Fanny Herring,
Laban T. Rogers,	Sallie W. Burton,	Molly Cook,
Elmira Johnston.		

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

Death's Doings in the Profession for 1868.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Below will be found a list of all the deaths that have occurred in the profession as far as have come to our knowledge. During the year 1867 there were one hundred and twenty-nine deaths, and the year now fast ebbing away took with it one hundred and forty-seven souls, an increase of eighteen over the preceding year. Life and death are so intimately associated that it seems almost impossible to separate them. Life is death, and death is life; and the departure of man from one sphere into the other is but the closing of the eyes to sleep. The world is full of farewells; the grave closes over hundreds of earth's dearest loved and best and we go on our way eating and drinking, and the places which have known them know them no more forever. Alas! if there is aught on earth which should subdue pride, which should make man feel that the rich and poor meet together, it is the grave. It is there resentment dies—revenge and ambition are satisfied.

So young and fair, yet they have gone,
E'en taken with them hope and love,
No more they'll strut the stage below,
They sleep on earth, but smile above.

Ashton, Amelia, Cornell, N. Y., Aug. 18.
Almond, Mrs., Margaret, Eng., April 13.
Blake, G. W., Jersey, Eng., Aug. 3.
Brooke, Jas., Yorkshire, Eng., July 21.
Bolton, Geo., London May 25.
Booth, Mrs. Rachel, Walworth, Eng., Oct. 5.
Barton, Nellie, London, May 8.
Larnes, Wm. Aug., London, May 17.
Booth, Sarah, London, Dec. 30, 1867.
Batty, Wm., London, Feb. 7.
Bertram, Alex., Falkirk, Dec. 17, 1867.
Barnett, Sally, New York, May 28.
Benedict, Fanny, Calcutta, May 31.
Bryant, John, London, July 4.
Brooks, Mrs. Morton, London, June 11.
Cramer, Mary H., Morrisania, N.Y., May 30.
Challoner, Wm., Manchester, Eng., July 22.
Coyne, Sterling, London, July 20.
Cooke, Mary Ann, Wimbledon, Eng., April 15.
Caligne, T., New York, May 23.
Cazzola, Mad., Italy, August.
Chapman, W., Brighton, Eng., Sept. 3.
Collins, Laura, Liverpool, Jan. 28.
Collier, J. W., London, Feb. 18.
Cowell, Wm., Philadelphia, Feb. 24.
Collins, Hubert, London, June 11.
Christy, George, New York, May 12.
Cooper, Wm., Brighton, Eng., Nov. 20.
Cruse, Dashwood Annie, Eng., Oct. 25.
Carey, Harriet, Northampton, Eng., Nov. 19.
De Bonnaire, M., Madrid, Aug. 5
De Vere, Chas., San Francisco, July 7.
Davis, Mrs. H., Newcastle, England, April 27.
Dickens, Fred. Wm., Darlington, England, Oct.
Day, James, Galveston, Texas, Jan. 21.
De Antonio, Sig. Pietro, at sea, Nov.
Davis, Wm., St. Louis, Mo., July 1.
Draper, Henry, Providence, R. I., Aug. 8.
Ernst, Philip, Morrisania, Aug. 5.
Edeson, Marion, Pittsburg, Dec. 8.
Fenton, Harry, Chatham, England, Aug. 5.
Fitzpatrick, Emma, London, March 25.
Forbes, W. C., Williamsburg, April 14.
Forrest, W. S., Brooklyn, Dec. 23.
Foote, Maria, London, Dec. 27, 1867.
Fortuna, Sig., Lima, S. A., June.
Fisher, Kate, Wigan, England, March 21.
Fisher, John R., Rochester, N. Y., May 27.
Giles, John, London, March 25.
Genobly, B. F., Houston, Texas, July 7.
Gates, James, London, June 30.
Gilbert, W. G., Sussex, England, Oct. 3.
Goodman, Q. S., New York, April 8.
Gilbert, Hiram, at sea, Sept.
Glover, Thad. B., New York, Nov. 6.
Goodsell, Comfort, Bridgeport, Feb. 8.
Gannon, Mary, New York, Feb. 21.
Guidicini, Guiseppi, New York, Jan. 7.
Gallagher, Denny, Philadelphia, Nov. 23.
Heir, Robert, Australia, Feb. 29
Hammond, Jessie, Liverpool, Sept. 23.
Hah-Yah-Ta-Kee, New York, Feb. 8.
Hamilton, W. B., London, Eng., Dec. 3.
Haydin, Kate, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 20.
Hayne, Julia Dean, New York, March 6.
Hughes, Edwin, London, Dec. 7, 1867.
Harrison, Wm., London, Nov. 6.
Hanlon, Thomas, Harrisburg, Pa., April 5.
Harris n, Mrs., London, Nov. 22.
Herd, Alice, Indianapolis, Oct. 12.
Jamison, Geo., Yonkers, Oct. 3.
Johnson, Sarah A., New York, May 26.
Jamison, W. L., New York, Nov. 9.
Jack, Mrs. John, New York, June 23.
Japanese Tommy, Yokohama, Oct.
Kincade, Billy, Baltimore, Dec. 27.
Kean, Charles, London, Eng., Jan. 22
Lupo, Giovanni, New York, July 17.
Lacoste, Anna, New York, July 6.
Lover, Samuel, Jersey, Eng., July 6.
Lamaroux, Edith, New Orleans, Aug. 1.
Loder, George, Australia, July 15.
Ledeber, John, Mobile, Ala., July 3.
Lehman, Christian, San Francisco, Aug. 28.
Lacombe, M., Paris, Nov.
Lowell, Reuben, New Orleans, April 22.
Lehman, Ann, at sea, August.
Lake, Alice, drowned at sea, Dec. 28, 1867.
McClannin, Eupoemia, Boston, Aug. 26.
Millman, Henry H., London, Oct.
McCreary, John, San Francisco, May 24.
Millward, John, Richmond, Va., April 28.
Mitchell, Edith, Buffalo, April.
Menken, Adah, Paris, Aug. 11.
Marston, Trissy, London, Nov. 4.
Newcomb, John D., Boston, Feb. 25.
Norton, John T., Philadelphia, Jan. 21.
Nash, Miss, Newcastle, Eng., April 27.
O'Neil, Billy, Australia, Aug. 5.
Phillips, Mrs. J. B., Paterson, N. J., Aug. 18.
Pratt, Joseph, Exeter, Eng., May 13.
Pearl, Emma, Milwaukee April 19.
Parkin, T. P., Oswestry, Eng., May 3.
Pearie, Thomas, Edinburgh, Aug. 25.
Parsonage, John, Sheffield, Eng., Sept. 3.
Pope, Wm. C., Indianapolis, June 1.
Peak, Lizette, Cleveland, April 8.
Petrie, Wm., Mobile, Ala., March 8.
Ravel, James, Cuba, March 31.
Reimer, A., Montreal, Sept. 28.
Richardson, Mrs., Glasgow, Oct. 21.
Rossini, Gioacchino, Paris, Nov. 14.
Ronzani, Dominico, New York, Feb. 13.
Roddy, John, Galesburg, Ind., Aug. 3.
Read, Flora, Louisville, Ky., July 22.
Romer, Emma, Margate, Eng., April 13.
Reed, Mrs. Dave, New York, Feb. 27.
Robertson, Kate, Brecon, Eng., Nov. 25.
Smith, Fanny, Birmingham, March 20.
Shires, Wm., Cincinnati, Oct. 9.
Shields, Mrs. W. D., Lumberton, Oct. 2.
Sears, Geo. W., Augusta, Ill., March 28.
Sefton, John, New York, Sept. 10.
Saphio, Antonio, Chester, Eng., May 6.
Siever, Mary Jane, Scarborough, Eng., July 25.
Sedgwick, Mrs., London, Nov. 23.
Thorp, Andrew F., New Bedford, April 19.
Thompson, Elisha, Fruit Grove, N. Y., April 1.
Thompson, Wm. C., Memphis, Aug. 10.
Tracy, Dora, San Francisco, Feb. 16.
Taglioni, Salvator, Naples, Oct.
Voy, Lawrence, Birmingham, March 30.
Von Zarboni, Rosina, St. Louis, Oct. 11.
Vining, Mary, London, Jan. 29.
Vincent, Chas., Australia, May 10.
Widdicomb, Harry, London, April 6.
Walcot, C. M., Sen., Philadelphia, May 13.
Wylie, David B., Washington, June 8.
White, Felix B., San Francisco, Feb. 16.
Watson, John, Darlington, Eng., Dec. 16, 1867.
Ward, Artemus, Southampton, Eng., March 7, 1867.
Western, Helen, Washington, Dec. 11.
Winans, De Witt, New York, Oct. 9.
Winans, Mrs. De Witt, New York, Dec. 19.
Wilder, Samuel, New Ipswich, N. H., May 5.
Yarnold, Mrs. E., London, Dec. 26, 1867.
Zaccoli, Josephine, Havana, Oct. 30.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 28, '68.

The city has scarcely recovered from its Christmas dissipation, its gormandizing, and the various etceteras that help to make up our holiday enjoyment; yet here we are on the jumping off place of an old year, ready to welcome the new one soon to dawn upon us, and carry us—where? Through what joys, and pains? Who can tell? We part with the outgoing year with many sighs of regret, for though all has not been of a roseate hue during the twelvemonth just closing, nevertheless we have had our good periods, our hours of happiness and prosperity, with light breaking through many a dark and gloomy cloud, showing us the brilliant scenes beyond, and pointing the way to a hopeful future. Farewell to the old and worn out year, and a hearty welcome to the new. Let us do honor, in verse, to the youthful stranger:

1869.

"Ring up the curtain! ('tis the prompter's call,
Obedient to the manager's behest);
For the beginning first stirring summons all,
Who, on this night, at least, must do their best.
Why so? it may be asked. Because, good friends,
A brand new piece appears upon the stage,
In which the passions of our nature blend;
Love with the hate, and peace a-wing with rage;
And up the curtain goes—the music's raised
While those who have to play their parts appear,
The interest of the auditors increasing,
To culminate in what—a smile or tear?

Acts five the play consists of, and in each
Are many scenes, all of their proper hue,
And many persons, who alternate teach
Sentiments unto our common nature true;
And many, too, the changes that occur,
Followed by the mind of the denizens in front,
Whose quick emotions they do deeply stir
By bringing them directly to the brunt,
The dramatist evolves. So on to the end,
When the new play itself adjudg'd shall be—
What 'tis and to what moral it doth tend—
And of its people we shall speak quite free.

Just in like sense, we wait and watch the year
Succeeding many others in its dawn,
And thro' its course, sometimes with hope, then fear;
So on, until we hail the next new born;
For in our year, as on the stage, there pass
In different hued array, a mighty crowd,
Just as the Nine Kings did before the glass
Held up to Macbeth, when he stood low bow'd
Thro' the fast fading of the charm that had
Allured him onward to great grief and ill,
Only to realize ambition mad,
And then his cup of horrors to o'erfill.

A few hours hence, and not the prompter's voice,
But one far mightier, shall be heard to say,
"Ring up the curtain!" and lo! shall then commence
The year whose ending we may never see.
Who'll be most prominent upon its stage?
What the events that are to mark its day?
What its account on the historic page?
The good and ill that in it will have sway?
'Tis vain to ask. Let us then wait what naught
But time itself can satisfy, e'en as an audience wait,
Thro' the play—scenes with many meanings fraught,
For the development of dramatic fate.

......Talking about the theatres, some evil-disposed person—who has been jilted, probably, by one of the fair sex—suggests that if "all the world's a *stage*," woman must supply the *tongue!*......We have heard it rumored that one of our "most first" eminent actors on the stage is shortly to lead to the hymenial altar the daughter of one of our "most wealthiest" codfish merchants. But was it the eyes of the lovely fair? Was it her lips, or mouth, or hair, or her sweet face like a cherubim? Which one of these that conquered him? No! it was none—it was none of those; but what it was we will now disclose: not her eyes or her lips; he was not so rash; nor her mouth or hair—it was only her cash!...... Surely may it be said of the circus people of this festive season of the year that, with all their *vaults*, we love them still. ......The worst wish that we can bestow upon the minstrels as they make their calls on New Year's day is, that they may not be troubled with *gags*......Young gentlemen from the country who visit the metropolis on New Year's day to see the sights of this big town, must be cautious how they grope their way along, for there are many pitfalls into which they may unconsciously tumble, and lose their pocket-books, if not their lives. Listen to a sad tale of what befel an unfortunate youth who came to New York on Christmas day:—

THE COUNTRY YOUTH'S EXPERIENCE.

He came to the city, a country youth,
As green as green could be,
And he opened those gaping eyes of his
To see what he could see.

He met a damsel young and fair,
Whose way she said she'd lost;
And for listening to the story she told
His silver watch it cost.

He tackled the tiger, tall and all;
He sought him in his lair;
And got beat again of his greenbacks, which
He could but illy spare.

He saw a stranger a pocket book
Pick up at his feet, and he said
It was his—'twas full of drafts and bills—
And to him more greenbacks paid.

And he purchased a glittering watch and chain,
Which was "warranted first class;"
But the chain it was copper galvanised,
And the watch it was made of brass.

He h'ed him away to Water street,
To join in the festive dance;
And a maiden prigged his bosom pin
As she gave him an amorous glance.

And when, with a painted angel he
Retired that night to rest,
Through a panel, conveniently cut in the wall,
They stole his coat and vest.

And when in the morning he raised a row,
With oaths we dare not repeat,
They took him, bootless and hatless, too,
And kicked him into the street.

Then he took the early morning train,
With a notion, vague and dim,
That the country, and not the metropolis,
Was, in future, the place for him.

......Talking about the first appearance of the New Year on any stage reminds us of another first appearance in a different line. A seedy individual, who imagined himself to be a born tragedian, was incessant in his applications to one of our managers to permit him to appear in "Hamlet," promising all sorts of crowded houses for the occasion; he cared not what the character was, so that it was in "Hamlet," for his genius was sure to be recognised the moment he appeared. The manager, tormented by the embryo Booth, finally told him that he would let him play in "Hamlet" if he would take the character he, the manager, would set for him. Of course he consented, and with feelings of joy made his appearance promptly at the theatre. "You are to play Marshal Stork," said the manager. "Marshal Stork in 'Hamlet,'" responded the aspirant, "there is no such character." "Yes, but there is," said the manager; "you get a French Field Marshal's uniform from the wardrobe, and I'll show you where Marshal Stork comes in." Doubtful, nevertheless the coming tragedian donned the uniform and appeared before the manager. "I cannot find the character in the book," said the youth. "Give me the book," replied the manager, and then turning over the leaves until he came to the ghost's first entrance, "there," said he, "don't you see? You come in with the ghost, where it says, 'Enter ghost with *martial stalk*.'" That was the amateur's first and last appearance; disgusted, he left the theatre, and may now be seen at Washington Market selling clams......Christmas plays hob with a teller, don't it? "Our Jim" is still observing Christmas, but where no one can tell. The last we saw of Jim was the Monday before Christmas, when, about leaving the office, he removed his cap, and took out a half-brick therefrom. In answer to our astonished inquiry, he mournfully explained that his girl told him that she did'nt want him any *longer*, so he was bound he would'nt grow any taller......We begin to think that the opera bouffe of "Blue Beard" is very properly named, because there are so many airs in it......Christmas makes a good deal of pleasure in families, but occasionally it makes some troubles. Now there was Wheelbank, the comedian; he had played often and late that day, and he had slightly indulged in the rippling ruby. Going home at an unseemly hour of the morning, he was unable to find the key-hole, so he commenced to bang away at the door like a hired man. At last a window was raised, and a timid female voice was heard:—"Why, is that you Tommy? I thought *somebody was trying to get in!*" "So I am," responded Tommy, "and you better come down d——n quick, or I'll bust the door in." She came down, and somebody got in......With the beginning of the New Year the ball season may be regarded as fairly inaugurated, and among all classes, from the denizens of Upper-Tendom to the population of Rag Fair, Terpsichore, fairest of the Muses, will rear her shrine, which her votaries will strew with garlands. While a huge proportion of our people have been increasing in gaiety with each succeeding year, there has, meanwhile, been growing up among us a class heretofore regarded as indigenous to Paris, and familiarly known by the generic title, the *demi monde*. The term is so little understood here as yet that all sorts of wild conjectures have been hazarded regarding it, but it may be defined at random as applying to that portion of a community which, possessing the tastes and capacities for enjoyment which inspire its more wealthy rival, imitates after its own fashion, and to the best of its ability—sometimes with "improvements"—the follies of the exclusive privileged class, and, in a more charitable spirit, does not deny that others shall take part in its festivals. It is holiday night, and by some mysterious chance, we find ourself a "looker-on in Venice." For the original *Jardin Mabille* we have the spacious enclosure of one of the most popular music halls of the city, and for a *chef d'orchestre* one who has shared the triumphs of the leading *maestros* of the day. You may be sure there was no lack of merriment there! And perhaps there may have been places in town where there was less enjoyment, with all the pretensions, than among these ornate belles and ruffling galliards, the liveliest samples from the land of Cockaigne. Talk of dress! There never was anything possible or impossible in the way of invention that one may not gaze upon here; for, look you, most of these costumes were fashioned by the taper fingers of the wearers, who would be loth to tell you how many fair waists their own handiwork has encircled. They are the busy bees of the *modistes'* establishments, and if, at times, they exhibit a trifle more of freedom in manner than comports with strict conventionality, let us attribute it to pure lightness of heart, akin to that which animates the favored of fortune, with a more natural and less constrained measure of utterance. As for the looks of the thing, you might select the most densely crowded *soiree* in the more select localities, and, ten to one, the decision would be in favor of our friends of the *demi monde*. Here, spindle waists and pallid cheeks are at a decided discount; there is no physical decrepitude in those supple joints, nor trace of prudery in those graceful motions, which seem to have been framed expressly to afford the freest scope to those elastic limbs, which even the dancers of the stage might emulate. Jewels? They are here in extravagant profusion, less costly, perhaps, than those worn by their upper crust competitors, but answering a purpose as useful, to say the least. In point of modesty our nymphs of the ball room have decidedly the advantage, for here the nude style is at a decided discount, a few bare arms, more or less, being nothing to the purpose; and here, be it said, the *can can*, about which so much has been written, finds neither friends nor favor. That sprightly measure, which is erroneously supposed to have originated with the lively Parisians, is too readily recognized here as the original war dance of the martial Kickapoos, from whom it was borrowed by our western brethren for the groundwork of the famous "Stagtown Hornpipe," being next imitated by the people of another section for their "Virginny Breakdown," and faintly parodied by the Shaking Quakers, who made a lamentable *fiasco* in the attempt. We will match the dancing and behavior of our *demi monde* against that of the more brilliant circles of wealth and fashion. Here comes Jemmy Jessamy—a youth who fills some unaspiring position in the great human hive, but who is so gorgeously gotten up on this occasion, his best friends would not know him. No knock kneed scion of aristocracy about him—no hollow chest or padded contour; sound wind and gristle, and just the gallant to suit the views of the most exacting belle in the room. It is worth something to observe the air of chivalry with which he leads his partner out to dance, or gives her his arm for a promenade to the supper, which is supposed to mark a half way stage of the entertainment. These, it is true, are not our only specimens. There, for instance, is young Fastman, who regards the entire affair as a precious frolic, and goes out to drink between every set, stumbles over people's toes, gets entangled in crinoline, and creates confusion among the women and disgust among the men. But as this is a free country, we should like to see the ball-room from which *he* is excluded. Take it for all in all, if our object were simply to study costume, we might give the fashionable *salons* the preference, but if what we seek is hearty, unalloyed enjoyment—the object for which this season was especially created—let us devote a few hours of our leisure to our friends of the *demi monde*, satisfied that, at least, they will treat us handsomely, and that, whatever the upshot of an evening's merry-making with them, we shall at any rate have no cause to complain.

TONY PASTOR afforded his patrons considerable amusement the past week at his Opera House in the Bowery, the whole through which much of it was given being the comic pantomime of "Hickety Pickety, My Black Hen." In the introduction, J. W. Collier, G. Warren, Frank Kerns, Helene Smith and Addie Le Brun served to fill up the time previous to the harlequinade very acceptably, after which J. W. Collier as Clown, Kerns as Pantaloon, Conners as Harlequin, and Helene Smith as Columbine, monopolized the fun to themselves, although the entire company appeared in many ludicrous scenes, and helped to amuse crowded audiences every evening, for the Opera House was crowded every night the past week. Previous to the pantomime Amy Brent appeared in serio comic songs, and was well received. Frank Dalon, a late arrival from England, appeared in comic sketches and songs, and made his changes very quickly. He is a good serio comic singer, but in localising his songs and speaking of Broadway he should quit mentioning pounds instead of dollars. Johnny Thompson and George Warren appeared in various Ethiopian acts, each one of which was heartily encored. Miss Alice Somers is making rapid progress in the profession, and is one of the favorites of this establishment. She is now up in clog and jig dancing, goes in the *ballet* and farces for small parts, and executes an Irish lilt in a pleasing manner, being *encored* nearly every evening and sometimes a double encore.

PAREPA ROSA appears at the Academy of Music on Jan. 8th, assisted by her concert troupe, consisting of J. Levy, cornet; Brookhouse Bowler, tenor; M. Ferranti, Carl Rosa and Mr. Colby.

"AFTER DARK" continues to be the attraction at Niblo's Garden. On Dec. 21st, a new drop curtain was unrolled for the first time to the public view at the termination of the first act. It is by Marston, of "Black Crook" notoriety, and is a beautiful work of scenic art. In an illuminated circle in the centre of the drop, America is represented presiding over the useful and ornamental arts, figured in the persons and employments of a group of cupids. Heavy draperies surround this in confusion. At the base is a portrait of Shakespeare.

BARRY CARTER, comic vocalist, sailed for California by the steamer of Dec. 21th.

AN EXPLOSION of gas in the vault in front of the Olympic Theatre took place on the evening of Dec. 26 just before the doors were opened for the evening performance. The gas escaped into the vaults under the sidewalk, and was set on fire by a gasman employed in the theatre, who entered the vault with a torch. The ventilators on the sidewalk were immediately opened and the gas was allowed to escape and burn away, so as to prevent an explosion. The Gas Company were at once notified, and a gang of laborers were soon at work digging up the pavement to discover and repair the leak. The theatre was opened and the performance went on as usual. As a precautionary measure, Captain Garland, of the Fourteenth Precinct, stationed a number of men about the auditorium of the theatre to prevent a panic, should there be occasion to dismiss the audience before the close of the performance.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS present this evening and during the week a burlesque on "Genevieve de Brabant," entitled "Gin-Ne-Veve de Graw," in which Leon will imitate Rosa Bell as Drogan. A matinee will be given on New Year's day. On the evening of Jan. 2, Edwin Kelly takes a benefit.

WORK is going on at the Theatre Comique, and it is thought that it will be ready for opening by Jan. 16. The difficulty about the insurance having been all settled, work was commenced on Dec. 23, and on Dec. 26 the scaffolding was put up for repairing the dome. On the 28th a large force of workmen were put in the building to push forward its completion as fast as possible.

THE TAMMANY.—This new place of public amusement, which is announced to be opened under the directorship of Leonard Grover this week, will mark a new era in the show business of America, there never before having been attempted anything to equal it in this country on so extensive a scale. The style of entertainment to be presented at the Tammany will be similar to that presented at the Alhambra, London, yet while the same kind of a performance witnessed in London on the stage will be followed here, the scene in the auditorium will be entirely different. There, the establishment has a main floor with tables, where all classes sit smoking and drinking during the performance. Here, the auditorium will be fitted up precisely like a theatre, and no smoking or drinking will be permitted. The present undertaking has been made by Messrs. Palmer and Jarrett, managers of Niblo's Garden, who have secured a lease of Tammany Hall building for a term of years at a rental of $25,000, and have expended over $50,000 in fitting it up for the purpose intended. With the exception of a small room used by the Tammany Association and Bryants' Minstrel Hall, they occupy the entire building. The hall up stairs, used by the Convention last July, is the theatre proper, fitted up with stage at the north end, parquet, parquet circle and gallery and thirty private boxes. The stage is forty feet wide between the proscenium—the largest in this country—forty-five feet deep and one hundred feet wide from wall to wall. The seats in the parquet and parquet circle are similar to those used at Niblo's. On the second floor, under the theatre, is a bar room, sixty by thirty feet, where liquors of every description may be obtained; also lunch counters. On the same floor is the *Cafe*, where hot suppers will be served, also ice creams and delicacies of the season. A feature of this *salon* will be furnishing coffee *a la Turke*. Another saloon, ornamented in Turkish style and with divans around the room will be devoted to smoking and chatting. On the lower floor is the principal bar room, furnished with liquors of every description and all the celebrated English ales. The large saloons on the first floor will be used as bazaars, where fancy articles of every description can be purchased. On the basement story is the promenade hall, ninety by thirty-three feet, where a band of music will wile away the hours for those who wish to promenade during the acts. In another saloon will be presented a Punch and Judy performance, to please the rising generation. In the basement is an oyster saloon fitted up in style, and where you can get them on the half shell or cooked. The kitchen is below stairs and will be under the direction of experienced men. A reading room, where all the leading papers of the world can be seen, as well as a cable telegraph office, will be attractive features of the establishment. Fifty cents will be the general admission and one dollar for reserved seats. The house will close at twelve o'clock. The company engaged for the opening is as follows:—Signorina Adalaide Monti, *prima donna* (first appearance in America); Robert Green, baritone (first appearance in America); Henry Ellard, tenor; Albert Stuyvesant, basso; Wm. Fletcher, basso profundo; Masters Henry Whiting, James Hurlbut, Vincent Ludlow, Hiram Ellsworth, Franklin Barnes, George Cleveland, G. Smith, David McKenna, William Henderson, Horace Beatty, James Walters, Clinton Walters, Henry Cassiday, Lewis Hart, Horatio Nelson and John Ferguson, Alice Harrison, The Dashwood Sisters—Emily and Lizzie—Bessie Ludlow, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Love, Ben Maginley and Frederick Kent, who comprise the musical and dramatic portion. In the terpsichorean department are Marie Bonfanti, Emma Clarke (first appearance in America), Lizzie Kelsey, Sallie Maddox, the Lascelle Sisters, Jose Strandel, Marie Theresa, Miles. Caroline, Gabrielle, Delaflamina, Amelia, Rose Hosgood, Alice McLean, Lillie Whiting, Mary Colson, Emma Schell, Laura West, Miles. Malvina, Elise, Saxe, Carrier and others. Mons. Carlo Carl will be *maitre de ballet*. In the pantomime company will be James H. Maffitt, as Clown; William Bartholomew, as Pantaloon; Henri Ravel, as Harlequin, and Marie Remond, as Columbine (her first appearance in America). In the variety business are Ernee Clarke, comic vocalist; Barry Sheridan and Johnny Mack, clog dancers; Mons. and Mme. Senyah, trapeze performers; the brothers Victorelli, William, Matthew and Antoine, gymnasts, and Christian Hartz. The Punch and Judy show will be under the direction of Manly and Brewer. There will be a panorama of Scotland unrolled; also Roberts' magic tableaux. Another novelty will be the Berlin Orchestrian, also a full orchestra, consisting of twenty-three musicians, under the leadership of Sig. G. Operti, his first appearance in America. There will also be a promenade orchestra of nine musicians. The opening performances will consist of the National Anthem, sung by Robert Green and the entire company, followed by an address written by A. Oakey Hall. After dancing and singing comes an extravaganza by H. B. Farnie, entitled "The Page's Revel, or the Summer's Night Bivouac," introducing the drama le company. More dancing and singing follows, and then a parody on "After Dark," called "After Dusk," in which Mr. and Mrs. Val. Love will appear. The Senyahs follow in a trapeze act, after which the pantomimists give "Nicodemus," followed by dancing, and the Victorelli Brothers and Seitz' allegorical scene of "Birth of the New Year," the performance closing with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by brass and string band. In the promenade room will be seen Roberts' Magic Tableaux, a panorama of Scotland, the Berlin Orchestrian, performances on the velocipede by B. Parker, and the Punch and Judy show, besides a regular promenade concert. The officers of this institution are Managers, Palmer and Jarrett; director, Leonard Grover; treasurer, G. H. Chatterton; ticket seller, George W. Pond; advertising agent, Dr. R. P. Jones; assistant treasurer, W. H. Harrison; stage manager, Arthur Maybury; master of wardrobe, S. W. Laareys; head usher, Alexander Wharton, and conductor of madrigals, Dwight Sherrington.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS management produced on Dec. 21st, the comic pantomime of "Blue Beard" in addition to the regular equestrian and gymnastic performances, all of which were presented in the charmed sawdust circle. The pantomime has been gotten up expressly for the holidays and in a manner that should warrant its being kept as the attraction for several weeks. It is full of comic tricks and most ludicrous situations, and every one in the cast tries to outdo the other in causing the most fun. The best tricks of a dozen pantomimes have been introduced, making it just the kind of an entertainment that will please all lovers of amusement, from the child just commencing to talk to he who is fast approaching to the sere and yellow leaf. H. B. Williams makes a good Rustifusti, while Nat Austin as Blue Beard, afterwards Clown, keeps the audience roaring with laughter over his foolish antics. Charley Sherwood as Pantaloon, Sen. F. Sagrino as Harlequin and Vito Farrand as Columbine, were respectively good. This pantomime went through a curtailing after the first performance, which was rather lengthy, and now passes off very smoothly. Business was very good all the past week, matinees being given every day and will be continued all this week.

W. J. HILL of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., arrived in this city during the past week, under engagement to the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe.

THE OLYMPIC had two crowded houses on Christmas Day and evening, the receipts being larger than any other establishment in the city, and "Humpty Dumpty" was in the best possible humor. During the past week a burlesque railroad scene was introduced in the last act, in the skating scene, which caused roars of laughter, particularly when the party laid across the track is raised up just in time for the train to pass between his legs. It is a ludicrous scene. Mr. Clifton Tayleure, the business manager, severs his connection with this establishment with the close of the current week, and proceeds to Paris for novelties for Pike's Opera House. He will be succeeded at the Olympic by Mr. Dan Symons, a gentleman who, in the capacity of manager and actor, has traveled extensively all over the world, and who, the past year, has been associated with Joe Jefferson during his engagements since his return from Australia. Mr. Symons is thoroughly posted in all the ins and outs of show life, both before and behind the curtain, and will, no doubt, with his abilities, continue to make the Olympic the leading theatre of this city.

"BONE SQUASH DIABLO" continues to be the great attraction offered by the San Francisco Minstrels, which has been produced with all the original music in a manner that sends the audience away every evening with beaming countenances. The "Friscos" are presenting a good programme in minstrelsy.

MESSRS. HOGAN AND HUGHES, the clever song and dance performers at Bryants' Minstrels, were each presented with a gold headed cane lately, handed them from the private box one evening during the performance.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, finding the burlesque of "Barbe Bleue" hardly long enough for an evening's amusement, have concluded to give, in conjunction with it, all this week, the burlesque of "Belle Helene." The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which has been in active preparation for several weeks, is announced for Jan. 4th.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE open at Niblo's Garden on Feb. 9th in the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

THE ELISE HOLT burlesque troupe will shortly appear at a Broadway theatre, under the management of Harry Wall.

WILLIAM SMITH, the retired champion bone soloist continues confined to his room, suffering great pain from his fractured arm. Some of his friends are busily engaged trying to get a suitable theatre for an afternoon benefit.

THAT BONE SOLO CHAMPIONSHIP!—It will be remembered that Joe Mack, an Ethiopian comedian, offered to play any man in the country for the championship. In reply, Mr. Hicks, manager of the Georgia Minstrels, stated that he was prepared to put up from $100 to $1,000, and upwards, that George Danforth, a member of his troupe, could beat Mack, and stated that he would be at this office on Dec 23d, at two o'clock, prepared to make the match. He did appear promptly on the day mentioned, and after waiting half an hour past the appointed time, left, but had not been gone five minutes when Mack appeared and stated that he would play only a white man, when he left. Mr. Hicks wishes us to state that he is prepared to back Danforth against any man living for the championship, for from $100 to $1,000. We would state that although called a colored man, Mr. Danforth is in color as white as most minstrel performers, and we think it a lame excuse of Mr. Mack's.

JEROME & EDWARD LUBIN, magical apparatus manufacturers, of No. 559 Broadway, have an advertisement in another column.

KATE NEWTON is again on the sick list, having been prevented all the past week from appearing in the "Emerald Ring" at the Broadway Theatre. It is said that she commenced playing too soon after her former severe spell of sickness.

"ERNANI, OR THE HORN OF A DILEMMA," is announced for production this evening at Wood's Museum by the Lydia Thompson troupe, who are as attractive now as when they first appeared in this city. Lydia Thompson will play Ernani, said to have been personated by her for one hundred times in England. Pretty and vivacious Lisa Weber is in the cast, also W. J. Hill, who makes his *debut* in America on this occasion. The farce of "The Quiet Family" will precede the burlesque.

MR. TAYLEURE expects to leave for Europe early in January in search of novelties for Pike's Opera House, of which he is manager. It is his intention to open with the spectacle of "The Tempest," gotten up in magnificent style, with a powerful cast, including E. L. Davenport and Mr. Davidge.

THE BRYANTS' MINSTRELS continue at their hall in Fourteenth street, but it is thought by many that the opening of the Tammany will seriously injure them. Whether this will be so or not time will tell. For the current week they present a good bill, including the burlesque of "Genevieve de Bryant," which is considered at the greatest hits produced by a minstrel band for a long time. Eugene's burlesque of "Il True-Bad-Deer" is also to be given.

HATTIE THORNE sailed for California on Dec. 28th.

AN APPEAL TO THE PROFESSION.—William N. Smith, well known as the champion bone player, is at present in this city confined to his bed with inflammation of the lungs, and is in destitute circumstances. He makes an appeal to his brother professionals throughout the country for assistance. All who wish to contribute—be it ever so small—should do it at once. His address is 191 Mott street, between Spring and Broome streets, this city. Anything sent to our care will reach him.

TOSTEE—Bateman's right bower of attraction at Pike's Opera House met with an accident during the early part of the past week, causing her withdrawal from the footlights for some time. The *role* of Roland in "Les Bavards" was taken by Mlle. Irma. On Jan. 4th "La Perichole" will be produced.

GRAU announces a change next week at the French Theatre, when Herve's opera of "L'Oeil Creve" will be presented.

Dramatic.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC is the name of a new place of public amusement just erected in Montreal, at the southwest corner of Craig and St. Peter streets. On St. Peter street, which is fifty feet in width, is the western entrance. It is designed in the Italian style. Its character is massive and imposing, having a frontage of 180 feet on Craig and 120 feet on St. Peter street, 183 feet on Fortification Lane, and 116 on the east end; the whole height from pavement to top of roof is 101 feet. The walls of the building are composed of Montreal lime-stone, the two principal fronts are faced with chiseled ashlar, columns, pillars, carved caps, moulded bases, horizontal cornices, &c. Mansard roof, covered with slate. The first story is Tuscan, with twenty-one columns and pillars, having twelve openings of eighteen feet in width, semicircular, with imposts and architraves, making seven openings on Craig and five on St. Peter street, the centre one on each street being the north and west entrances to the buildings. The other ten openings, 24 feet in height, are filled with light ornamental cast iron and plate glass. The north and south entrances have each three arched door openings, two opening seven feet each, and one twelve feet into a semicircular hall twenty-four feet in diameter, with Corinthian columns, pillars, cornice and dome, ceiling paneled, which is in perfect harmony with the massive character of the exterior. Opposite each entrance are stairways twelve feet in width, and staircases five feet in width, to give access to the galleries on the left side of the halls, and under the stairs are located the ticket offices, facing the west entrance, the west entrance having a door way 12 feet wide, opening into a hall 16 feet in width, with a stairway 5 feet wide on each side of the hall, with a passage 7 feet in width between them, to connect with the north and south entrances. On the first landing of the above-named staircases is a spacious hall 24 feet wide and 112 feet in length. The lobby of the parquet is 18 feet wide, gradually narrowing towards the stage, on the north sides of the auditorium, to the width of six feet at furthest end. The grand foyer is 73 feet long, 30 feet wide and 24 feet high; is decorated by broad pilasters, with enriched panels projecting from both sides, supporting enriched broken entablature, besides being used for promenading between the acts, may also be employed for parties, balls and musical soirees. The parquet circle lobby is 80 feet long, 80 feet wide and 50 feet high. The seats are provided with spring cushions and arms, covered with rich dark red plush. The floor of the parquet is formed in a concave shape. When required for balls and assemblies, the whole parquet, together with the stage, can be covered over by a temporary level floor, thus forming a magnificent saloon of vast dimensions, the aggregate length from wall to wall being 138 feet. There are two balconies or tiers above the parquet circle, directly over which is the first tier, with seats finished in the same manner as those below; over this is the second tier, provided with sofas without arms. In the rear of the first tier are a number of private boxes communicating directly with the corridor in the ordinary manner and furnished with chairs. The capacities of the several parts of the house are as follows:—Parquet proper, 400; parquet circle, 450; first tier balcony, 330; first tier boxes, 100; six first class proscenium boxes, 60; second tier balcony, 290; making a total of 1,600 seats. The style of architecture is a florid renaissance, rich and effective, without being overloaded with ornaments. The ornamentation of the rest of the proscenium boxes and fronts of the several tiers consists of various embellishments, such as are usual in opera houses, viz., festoons, tripods, griffins, shells, musical instruments, etc., etc. The ceiling is to be frescoed, with the panels filled with oil paintings, representing poetry, music, comedy, tragedy and the four seasons. In the centre of the inner dome, which is ornamented with stars, hangs an immense chandelier with 200 burners, and against the walls of the several tiers are also triple gas brackets. The stage is 63 feet deep, 92 ft. wide and 60 ft high. The declivity of the stage floor toward the auditorium is one foot in 30 feet. On the south side are two stories of dressing rooms, parlors, etc., for the musicians, with private stairway.

THE MILITARY ALLEGORY of "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" was presented at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week.

OLIVE LOGAN lectured in Providence, R. I., on Dec. 22d, before the Franklin Lyceum.

THE WYATT SISTERS and a dramatic company, including Mrs. E. T. Stetson, performed in Providence, R. I., on Dec. 24th, and were announced to remain a week, under the management of Charley Whitney and Mr. Sutton.

BIG RECEIPTS.—Edwin Booth's late engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., was a great success, the receipts being as follows:—Dec. 14th, "Hamlet," $1,072; 15th, "Richelieu," $965; 16th, "Richard III," $1,129; 17th, "Romeo and Juliet," $978; 18th, benefit, "Hamlet," $1,329; 19th, matinee, "Lady of Lyons," $712 50; 19th, evening, "Othello," $1,003.50; total, $7,189.00. Of this Mr. Booth and Miss McVicker received fifty-five per cent. Had the house been capable of accommodating more people the receipts would have been much larger.

"ALADDIN" was produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on Dec 21st, with Fanny Prestige as Aladdin, in which she introduced the ballad "Don't be Angry, Mother," and medley from the "Grand Duchesse." Leon Chenat as Kassac and Florence Noble as Princess.

EDMUND COLES had an extra night at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Dec. 21st, when he took a benefit. In addition to the company there appeared the Hamall Brothers, the Leronx Brothers, John Cole, Thomas Hurst, J Porter and Master Pette. "Babes in the Wood," "King John," and "To Parents and Guardians" were performed.

J. C. MYERS opens with his dramatic company in Portsmouth, N. H., on Dec. 28th.

BROOKES AND FYFFE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are reported to have been doing well ever since they arrived in the West Indies. A correspondent, writing from Demerara on Dec. 8th, says:—"Since my last we have been progressing finely. We closed our subscription on the 7th inst., and inaugurate a second season of ten nights on the 9th, with 'Macbeth,' followed by 'East Lynne,' 'Jessie Brown,' 'Hamlet' and 'Corsican Brothers,' winding up with the 'Sea of Ice,' with real tropical scenery, Banana trees, live monkeys, parrots, &c. At the conclusion of our performances here we go to Berbice for six nights; that will conclude our three months' engagement with the company. We may then play an after season of two months in Barbadoes. The company are all enjoying the best of health. We expect the mail steamer in every moment, with the CLIPPER and other newspapers from the States."

"THE WAY OF THE WICKED."—J. Holmes Grover, the author of this comedy-drama of the sensational school, has been for two weeks busily engaged in writing a prologue to the same, and has already negotiated with Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and several other large cities for its early production.

"LANCASHIRE LASS."—Copies of this play can be obtained of B. Mordaunt, who advertises in another column.

FROM BRYAN CITY, Texas, we are advised by a correspondent of things theatrical up to Dec. 18th. He says:—"Business has been very fair here since my last. They have had on the boards 'Asmodeus,' 'Dutchman's Ghost,' 'My Neighbor's Wife,' 'Dead Shot,' 'Slasher and Crasher,' and 'Shadow Pantomime,' interspersed with songs and dances by the Misses Emma and Laura Ramsey, and for the past three nights have been doing 'Under the Gaslight' to crowded and delighted audiences. It was up again on the 16th. I was very agreeably surprised to learn that Mr. C. G. Clifford, business manager of the theatrical company now playing here, and Miss Emma Forrest, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock on the 16th. The affair passed off very quietly, there being but few persons present, among whom were W. H. Barbour and Cora De Witt, members of the company. I considered it a very Barbour(ous) transaction, for I couldn't see 'de wit' of the thing, although the 'forests' rang with the merry peals of laughter and merriment......There is a party—minstrel, variety and pantomime—now organizing for the interior of Texas and Mexico, for a tour of about six months, under the management of H. W. Barbour."

THE VAUDEVILLE is the name of a new place of amusement located over the post office, Brooklyn, and announced to be opened on Christmas eve, under the management of Morton Price. The musical piece entitled "Rustic Prima Donna," and "Perfection," were the opening pieces, with Catharine Lucette and Morton Price in both. The English system of monthly admission tickets at $10 and $5, and after nine o'clock reduction in price has been adopted.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" has been brought out at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo. Our correspondent says:—"It has been splendidly placed upon the stage. In fact it has never been equaled by anything previously produced here; although deficient in ballet, it is certainly made up for by the spirited acting of J. W. Albaugh and Mary Mitchell, who infuse considerable fire into the other characters. The panorama of Athens and transformation scene are especially good......Lotta has just closed a successful engagement at DeBar's, drawing full houses nearly every night, which, considering the counter attraction at the Olympic, can't be complained of. She had the better houses all through."

CHICAGO does not appear to give all the show shops in that borough as cordial a reception, in the way of patronage, as was expected by those pecuniarily interested. There appears to be too many places open, so we are informed by our correspondent "Loiterer," who, under date of Dec. 23, says:—"In commercial parlance 'the supply exceeds the demand' in theatrical circles. Chicago cannot now support four theatres and a minstrel show, though the time may be fast approaching. At the Museum Mrs. Allen had a good audience to greet her on the occasion of her first benefit in Chicago. Besides acquitting herself with more than her wonted excellence, she must be praised for her dressing. Last night and each evening during the week, 'How She Loves Him' occupied the boards, in which Mrs. Stoneall as Lady Raffleticket, and Will. Otis as the Captain, bore away the honors. The *role* of a Captain is directly in Mr. Otis' line, and his acting, as well as dressing of the part, is satisfactory......At Crosby's John Owens has been gratifying his many admirers since the 16th inst. as Joshua Butterby, Solon Shingle, John Gilman, Major DeBoots, John Unit and Live Indian, the two latter occupying the boards at present. The support received by Mr. Owens has been such as is seldom witnessed in Chicago, and embraces Messrs. McManus, Garrison, Metkiff, Barnett, Wentworth, Jennings and Fiske, Misses Phelps, Howard, Booth, Putnam, Madden and Mrs. Marble. Kate Putnam as Aunt Chloe, in the comedy of 'Self,' divides the applause with Mr. Owens. In the 'Live Indian' Mr. Fiske spices his Dennis O'Brien with a bit of a song, which takes cleverly ......The Dearborn is nightly visited by a good share of the amusement-loving community. On Dec. 21st and 22d they produced the 'Fire Raisers,' followed by a farce, in consequence of an accident to Hernandes rendering the pantomime business null and void as it were. However, Tony will soon be around again. Miss Irving, Marie Boniface, Roche, Ashley, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen have already become favorites. The remainder of the company have work ahead of them...... Lotta commenced at McVicker's on Dec. 21st, in 'Fire Fly.' She has been called all sorts of pet names, but a Chicago paper calls her a very good *comedian*, while a photographer advertises pictures of 'Paris celebrities,' Lotta being the chief celebrity. Sue is doing, as she always does, a handsome business."

AT THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE, business of late has not been very good, so we are informed by our correspondent "Guy," who, under date of Dec. 22, says:—"Owing to the bad business manager Roig announced to the public and his company, that unless the next eleven nights proved more successful than the past he would be compelled to close the doors of his theatre. The theatre going portion of the community of Mobile are either lacking in taste or financially crippled, as the present company is composed of artists that compete favorably with any theatre outside of New York, Philadelphia and Boston. For the past week Brougham's 'Lottery of Life,' an ingenious dramatic invention, full of startling points, pathos and beautiful pictures, was produced in good style, with an excellent cast of characters, in which the full strength of the company was brought into requisition. Mr. Walter Grisdale as Terry, the Swell, personated the character in a dashing and happy manner. J. J. Wallace, as Allcraft, played with his usual earnestness and energy, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Wolf's Coal Oil Tommy, although slightly extravagant, gave general satisfaction; and Mr. Shields, as Sir Wilton, was master of the character. Geo. Pardey, as Mawley, appeared to advantage; he was irresistible, making with telling effect points that unless presented in a quaint manner would have been considered dull. Mr. Hayden, as Robert, gave a neat rendition of the part. Mrs. Caroline Carson rendered the part of Miss Fartar in good style. Mrs. Henri, as Polly, gave a fair rendition of the character; and Lisette Bernard, as Mary, was clever, particularly in the concert scene. A railroad scene has been added as a climax to the last scene in the fourth act, and the curtain goes down upon two prominent characters in the play hanging from a bridge just as a train of cars is crossing. Mrs. Josy Pardey, second chambermaid, is winning popular favor. Since the first night of her appearance she has given evidence of considerable talent, sings with sweetness and delicacy of tone, and is versatile."

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS were not much in favor during the early portion of the past week, and moderate houses were the rule. With the advent of Christmas, however, a change came o'er the scene, and the hearts of managers were made glad through the crowded audiences which assembled at every place on that evening, notwithstanding the severe cold which prevailed......Mrs. Scott Siddons made her *debut* at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Christmas Eve, but the attendance was very light. We may be permitted to remark in this connection that a great injury has been done the lady through the cruel and injudicious mode of advertising adopted by her agent. The sale of seats for Mrs. Siddons' performances was announced to take place at a music store on Chestnut street on a certain morning. An advertisement was inserted in the daily papers saying that fifty men were wanted, at six dollars per night, to act during the evening in a certain capacity not named. Applicants were requested to call at said music store on the same morning as that advertised for the sale of seats for Mrs. Siddons' representations. There being thousands of men out of employment at this particular time of the year, the result was an early outpouring of gentlemen in search of lucrative positions, and by 10 o'clock there was an immense crowd of men about the music store on Chestnut street, the line extending down to Ninth street. Passers by took it for granted that this assemblage was purchasing seats for Mrs. Siddons' engagement, when in fact the parties were intent in securing sits for themselves of six dollars per night. When the sell was discovered, threats loud and deep were made against the author of the cruel hoax, and had he been caught at the time, broken bones might have been the result. The proprietor of the store found it necessary to come out in a card a day or two after, disclaiming all complicity in the hoax. It would have been better for him and his business had he disavowed it when the advertisement for men first appeared. The cruelty had a contrary effect to that intended, for it injured the actress, the store keeper, and the agent himself. Mrs. Siddons' appearance is all in her favor, but her acting is criticised pretty closely, and the general verdict is that in *time* she may become a favorite. She will remain at the Academy during the present week, where, it is to be hoped, the attendance will be more liberal...... Mr. Walcot's benefit, at the Walnut, on Dec. 23d, was not very well attended, notwithstanding the additional attraction of the appearance of a retired actor in the *role* of Shylock. Mr. R. Penistan is the gentleman alluded to, and his friends present applauded him right merrily, whether the points were good, bad or indifferent. The new Christmas piece, entitled the "Orange Girl," was presented for the first time on Christmas; being well placed on the stage and well acted, and containing, also, the elements to please, it is not surprising that the "Orange Girl" made many friends, and met with much favor. It will be repeated until further notice......The Christmas holidays made Fox's American Varieties a great centre of attraction, unusually large audiences being present to witness the pantomime of "Jack the Giant Killer," and to enjoy the numerous side-dishes prepared by Mr. Fox and his genial steward, James Pilgrim. And speaking of Mr. P. reminds us that, as an acknowledgment of his services, he was presented with a beautiful diamond breast-pin, by Manager Fox, as a Christmas offering. For New Year's week, at this establishment, a rich bill of fare is presented, in which all the old and several new favorites will participate. There will no doubt be a large attendance each night...... "A Flash of Lightning" struck the *habitues* of the Arch Street Theatre, for the first time, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23d, but we cannot say that it struck them very forcibly. Like nearly all plays presented at this house it is presented in good style, and the cast is pretty fair. It will be given all the week. ......The Susan Galton opera troupe made their appearance at the Theatre Comique on Monday evening, Dec. 21st, and were fairly received. Miss Susan has already established herself favorably in the estimation of the Quaker citizens, and her little party will doubtless improve upon acquaintance. Christmas brought them a very large audience, and the prospects are good for a liberal patronage during the present holiday week......The Chestnut Street Theatre is still devoted to horse opera, or equestrian performances rather, but as this is the last week of the equine attractions Manager Sinn will soon give us something new in the dramatic line.

EDWIN FORREST has been secured for a number of nights by J. C. Myers, who intends playing him in several of the New England towns, commencing in Portsmouth, N. H., on Dec. 28th, and go thence to Augusta, Me., Dec. 29th and 30th; Bath, 31st; Portland, Jan. 1st and 2d; Dover, N. H., 4th; and Haverhill, Mass., 5th. His engagement is for six weeks.

THE MARIE FREDERICCI GERMAN OPERA TROUPE gave three operas in Memphis, Tenn., at the theatre, closing there on Dec. 20th, and followed on Dec. 21st by Mary Gladstane, who opened in "Elizabeth," and the female gymnast Millie Turnour in her trapeze performances. Our correspondent says:—"Notwithstanding this was the opening night of the Hanlon combination at the Greenlaw Opera House, Mrs. Gladstane drew a fair audience. I could dwell at length on the rendition of this play—no performance on the Memphis stage ever received more unequivocal praise. The company all did well; and the Essex of Theo. Hamilton has added another to the many wreaths he has already gained. In the closing of the third act he was excellent. Mrs. Gladstane has, undoubtedly, made a hit in our city. On the 23d 'Mary Stuart' was given, and is to be followed by 'Lady Audley,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Leah' and 'Corsican Brothers.'"

"THE BLACK CROOK" was revived at the National, Washington, on Dec. 21st, with the following distribution of characters:—Stalacta, Emeline Zavistowski; Dragonfin, Hernandez Foster; Amina, Mrs. E. J. Parker; Barbara, Mrs. Muzzy; Carline, Fannie Melmer; Rudolphe, F. Foster; Hertzog, P. A. Anderson; Wolfenstein, Jerry Taylor; Greppo, H. C. Curley, and Puffengruntz, G. A. Parkhurst. Our correspondent "Novice," says:—"Stalacta is certainly the best enacted character in the play. Miss Emeline is exceedingly correct in whatever she undertakes; her enunciation is clear and distinct, and it would be well for others in the cast to make an effort to do better. Miss Melmer, for instance, comes on in a scene and salutes Mad. Barbara: 'Why, Dame Barbara, is that chew?' Miss Melmer was extensively carded and announced as her first appearance in Washington. On the first night of the play, she made an attempt to sing the song 'Bitter Beer,' but made such a ridiculous figure that the audience gave her a hissing. Since then she has refrained from singing, which is certainly a wise movement. She possesses a pleasing face and figure, but is only a mediocre actress. Mrs. Parker's Amina is such a weak affair that it is not worth notice. Hernandez Foster as Dragonfin is as good as ever. This character was in wretched hands during the former production of the piece, and as the gentleman now assuming the part is an excellent pantomimist, the character is well performed. Mr. Curley as Greppo might do better. P. A. Anderson portrays the character of Hertzog exceedingly well. Von Puffengruntz finds an excellent representative in Mr. Parkhurst, and Mrs. Muzzy and Messrs. Jerry Taylor and Francis Foster are entitled to much praise. The spectacle has been placed upon the stage in a gorgeous manner, and the management are well repaid, for while the company at Wall's have been playing to starving business, the audiences to witness the 'Crook' have been unusually large. Mad. Christine Zavistowski, Betty Rigl, Mlle. Wesmael, Emily Rigl and Alice Zavistowski are the principal dancers. The demon dance, can-can and other dances, are superbly given......Business at Wall's Opera House since my last has been deplorable. On Dec. 21st and 22d the 'Lancashire Lass' was repeated, and on the 23d 'A Flash of Lightning' enjoyed a first production. Instead of a full house witnessing the initial performance, there was scarcely a hundred people in the theatre. Considerable care had been taken to mount the piece properly, much of the scenery used last summer in the production of the play at the Broadway having been sent to this city. Lewis Baker appeared as Skiffley, a character well suited to his style of acting, and therefore impersonated by him with ease. Charles Loveday as Chauncey acquitted himself in a most deserving manner. John Boyd as Jack Ryer was a success. The character of Rose Fallon found a competent representative in Lillie Eldridge. In the second act Miss Eldridge sang the song 'Jennie who lives in the dell' very prettily. Miss C. Thompson as Bessie Fallon acted well, and created a favorable impression. Miss Louisa Eldridge as Mrs. Fallon, and Mr. Marcellus as Garry Fallon were quite acceptable. This afternoon (26th), 'Forty Thieves' and 'Pocahontas' form the bill, and this evening 'A Flash of Lightning.'"

FLORENCE'S BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE is referred to as follows by the Portland *Daily Press* of the 21st ult.—"THEATRE.—After waiting Saturday evening over an hour, owing to the company having missed the Boston morning train, the curtain rose upon the musical burlesque of 'Cinderella.' Miss Jennie Kimball assumed the leading part with as much ability as we have ever seen exhibited in this class of performances. She has a fine figure, excellent voice and enters into the spirit and fun of the piece with a rollicking jollity that is irresistible." The company is now playing in Concord, N. H., to good houses.

SAN FRANCISCO THEATRICALS.—By the overland mail we are advised of doings on the Pacific Slope up to Dec. 5th. At the Metropolitan "Dombey and Son" was produced on Nov. 30th, with J. A. Herne as Captain Cuttle, Harry Courtaine as Toots, Sophie Edwin as Susan Nipper, and Mrs. Keach as Edith. "Dombey" held the boards until Dec. 4th, in conjunction with "Rag Picker of Paris," "Dick Turpin" and "Handy Andy." On the 4th the "Dream of Destiny" and "Cousin Joe" were performed, for the benefit of the Grant Invincibles. "Foul Play" was announced for production on Dec 7th. The Lyster Opera Troupe were to commence a two months' engagement at this establishment on Dec. 21st......"After Dark," after a run of eighteen nights, was withdrawn from the Opera House boards on Dec. 4th. "The Lancashire Lass" was to be presented on Dec. 5th......The gross receipts of the benefit of the Grant Invincibles, at the Metropolitan, Alhambra and Opera House, on Dec. 4th, were $2,700......It is rumored that John Wilson has engaged Union Hall, for the purpose of giving therein a series of winter gymnastics and arenic entertainments. His troupe of boy acrobats will be the principal magnet. ......The new Bush Street Theatre is rapidly approaching completion, but it is thought that it cannot be ready for the opening before the latter part of February or early in March. ......The Pacific Theatre, built by Messrs. Brooks and Platt, at the corner of Pacific and Kearny streets, is completed, and is pronounced one of the cosiest and neatest places of the kind in the city. The auditorium consists of parquet, dress circle and four proscenium boxes, and will accommodate comfortably an audience of 800. The dress circle seats are all stationary, with cushioned bottoms and backs, while those in the parquet are moveable and will fold up, similar to those in Platt's Hall. The stage is 35 feet wide by 42 deep, and the parquet is 60 by 42. The hall is well ventilated and has seven means of egress in case of fire. The ceilings are finely finished, and the front of the proscenium boxes and dress circle are painted white, with ornamentations in gold. The boxes are elegant, being those that were in the late Academy of Music. The main entrance to the theatre is on Pacific street, but there is a side entrance to the dress circle on Kearney. The drop curtain, the subject of which is a romantic Italian landscape, was painted by Arrigola, who painted the much admired drop at the Opera House. The building in which the theatre is situated is one of the largest in the city. It consists of three stories and a basement. The ground floor is divided into eleven stores; the upper portion is designed for a hotel and contains two hundred rooms. The Martinetti Troupe will open the theatre for the holiday season with a series of grand pantomime and *ballet divertissements*...... Sig. E. Pecard, business manager for Chiarini's Circus, arrived on Dec. 3d, with Dick Rivers and El Nino Eddie. Chiarini was to open under canvas, on Jackson street, on Dec. 10th......Henry Edwards has brought suit to recover of W. H. Lyons, proprietor of the Metropolitan Theatre, stage properties valued at $189, which Edwards avers were purchased by him during his lesseeship of the Metropolitan. He sues Lyons for the recovery of the articles, or their equivalent in cash, and $300 damages.

THE SECOND STORY of Whaley's brick building in San Diego, California, has been converted into a theatre. A stage has been erected, seats have been constructed and everything prepared for a performance. The theatre has a seating capacity of about one hundred and fifty. T. W. Tanner and troupe "dedicated" the establishment early in December.

"THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK" was performed at the Oro Fino Theatre, Portland, Oregon, by the Bates troupe on Nov. 25th. "London Assurance" was performed on the 27th for the benefit of Mrs. Bates. Of the Bates season in Portland the *Oregonian* says:—"Mr. Bates has thus far succeeded far beyond anything ever accomplished by any of his predecessors, and yet the patronage accorded has but poorly paid him for his large expenditures and constant hard labor. Mrs. Bates has labored equally hard, and is equally deserving of the rewards which the public may bestow when it pleases."

G. W. DANIELS, with his dramatic company, consisting of Fanny Younge, Annie Lockhart and many others, returned to San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 4th, after a season in Stockton, but was to return there on the 21st with a burlesque company for the holidays.

JNO. E. MCCULLOUGH was to close his engagement in Salt Lake, on Dec. 23d. It has been a pretty successful one. "Romeo and Juliet" was played on the 15th and 16th, by the combination, consisting of Mad. Scheller, Mr. McCullough and Mr. Waldron. The house was crowded, and the performance is pronounced excellent. On the 17th, Mr. McCullough produced the "Lancashire Lass" to a good house......Jno. S. Langrishe passed through Salt Lake City on Dec. 19th, *en route* for Denver, where he is to open his theatre. Mad. Scheller will play an engagement under his management......George Pauncefort, it is said, will make an attempt to run the Helena Theatre during the winter......Mad. Scheller was to follow Jno. McCullough at the Salt Lake Theatre, opening on Dec. 26th......A portion of the Gentile residents of Salt Lake City held a private meeting on Dec. 17th, in which they resolved to abstain from visiting the theatre, a sort of retaliation for the order prohibiting the Mormons from trading with the "Gentiles."

W. S. FORREST, well known in the west as a comedian of talent and repute, departed this life at 8 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 23d, at the residence of his brother, in Brooklyn. Mr. W. S. Forrest commenced his career in Utica, N. Y., with W. B. Williams, in 1826, and played afterward in Buffalo, Rochester, Detroit, Cleveland, and all through the west, and became popular as a first low comedian. In 1833, in conjunction with Cabell and Muzzy, he was managing the Columbia Street Theatre, Cincinnati. He was associated in management with Mr. Edwin Dean, the father of Julia Dean, for several years in Canada and Rochester, and other towns in the western portion of this State. His last engagement was at the St. Paul Opera House, Minnesota. An attack of paralysis compelled him to return home, where his last moments were cheered by his relatives. His age was 62. He was interred at Greenwood on Dec. 24th.

WILLIAM BISHOP HAMILTON, a veteran actor and manager, died in London, Eng., on Dec. 3. He was born in London, Eng., in 1810, and had been connected with the American stage for many years, having arrived here in 1837, and for several years traversed the Mississippi River on a flat boat, giving dramatic performances at the principal towns. The company consisted of the Chapman Family. On this floating temple of the drama, the whole of Mr. Hamilton's family (with one exception) were born. After finishing his performances on the boat he came to this city, and appeared at Burton's Chamber Street Theatre, where he remained several seasons, and then visited California, arriving there in 1851. He commenced in Sacramento, and went thence to San Francisco, where he leased the Jenny Lind Theatre, and afterwards San Francisco Hall—now Maguire's Opera House. He afterwards opened the American Theatre, and was lessee of the Metropolitan when it was destroyed by fire. In 1859 he returned to this city and made a tour of the Southern country, in conjunction with the C. R. Thorne Family. At the breaking out of the war he returned to "Frisco," accompanied by Charles Dillon, the English tragedian. Last spring Mr. Hamilton suffered with a cancerous affection and went to Europe in search of medical advice, where he died, as stated above.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, who has been playing in the East under the management of Lowell and Simmonds, appears at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Dec. 29th, under the same management.

OUR NEW ORLEANS ADVICES are up to Dec. 23d, under which date our correspondent, "Nat Ormsby," says:—"The Academy is still running 'Undine' to good houses, with Mrs. Jas. W. Oates in the leading part. Luke Schoolcraft is now convalescent, and will, no doubt, delight the patrons of the above place of amusement at no distant day. Malvina Evers continues one of the attractions at the Academy, likewise Sohlke, Cerribelli Bertha, Hannah Birch (who has recently recovered from a severe illness)......At De Bar's the Whitman Ballet Troupe are running the 'White Fawn,' but, contrary to my predictions of last week, to very slim houses. Last night (22d) there was a miserable array of empty benches, and I thought the performers took undue liberties with their parts. 'Cinderella' is underlined for an early production......At the Varieties Theatre a goodly bill has been presented to the patrons of the house...... Nothing new of note at the Opera House this week. 'Jerusalem' has been the principal card since my last......The National (German) is doing very well. Quite a number of standard plays have been brought out, including 'Narcisse,' and put upon the stage in a manner that reflects great credit upon the management."

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL and J. W. Collier were at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 24th and 25th. On Christmas night the house was a perfect jam.

FARREN'S DRAMATIC TROUPE are to give Miss Kate Hunter (an old "townswoman") a benefit, on New Year's night, at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY play J. H. Hackett at New Haven, Conn., Jan. 6th.

"UNDINE" was presented at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., on Dec. 21st, and has been attracting good houses. Our correspondent says:—"Hess' transformation scene from the Opera House, Chicago, and his ballet troupe, consisting of Eugenia Lupo, M'lle Emilie, M'lle Leo and Mons. Frederick Siegel were the principal attractions. Lupo has a voluptuous form, an imposing *physique*, and as nice a pair of legs as I have ever seen on a woman. Anna Waite, who appears as Undine, plays the *role* splendidly, and her singing is pleasing. Lena Prentice takes well as Idex. Frank Murdock as Sir Hubert, and William Barrett as Babtiste, are acceptable. 'Undine' will run until Jan 2d......M'lle Zoe and a part of the Academy company appeared the past week, commencing on Dec. 1st, at Lafayette, Ind., doing the 'French Spy,' 'Emerald' and 'Nita.' They appear at Terre Haute Dec. 28th and 29th; Brazil, 30th and 31st, and Green Castle, Jan. 1st and 2d, returning to Indianapolis Jan. 3d, when the company will support Joseph Jefferson for five nights, commencing Jan. 4th, in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

THE STOCK COMPANY of the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., played the "Ticket of Leave Man," "Streets of New York," "Dream at Sea," "Sailor of France," and "Maniac Lover," the past week. Our correspondent says:—"In the 'Streets of New York' the Tom Badger of Mr. Meldrum was excellent. Mr. Sawtelle played Gideon Bloodgood finely; Miss Clifton deserves credit for her Alida Bloodgood; Mr. Southard as Paul Fairweather, and Mr. Hodgins as Mark Livingston, were good. Mr. Ward, Miss Richmond and Miss Wilton, made the most of their parts. The fire scene was well worked up and rendered very effective. On the 25th, the house was crowded, and the company, under the influence of a Merry Christmas, played with more than their usual animation, every member being deserving of praise. Mr. Meldrum's personation of the Maniac Lover was faultless, and elicited frequent applause. Messrs. Ward, Southard, Sawtelle and Mason, are deserving of notice. Miss Palmer, who has been ill, appeared in a song with Mr. Ward; she looked and sang charmingly, and was loudly *encored*. In the farce of the 'Irish Lion,' Mr. Ward as Tom Moore, and Miss Wilton as Mrs. Fitzgig, played well, and never appeared to better advantage."

IN CINCINNATI theatricals were considerably more brisk and prospects more cheerful the past week. The weather, beyond being exceedingly cold, was most excellent, and there were several good attractions in town. At the National, Mr. Jefferson's engagement bids fair to be a most brilliant success. He opened with a rousing house and has had full audiences every night since. At the *matinee* on Christmas day the theatre was packed from pit to dome. "Rip Van Winkle" has been played each evening, and will be continued during a portion, at least, of this week, and if biz. continues good, during the whole engagement. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. J. has been well supported in the piece by De Groat as Derrick, Lindley as Cockles, and Minnie Monk as Gretchen. The scenes generally have been good—that of the Catskills particularly so. Mrs. F. W. Lander is to commence her engagement on the 4th of Jan...... Wood's Theatre produced 'Griffith Gaunt' on Dec. 21st and ran it all through the week to very good audiences. Rachel Johnson made her first appearance in this theatre as Kate Peyton, supported by Macauley as Griffith. They are considerably alike in their style, both being correct and disinclined to rant, and generally good, without being great. In the effective dialogue at the end of the second act they received much applause. The scene of the piece—a Lancashire Fair in the olden time—is made a specialty and is seasonable as a Christmas spectacle. The Court scene also, at the close of the play, is very effectively managed, and, altogether the piece is a decided hit. The minor characters were fairly rendered. Johnson as Paul Carrick is very good, though, as usual, he runs to extremes in trying to be funny. De Vere was an excellent Tom Liecester, which can hardly be said of Wood's George Neville......At Mozart Hall the German theatre still continues, with fair audiences, which is flattering to Janauschek, when her steep admission prices are considered. She opened her second week in 'Medea,' followed by 'Elizabeth' and 'Deborah.' An extra performance was to be given on Sunday evening, Dec. 27th, the drama being 'The Gladiator of Ravenna.' An English theatrical representation would not be tolerated on the Sabbath, but Germany is a political element in Porkopolis and must be humored."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was given on Dec. 21st. Louise Sylvester received a substantial benefit on the 22d, on which occasion "Fanchon" was produced. Miss S., in the leading *role*, made a hit, and was called before the curtain at the close of every act. On the 23d "Octoroon" was given to a good house. The spectacular drama of the "Prodigal Son" was presented for the first time on the 24th to a good house, and it is thought will run easily during the holiday season. John Ellsler, as Reuben; J. Wesley Hill, as Azael; Abram, of Ogden, and Aaron (with songs), of Sid Smith, are said to have been deserving of special mention. Mrs. Effie Ellsler, as Jeptha; Clara Morris, as Rachel, and Grimnigra, as Mrs. Young, were also well spoken of. Several new scenes have been painted expressly for this piece; and the music, machinery and dresses have all been gotten up in a creditable manner. On Christmas at the *matinee*, "Jack Shepherd" was produced, with Louise Sylvester as the Highwayman.

BIDWELL & LOCK'S DRAMATIC CO. gave two performances on Christmas Day in Lowell, Mass. In the afternoon the "Hidden Hand," and the evening "Little Barefoot" and "Forest Rose" to crowded audiences on both occasions. Dollie Bidwell, Lillie Marden, Wilkinson, Bidwell and Sullivan were well received. Yankee Locke was "at home" in Jonathan Plowboy, and was warmly welcomed by his "friends and neighbors." "Esmeralda" and "Yankee in Hungary" were to be played on Dec. 26th.

FRANK MAYO AND COMPANY played the "Lancashire Lass" and "Bull in a China Shop" to a crowded house on Christmas night, at Music Hall, Lowell, Mass. Frank, as "The Party by the Name of Johnson," is said to be good.

THE MUSIC HALL, at London, Canada West, has been empty for a considerable length of time, notwithstanding that London is reckoned by many a good show town. Our correspondent says:—"France and Lanuler's Dramatic Constellation were to open out here on Dec. 25th, but failed so to do...... Townsend's tragedy company are still lurking around the western part of this peninsula, and draw crowded houses."

THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE has been refitted and redecorated, and is now open with the following company:—Sheridan and Mack, comedians and clog dancers; Louisa Payne Wray, Ada Wray, Lucy Clifton, Clara Burton, Susie Starr, Sam De Vere, Larry Tooley, Geo. R. Edeson, Bowman and Harris, E. F. Gorman and H. W. Williams, lessee and manager. "Sultan's Favorites, or the Man Monkey," was produced on Christmas week. Artists of ability can always find good engagements by applying as per advertisement in another column.

THE HOUSTON, TEXAS, THEATRE, was opened on Dec 14th, under the management of the Greenwall Brothers, with Fanny B. Price as the star, supported by Messrs. Ogden, Becket, Mathews, Morton, Wolf and Knight, and Nellie Johnson, Maude St. Leone, Ella Wesner, May Thompson and others. The weather was very inclement during the early part of the week and business was bad. The following pieces were played:—"Fanchon," "Leah," "Madelaine," "Little Barefoot," "Lucretia Borgia" and "Nobody's Daughter," with Mr. Ogden as Larkspur, Becket as Victor Carrington, C. H. Matthews as Black Milsom, and Morton as Reginald Eversleigh. The second week "Under the Gaslight" was to be the attraction.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" held the boards at Casey's Opera House, Auburn, N. Y., the past week. Our correspondent, "Kitty," says:—"Mrs. Forrester's Laura Courtland is a fine impersonation, evincing careful study and a correct conception of the part. G. W. Reed's Ray Trafford, called forth praise from his many friends. Peachblossom, by Mrs. Bertie Smith, and A. H. Sheldon's Bermudas, are features of the performance. Several new plays are in rehearsal, and everything bids fair to make the present season one of marked success."

LEO HUDSON opened an engagement at the New Nashville Theatre on Dec. 23d, in "Mazeppa," remaining four nights. A correspondent says:—"Miss H. was to have appeared for six nights, but her baggage and 'fixings' did not arrive in time. If the managers will only warm up the place and try and have it comfortable for an audience, 'Mazeppa' will take, but to sit and chatter one's teeth and freeze almost to death witnessing a play, is not very pleasant. Coal is cheap here and there is no excuse."

MARIETTA RAVEL is at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa. this week.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BONIFACE can be secured for brief or lengthy engagements, as will be seen by their card in another column.

THE STOCK COMPANY of the Academy of Music, Omaha, held the boards during the week ending Dec. 26th. A correspondent says:—"Milton Noble took his first benefit on the 23d, appearing as Bertuccio, in the 'Fool's Revenge,' and also as John Gilman, in the 'Happiest Day of My Life.' The audience was a large one. Mr. Noble's performance of the 'Deformed Jester' was received with marked enthusiasm, and the gentleman was twice called out. He was ably supported by Mrs. Germon as the Duchess, Jessie Howard as the daughter, Mrs. De Bar as the nurse, and Miss Price as Ginevra; also Mr. Germon as the Duke, Ashton as Zorelli, Irwin as the Poet, Weston as Malatesta, Harris as Ascolti, and Coons as Ordelaffi. Mr. and Mrs. S. Bullock and daughter, resident musical celebrities, volunteered for the occasion, and offered a selection of new songs and duets."

"HIDDEN HAND" was presented at the Opera House, Logansport, Ind., on Dec. 25d. Miss M. Lawrie, Annie and Kate Mayhew, and Jas. Boyce withdrew from the company the same day. G. W. Feeder, manager, took a benefit on Dec. 24th.

MRS. F. W. LANDER succeeded Mr. Edwin Booth, on Dec. 21st, at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y. On Dec. 25th

"After Dark" was to be produced, including the railroad scene.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of T. Charles Howard, performed in Taunton and New Bedford, Mass., the past week, and were in Concord, N. H., on Dec. 25th, Manchester 26 h and 28th, and Nashua 29th.

AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM, this week, Louisa Meyers takes a benefit on Dec. 29 h, and on Jan. 1st L. R. Shewell puts forth his claims.

J. H. HACKETT is at the Boston Theatre this week.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, "After Dark" having proved successful the past week, is to be continued the current week. The piece is said to run smoothly, and the several characters are acceptably filled by the members of the company.

AT THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Mo., "A Midsummer Night's Dream" continued the attraction the past week. On Dec. 24th Willie Young took a benefit. Next week "Humpty Dumpty" will be the attraction......On Dec. 19th Lotta gave for her farewell benefit "Captain Charlotte," "Pocahontas" and "Nan the Good for Nothing." On the 19th Rogers had for his benefit "Too Much for Good Nature," "Jack Sheppard" and the Crib scene from "Tom and Jerry."......De Bar's stock opened at Sedalia in "Hamlet," with Chaplin as Hamlet and Miss Penno er as Ophelia ... The Richings English Opera Troupe opened at De Bar's on Dec. 21st with "Martha," followed on the 22d by "Bohemian Girl," 23d, "Il Trovatore," and 24th, "Fra Diavolo." On the 25th, Christmas, Mrs. C. R. Bernard took a benefit, and gave "Crown Diamonds." On the 26th "Crispino and the Fairy."

THE ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE COMPANY, brought to this country by Harry Wall, made their American *debut* at the Olympic, Boston, on Dec. 21st, in the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia," and have made a marked impression.

"DOT" is presented this week at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston; also a burlesque entitled "An Hour with Forty Thieves."

MAX MARETZEK commences a season of Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 4 h.

HARRY ROBINSON has just closed a successful engagement at the Olympic Theatre, New Orleans. He goes from there to the New Varieties, Memphis.

Negro Minstrelsy.

"JACK AND GILL," the pantomime produced by Carncross and Dixey's minstrels, for the holidays, in Philadelphia, has so far attracted large audiences. It will run for some time.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS will be in Rochester, N. Y., on Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st.

CHARLEY MORRIS' MINSTRELS perform in Syracuse, N. Y., on Jan. 1st. The company were in Seneca Falls on Dec. 24th.

JOSEPH SOMERS, theatrical boot and shoe maker, who advertises in another column, is prepared to furnish the profession with work executed in the best style.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILIES BELL RINGERS perform in Delaware, Ohio, on Dec. 28th and 29th; Urbana, 30th and 31st, and Piqua, Jan. 1st and 2d. W. Wells Fowler is advance agent.

SIG. GIRARD, the harpist, formerly of the Carter Zouave Troupe, joined the Brehan Swiss Bell Ringers lately.

BREHAN'S BELL RINGERS were to be at Kansas City, Mo., on Christmas, and go thence to Leavenworth, Kansas.

M. HARTZ, magician, opens a three nights' stay in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 28th.

A BUSINESS MAN with a little money can invest in the show business by applying to Yankee Robinson, who advertises in another column.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL is still with the Peak and Berger Families. Annie Berger has made a hit in the Lingard business.

WYMAN, the Wizard, opened a nine nights' stay in Newark, N. J., on Dec. 24th.

THE BURNETT AND TAYLOR COMBINATION appeared in Indianapolis, Ind., on Dec 21st and 22d.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS now consist of the following members:—J. W. Smith, Alex. S. Willard, Ed. M. Kerr, Mrs. Ed. M. Kerr, L. L. Ross, and Frank Lamb. Mrs. Kerr, late pupil of Mad. Brinkerhoff, is creating quite a *furore* among the western people by her singing.

ROLLIN HOWARD, who has been ill twenty-six days at the Phillips' House, Dayton, Ohio, unable to perform, has withdrawn from Haverly's Minstrels and joined Cool Burgess' Minstrels at Williamsport, Dec. 23d, appearing in "The Gay Young Swell" and "That's my Sister."

A PARTY calling themselves Peel and Clifton's Minstrels and Combination put in an appearance at Town Hall, Arlington, Mass, on Dec. 19th, and made a failure. The party consisted of Billy Bacon, Jack Myers, and Little Edna. There were about fifteen dollars in the house. The performance commenced at quarter before eight, and the boys washed up and were on the road to Boston at half past eight. Myers, the "funny," left suddenly with his valise, but, being assured that all bills should be paid, he made his appearance as Capt. Jinks. "I think," says a correspondent, "that had it not been for the respect the audience had for Little Edna, the party would have got cleaned out."

THE EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING MINSTRELS were at Piqua, Ohio, Dec. 23 and 24.

STEWART'S GREAT WESTERN MINSTRELS will organize in Fort Wayne, Ind., and start early in February for a western tour. The party will consist of Billy Stewart, Harry Cabern, Georgy Nish, Johnny Smith, Eddy Stewart, the Jackson Sisters, Mr. Clark and Hattie Robinson.

FISH AND THORNTON'S MINSTRELS performed in Pittsburgh, Pa. on Dec. 21, and remained three days, when they visited Providence, R. I., on the 24th, and remained the 25th.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The Wash Norton party arrived in Georgetown, Cape of Good Hope, on Oct. 23, and gave a performance there that night to a crowded house. It was only fourteen days previous that this same company had first appeared in Georgetown, during which time they visited all the villages between Cape Town and Oudt-hoorn—a distance of 400 miles—and performed thirteen times! The company left on Oct. 24 for Mossel Bay, from whence they proceeded to Port Elizabeth, where they arrived on Oct 28, and opened at Theatre Royal on Nov. 2.

THE ADDRESS of the mother of Billy Barker, the minstrel, who was lost at the steamboat disaster on the Ohio river lately, enquired for the past week by a correspondent, is Mrs. J. Skipps, Inkster, Wayne county, Michigan. He has a brother named George A. West living at 270 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A. BAMFORD, the *prima donna*, was married to Mollie Lowe, a female minstrel, in Virginia City, early in December.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are billed for Rochester, N. Y., on Jan. 1st and 2d. M. L. Townsend and D. B. Hodges are advance agents.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were at Springfield, Mass., on Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th, and will perform in Hudson, N. Y., on Dec. 28th; Poughkeepsie, 29th and 30th, Albany, 31st; Troy, Jan. 1st, 2d and 3d; Newburgh, 4th; Middletown, 5th; Newark, N. J., 6th and 7th; Trenton, 8th and 9th, and thence to Baltimore for one week.

AT WILSON'S MUSIC HALL, St. Louis, 'The Voyage Musical, or a Trip to Europe and Back,' has been the principal attraction, with Bray, Kemble, Wagner and Wilson in the principal parts. The Lottery of Fred Wilson takes well.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, continue to give their patrons, all this week, a large number of presents. The Christmas piece of "Santa Claus" will be presented another week at both houses. Stevie Rogers appears in Williamsburgh this week.

WESTERN AND O'NEIL'S BIG SHOE MINSTRELS performed at Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Virginia, on Christmas, giving two performances. The company attracted two large audiences, and the entertainments were greatly enjoyed. Messrs. De Witt Lawrence, G. A. Clare, Thomas Birch, T. E. Webster, J. H. Thompson, J. T. Shaw, Master Eddie, Holco Bryant, W. Nelson, J. H. Stone, F. Newman, H. Western, and Hank Page form the troupe. "Sports in the Wilderness," "The Miser and his Troublesome Servants," "Just dropped in," and "Ole Bull in a Fix," were given.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS perform in Cleveland, Ohio, on December 28th and 29th.

Circuses.

EATON STONE the veteran equestrian, who has been living the life of a farmer the past year or so, contemplates trying the road "just for once more," and will probably once more astonish the country folks by his daring and graceful bare-back riding. For several months he has been in daily practice on his old horse, getting in good condition for the summer.

A BOY wishes to apprentice himself to a circus manager. See E. C. Hagerty's advertisement.

CHARLES WHITE, clown, can be engaged for the coming season. For address see advertisement.

MRS. WARNER'S CIRCUS, Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, Pa., is reported as doing a good business. Artists of ability are requested to forward their proposals. See advertisement in another column.

JAMES E. COOKE, Mad. DeBerg and Hannan and Holloway, gymnasts and leapers, can be engaged. See advertisement in another column.

THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, closed on Dec. 26th after a season of one week. The company started for Philadelphia on Dec. 27th. James Robinson goes south with the Howes and Castello Circus.

BILLY KINCADE died in Baltimore, Md., on Sunday, Dec. 27th.

Music Halls.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—George Maffitt, one of the stage hands at the Theatre Comique, Boston, was instantly killed on the evening of Dec. 23d, by falling to the stage from the "flies." It was his duty to manage the curtain and other matters in the fly-loft. It was about half-past eight o'clock, while the ballet was on, that the dancers and others were startled by an unusual noise on the stage near the wings. There was a sound of some one striking after a fall, and a cry of pain. It required but a moment to learn that Mr. Maffitt had fallen from the fly-loft to the stage floor. It appears that he had fallen head foremost, and struck his head upon the stairs ascending to the loft, a distance of 20 feet. In his descent he grazed against Mr. Shappe, one of the gymnasts, who was standing near, and then glanced off so that his head struck one of the steps of the stairway, cracking that and another; thence he fell to the floor. There was a bad cut upon the head just above and behind one of the ears, which bled copiously. When picked up Mr. Maffitt was insensible, and physicians were at once sent for, but the man lived only a few moments. It is supposed Mr. Maffitt was sitting in a chair and tipped over while dozing. He was 23 years of age, and was brother of James S. Maffitt, the pantomimist, who had left for New York in the afternoon, and to whose house in Roxbury the body was taken.

KATE CRAFT is the name of a *danseuse* who was connected with the Dayton, Ohio, Theatre, several years ago. About the time Kate was dancing there, says the Dayton, O., *Daily Ledger*, of Dec. 20th, her mother—then a widow—was married to a party keeping a livery at ble there. In a short time Kate's mother was enabled to purchase a house and lot in Dayton which, at her death, which occurred a few months ago, she bequeathed to Kate. On Dec. 16th the step-father called on Kate at her residence in Cincinnati, and invited her to take a ride with him in a buggy, out to see his farm, located on the Warsaw road, some distance out of the city. She accepted the invitation and got into the buggy, when he drove off at a rapid rate down the river road. They arrived at the farm, and after taking a superficial view of it, the horses' heads were turned toward home. After they had driven a mile or two, it now being dark, he suddenly stopped his horses and demanded that Kate should, the next morning, meet him at a certain lawyer's office on Third street, and convey to him the house and lot left her by her mother, and situated in Dayton. This house and lot, he claimed, was purchased with his money, and by right belonged to him; at the same time he drew from his pocket a pistol, and pointing it at her head, threatened to kill her unless she would promise to make the conveyance above spoken of. Seeing no other alternative, she complied with his request, and promised to meet him at the place mentioned on the morrow. In order to make her compliance with his request more sure, he now took from her finger a diamond ring valued at $85, and then drove her to her residence in the city, but before letting her out of the buggy, warned her not to fail to comply with her agreement on the morrow. Instead of seeking the lawyer's office on Third street, according to the agreement, Kate, the next day, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, went to seek advice at the office of a counselor, who, at the time, happened to be absent from his office. While seated at the office waiting for the attorney, the door suddenly opened and the step-father entered. After making one or two harsh remarks about her non-appearance on Third street, he caught her by the throat and choked her so that she fell to the floor, crying "murder!" Her cries soon brought assistance, when he ran out of the office, leaped into his buggy and drove away. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Atlanta, Ga., has been renovated and remodeled, and is now open under the management of Charley White, with Jim Porter as stage manager and the following company:—Senorita Maria, Sallie Eldridge, M'lle Josephine, Lottie Mitchell, Carrie Weston, Johnny Weaver, Gus Frank, John and Frank Brackhoven. Artists of ability can obtain engagements at this house by addressing as per advertisement in another column.

JOHN KINNEY opened the old Theatre, Delaware, Ohio, with a small variety company on Dec. 19th.

THE CANTERBURY HALL, Washington, D. C., was opened on Dec. 24th, by Wm. Fitzsimmons, the dramatist and author, with Geo. A. Healy as treasurer, and Mons. Adrien's French Ballet Troupe as the principal attraction. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"I attended on Christmas night. The hall, which is situated on Louisiana avenue, is in the rear of two leading hotels, and is the same establishment that was conducted with so much success by Geo. Lea during the war. The initial performance was largely attended, and on Christmas afternoon and evening the hall was densely packed. The entertainment commenced with an olio part, in which Miss Bouquet, Richard Clark, Nellie Howard, Geo. DeBurton, Miss Fevre and Mons. Vanaclement participated. The *Can-Can* was given in a manner purely Frenchy, Miss. Idelie, Mlle. Marie Adrien and Mlle. Eugenia Ghertl appearing in the cast. On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 26th, a performance was given to another full house, and in the evening a densely crowded audience assembled to witness the performance and enjoy the *Can-Can*, the manner in which it had been given having spread over town like wild fire. The performance went on swimmingly until toward the close, when an interruption occurred little dreamed of by the audience. Just as an interesting scene of the *Can-Can* was in progress a Lieutenant of the Detective *corps* of Police stepped upon the stage, and proceeding to the front announced to the audience that he held in his possession a warrant for the arrest of the company; that he was acting under orders of the Chief of Police, and that the building would be forthwith closed. This announcement was received with shouts of derision, one individual even going so far as to propose three groans for the Chief of Police. Mr. Fitzsimmons then came on, and endeavored to expostulate with the detective; he denied that the entertainment was, as the warrant alleged, viz., indecent, obscene, lascivious and lewd. The audience seemed to think as Fitz did, and as they had paid their money to see the *Can-Can*, they were clamorous for the dance to proceed. The officers, however, were determined to stop proceedings; consequently the house was speedily emptied, and the performers marched before a magistrate, who dismissed all except Mr. Fitzsimmons, the lessee, informing them that they would not be allowed to perform in the Canterbury building again......A very enjoyable entertainment is still given at Lola's Music Hall, Billy Rice appearing in the minstrel scene on the bone end, and Jimmy Quinn as tamborinist. Bob Hall is interrogator. He sings an amusing song entitled the 'Frog's Serenade.' Miss Annie H. Hall sings songs of the Old Camp Ground in a pleasing manner, and in the second part Billy Rice and Charlie Clarke appear in a Lingard burlesque and provoke much merriment. The sensation star, Lizzie La Grange; Marie Reynolds, *danseuse*, and Estelle Wayne, vocalist, are named for an early appearance. Two performances were given at the Metropolitan Hall on Christmas day, the audience in the evening being very large, and the programme offered a very choice one. The comic vocalist, Fred. Buckingham, and his sons, Edgar and Ernest, are meeting with much success. The boys are clever little fellows. Master Edgar plays very neatly on the violin, and Ernest sings a comic song quite acceptably. G. L. Hall sings the 'Silvery Midnight Moon,' Johnny Harris the 'Sports at Crystal Springs,' and Charlie Howard 'Charming Nell.' Mr. Buckingham's songs, 'The Opinions of Old Sarah Walker' and 'Sweet Isabella,' are highly relished, and Annie Hindle's impersonations are much enjoyed, although she has added but two new selections since her opening night. Jennie Demars has not as yet sung anything fresh, unless 'Beautiful Dreamer' can be made an exception. Marie Zoel appears in a new song and dance entitled 'Hetty Clover,' written for her by Bob Hall. A good old fashioned Ethiopian sketch called 'Happy Uncle John' is given by Charlie Howard and Geo. L. Hall. Mr. Howard excels in old men's characters, his impersonations being natural and life like. Viola Clifton and Nellie Edwards continue to enjoy a membership in the company. The *Can-Can* is announced for an early production."

THE EXCHANGE, Indianapolis, Ind., was opened by Messrs. Lee and Company on Dec. 21st. E. D. Gooding continues as stage manager and interlocutor, Geo. C. Thompson and Frank Wilson the ends. Lillie Wheeler, J. A. Hodges and Professor Eugene Doebler, are the latest attractions.

FIRE.—The Olympic Varieties, New Orleans, was destroyed by fire on Dec. 23d. The cause of the fire is unknown, but supposed to have originated from a fire cracker thrown upon the stage by a disorderly member of the audience. It was first discovered by a gentleman stopping at Irving's Lodging House, and by him communicated to the patrolman upon the beat. Some time elapsed before the engines were at work, and the theatre completely destroyed; also great damage done the adjoining buildings, including the restaurant of Mr. N. Miller and Tattersall's Exchange. Our correspondent, "Nat Ormsby," says:—"I am informed that the loss sustained by all parties will reach the snug sum of sixty thousand dollars, mostly covered by insurance. Most of the members of the Olympic company lost their wardrobe. Fred T. Shaw, the stage manager, is deserving of great credit for his endeavors to save the property of the theatre from the devouring elements. Fred has been very unlucky of late years. If I mistake not, it is the third time he has suffered by fire since 1866. The first at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis; second, Varieties, Cincinnati, O., and third, the Olympic Theatre, of this city. Quite a number of deserving people in the music hall line have been thrown out of employment."

THE BUCKINGHAM'S MUSICAL ARTISTS, who advertise in another column, are open to accept a few engagements. They are now performing at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C.

FIRST CLASS dancing and singing ladies are wanted at Sam's Comique, Wilmington, Del. See John Rivers' card elsewhere.

THE VARIETY THEATRES IN CINCINNATI did well the past week. The admission price is small—ten cents—and they rely on large houses and the patronage of their bars for support. In consequence, three of them are now better supported than one used to be. At the Oxford Music Hall they have several good minstrels, including Dick Parker, J. W. Jacobs, Lew Cavana, and this week John Rushton, the cloggist, appears. The "Virginia Cupid" ran through the past week, with Barker as Cuff, Jacobs as Sam Johnson, and Ross Lee as Rose ..... At the Sixth Street Varieties, C. W. Sullivan, J. H. Clark, Harry Alberts, Master Willie, Lizzie Jackson, the Mayling Sisters and Annie Clark constitute the company......The Race Street Varieties still flourishes, with the same company already reported.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, the principal features have been "Grecian Bend," by Sallie Mason; Jeanie Eagan in a skipping rope dance; song and Highland fling by A. R. Campbell (a new feature); "Love in all Corners;" "Pas De Sear," and the Can-Can. The afterpiece was "Lorle," a new drama, with Frank Frayser in the *role*.

UNCLE BEN TRIMBLE has resumed the management of the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., which he announced to reopen on Dec. 28th, with an entire new company.

THE OLD PITTSBURGH THEATRE was announced to reopen on Dec. 28th, with a variety company, under the management of H. W. Williams, with George Edeson as stage manager.

AT THE BELLA UNION, San Francisco, August Lehman and Young America are among the latest additions.

SAILED.—The Dashwood Sisters—Lizzie and Emily—and Henry Norblom sailed from California for this city the first week in December.

AT THE ALHAMBRA, San Francisco, business is reported to be excellent. On December 2d Johnny Mack's new burlesque, entitled "After Dark Brought to Light," was produced to a crowded audience. The characters are most of them caricatures of the Opera House cast. Johnny DeAngelis' take off of Harry Jackson as Dicey Morris, is said to be particularly clever. The Burlesque has the element of popularity in it and is good for a run. On December 4th the benefit of the Grant Invincibles took place to a crowded auditorium. "After Dark" was repeated, and two Glee Clubs competed for the prize of a silver goblet. The pot drama of "A Trip Around the World" was to be produced on December 10th.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Alabama, did a good business during the week ending December 19th. On December 14th, Billy Kiroy, "the Cure," put in an appearance and was favorably received. Besides his "cure" he does several negro acts and dances on stilts. Johnny Keegan remains a favorite with his clogs and negro eccentricities. Messrs. Caulfield and Ross are also popular. Sarr sings several ballads and executes fancy dances. Manager Bowzer promised new attractions and fresh novelties for the Holidays.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, is said to be doing a fair business with the following company:—Welsh Edwards, Lizzie Mowbray, Ettie Barker, Ida Newton, Kate Davenport, and St. Martin. A correspondent says:—Griffin manages well. Murphy is huge, in his new "Essence of Kentucky." Smith is *encored* several times in his banjo solo. Julia Levitt, and Hattie Mason left for Louisville, Kentucky, on December 20th. This establishment has one of the best orchestras I ever listened to.

Miscellaneous.

Distin's English Brass Band Instruments can be had of Boosey & Co., who advertise in another column.

A GLASS STEAM ENGINE is offered for sale by Geo. K. Goodwin, in an advertisement elsewhere.

GUS GEBERT, leader of orchestra and pianist, can be engaged. See his advertisement.

A PANORAMA OF THE WAR is advertised for sale. See B. F. Libby's card.

CHARLES WEIGHTMAN, late of Dan Rice's Circus, who does aquatic feats, advertises that he can be engaged.

A CHIME OF CONCERT BELLS is advertised for by N. H. Leavitt. See his card elsewhere.

MARTINI CHIRISKI, juggler, can be engaged after the 18th inst. See his advertisement in another column.

THE WILLIAM PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS, perform in Reading, Pa., on Jan. 1st and 2d.

WISBEY'S PANORAMA OF CALIFORNIA was exhibited in St. Paul, Min., on Dec. 14th, where it continued three days.

P. T. BARNUM and P. V. Nasby lectured in Philadelphia the past week, but neither of them attracted a large house.

A PANORAMA is advertised for sale by J. Delaunay, whose card see elsewhere.

THE ELKS.—The members of the Grand Lodge are requested by an advertisement in another column to assemble on the 10th of January.

OLIVE HALL, Sing Sing, N. Y., is advertised for rent, by the night or week, for traveling exhibitions.

BLIND TOM appears in New Haven, Conn., Dec. 29th; Williamsburgh, L. I., 30th; Newburgh, N. Y., 31st, and Jersey City, Jan. 1st and 2d. He then goes west.

WM. HORACE LINGARD put in one night at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 26th.

JAMES TAYLOR, the London comique, and Alf. Burnett, combination, were at Opera Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 21st and 22d, and Louisville, Ky., 23d, 24th and 25th.

COL. AMES' MUSEUM in New Orleans is reported to be doing a good business.

ENGAGED.—C. Amory Bruce, having concluded to emerge from private life once more and take to the road, has started out as manager *fac totum* for Norwood, the great Native American gift show "fakist."

PAREPA ROSA was at Rochester, N. Y., on Dec. 26 h. Her route ahead is as follows:—Dec. 26 h, Rochester; 29th, Rutland, Vt.; 30th, Troy; 31st, Springfield, Mass.; Jan. 2d, New Haven, Conn.; 4 h and 6th, Boston, Mass.; 5th, Portland, Me.; 8th and 9th, New York; 12th, Brooklyn; 13th and 14th, Philadelphia, Pa.; 15th, Harrisburg; 16th, Trenton, N. J; 18 h and 20th, Baltimore, Md.; 19th and 21st, Washington, D. C. On the 26th she will open the new hall in Chicago, and will play the 27th and 28th in Milwaukee.

MRS. YELVERTON advertises her first dramatic reading in Cincinnati, at Hopkins' Hall. Her admission figure is one dollar.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG concertizes in Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 30th.

PROF. DE HOUNES' TROUPE opened in Carson City, Cal., on Dec. 1st. The entertainment consisted of song, dance, rope walking, sword and stone swallowing and farce. The performance was pronounced decidedly "original," and portions of the audience "hilarious," to an extensive degree.

FRANK O'RILEY'S HIBERNICON, a panorama of Irish scenery, was on exhibition at the Gold Hill Theatre, Cal., on Dec. 1st and 2d. The *News* says the Hibernicon is no one-legged, rope walking monkey show, no burnt cork bilk, nor Burnett-McCullough burlesque of "Richard III," but a really beautiful and interesting work of art.

LYCEUM HALL, Lynn, Mass., the only public hall in that shoe town and used by showmen, was entirely destroyed by fire on Dec. 26th. The hall was valued at $15,000; insured for $6,000. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been a defect in the furnace of the hall, which had been used the evening before for a dramatic entertainment given by J. M. Ward, the Irish comedian, and Yankee Glunn, supported by the Boston Theatre Company. The bill of the evening comprised "Our Country Cousin," "Crime and Its Consequence" and "The Irish Emigrant."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—As the time approaches for the annual season of pantomime, fewer novelties have lately been presented by the metropolitan managers. The latest new piece is that of "Tame Cats," by Mr. Yates, which was announced for production at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Dec. 12th, on which occasion Mr. Charles Collette, late an officer in the Third Dragoon Guards, was to make his first appearance ..... Miss Bateman appeared on Dec. 5th at the Haymarket, in Mosenthal's new play of "Fietra," in which she is said to have achieved a success, and it is announced for repetition until Dec. 24th, the close of her engagement. The *Times* says:—"A though written by the same author, 'Pietra' is totally dissimilar in character to 'Leah,' being a *bona fide* tragedy, in the sense understood by our fathers, with dialogue written in blank verse, and spoken by personages in ideal costumes, altogether denoting a disposition to soar above that prosaic reality which has lately ruled the stage."...... At Drury Lane, the Adelphi, Princess', Queen's, Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Holborn, Globe, Standard, Victoria and Alexandra Theatres, and at the Royal Amphitheatre, there has been no change......At Sadler's Wells, on Dec. 7th, for the benefit of Miss Haslewood, the manageress, a miscellaneous performance, including scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," the "Merchant of Venice," "School for Scandal," and a new operetta entitled "Kevin's Choice" was produced......"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," "The Wife's Secret" and "Land Rats and Water Rats" have been the attractions at the Surrey ..... The old drama of "Nearly Lost" has been produced at the New East London......At the Pavilion, "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and "Othello" have been performed......Arthur Lloyd, the comic singer, having concluded his five months' tour through the provinces, has returned to London, and is announced to appear at the Canterbury, Pavilion and Metropolitan Music Halls on Boxing Night .....'"London After Dark" continues on the boards of the Princess' .....The St. James was to open on Dec. 26th under the management of Mdlle. De La Ferte, with the following company:—Mdlle. De La Ferte, Lucy Rushton (first appearance since her successful tour through America and Canada?); Maria Simpson, Mrs. Poynter, Florence Eveleigh, Misses Meirabel, Hill, Herbert, Sinclair, Howard, Duval, Graham, Fortescue, and Georgie Jordan, Charles F. Coghlan, Arthur Williams, Messrs. Flockton, Chamberlain, Valentine Hayes, Speedy, Allen and Bosh, and the Kiralfy Family, five in number.......The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" reached its two hundred and seventeenth performance on Dec. 19 h at the Strand .....Mr. Billington, who has been left a handsome property, has abandoned his intended visit to America, and is about to become the manager of H. J. Byron's new company at Liverpool......Considerable addition has been made to the stage and surroundings of Her Majesty's Theatre. The dimensions of the new house run thus:—Height from pit floor to the ceiling in the centre, 63 feet; height from the stage to the roof over it, 70 feet; height of basement under the stage, 24 feet; length from back of stage to curtain, 52 feet 3 inches; length from curtain to the front of the boxes in centre, 70 feet; diameter of curve of boxes on pit tier, 56 feet. The proscenium, when finished, will be 40 feet in width by 36 ft. in height...... The St. James has been bought by Mrs. John Wood, the American actress, and will be pulled down, together with some of the houses in the adjoining court, with a view to entire reconstruction and improvement .....Fred Evans, pantomimist and dancer at the Alhambra, has met with an accident, which will necessitate his retirement from the stage for a short period......Miss Fanny Gwynne is engaged at the Haymarket to play Lord Beaufort in Burnand's burlesque of "The Frightful Hair."......The opening of the New Gaiety was fixed for Dec. 21st. The house will be capable of accommodating 2,000 persons. There are five rows of arm chairs in the balcony, four rows of upper box seats, admitting of considerable standing room, twenty-eight private boxes and a spacious gallery. The building is as nearly fire proof as possible, for not only are all staircases, passages and corridors made of stone and cement, and separated in every case by brick walls, but the several tiers have no wood in their construction except the flooring boards, and they are laid upon the iron framework, embedded in a mass of concrete. The act drop, unlike those at the generality of theatres, is intended not as a separate scene or picture, but as a part of the decorations of the house. There is a small vignette in the centre of it representing a villa on the shores of an Italian lake. Among the company engaged by Mr. John Hollingshead, the manager, are M. Alfred Wigan, M. Stuart (from the Odeon, Gaiete, and Porte St. Martin theatres, Paris), Mr. C. Lyall (from her Majesty's Opera) Miss Tremaine, Mr. Maclean, Madge Robertson, R. Fowler, Nellie Farren, Maude Elliott, Constance Loseby, Lilian Hastings, Miss Litton, R. Souter (stage manager) R. Barker, Eldred, Joseph Robins, H. Cooper, R. Teesdale, J. Reeves, Miss A. Lister, Miss L. Henrie, Bolton and Griffiths. The opening pieces will be "The Two Harlequins," an operetta in one act, by Mr. Jonas, the libretto by Mr. G. a' Beckett. A comedy drama, in three acts, adapted from the French, and entitled, "On the Cards," and an extravaganza entitled, "Robert the Devil," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

J. P. CROCKER, of the Moore-Christy Minstrels, was up for a benefit on Dec. 22d, at St. James' Hall.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—At the Palais Royal a drama in four acts entitled "Le Roi d'Amatibon," which has just been produced, is a positive failure. Its attempts at gaiety are dismal, and its drollery lugubrious to a degree. The curtain fell amid a shower of hisses......At the Porte St. Martin M. Raphael Felix revived, on Dec. 6 h, the exciting drama of "La Dame de Monsoreau," taken from the romance of that name, the production of MM. Alexandre Dumas and Maquet .... The Theatre San Benedetto, at Venice, is to be henceforth entitled the Theatre Rossini, in memory of the illustrious composer who wrote for this theatre his two operas, "L'Italiana in Algieri" and "Edoardo and Cristina." A great festival is about to take place in commemoration of the change of title.......In "*Le Corricolo*," the latest novelty at the Opera Comique, M. Poise, a disciple of Adolphe Adam has made a decided success. The incidents have been put together by MM. Labiche and Delacour, and are somewhat slight for a three-act piece. Mad. Cabel and M. Ste. Foy have the most important parts. "*L'Ombre*," the new opera by M. Flotow, and M. Offenbach's "*Vert-vert*" are being simultaneously rehearsed......."*Miss Mullon*," the three act drama by MM. Eugene Nus and Adolphe Belot, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, has been taken, without acknowledgment, from Mrs. Wood's novel, "East Lynne." At the same house two one-act pieces, "Le Petit Voyage" and "Autour du Lac," have been successfully produced.

MISS JOSEPHINE FIDDES has been playing "Leah" in Carlisle and other towns of the north of England.

MR. AND MRS HOWARD PAUL had a narrow escape of losing the valuable jewels they use in their entertainment. On Dec. 9th, they sang at Worcester, Eng., and after the performance the music hall was broken into and a search made by the thieves, who must have attended the performances and seen the diamonds which Mrs. Paul wore in one of her representations. Fortunately the jewels, from the accident of the lock of a trunk being broken, were conveyed to the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Paul stayed.

THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Liverpool, reopened for the season on Dec. 7th, with the comedy of "As You Like It," under the management of Edward Saker. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Gaston Murray, and Miss Beatrice Shirley, were expressly engaged for six nights to play Jaques, Orlando and Rosalind. The lessee appeared as Touchstone. R. H. Wyndham, of Edinburgh, appeared in the farce of "His Last Legs," and Miss Julia St. George, Miss Rachel Sanger, and Mr. Wahey, sang the National Anthem. Mr. Byron was to appear the following week in a new comedy.

G. P. GRAINGER, the "Old Man" of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, has received and undertaken the post of Stage Manager at the Alexandra Theatre, in the same town.

W. H. BISHOP, better known as "Hoffman," the blind English tenor singer of the Surrey and Brittania Theatres, and many of the principal metropolitan music halls, has for two months been perfectly prostrated by a sudden and severe attack of acute rheumatism, and thus rendered utterly unable to attend to any professional duties or fulfil his engagements in the North this season. He is at present in Brighton, in a very straitened pecuniary position.

MRS R. FORBES, known in the profession as Belle Brandon, died in England Dec. 10 h.

"NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS."—the new play of H. J. Byron—was produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., on Dec. 4 h, and is pronounced a success.

VERDI is said to be at work on a "Romeo and Juliet." It is announced to be given at St. Petersburgh in the season of 1869-70, with Mme. Patti.

M'LLE HURILIE RONY, a young and brilliant pianist, about fifteen years since, suddenly disappeared from Paris. It was at first said she was married; next, her death was duly announced. She has just recovered her liberty, after fourteen years' detention in a house for the insane, where she was kept under the name of Josephine Chevalier. The *Journal des Debats* announces that this mysterious affair will speedily come before the criminal law courts.

"ABRAMO LINCOLN E GIOVANNI BOOTH" is the title of a new play acting at a Naples theatre. The sensational scene is the leap of a slave girl from a three-story window.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.

BOSTON vs. SPRINGFIELD.

Some time ago a party of amateur chess players at Springfield, Mass., formed an association known as the Springfield Chess Circle. There were some fine players among them, and during the early part of the spring of the present year, a match was made between them and the chessists, amateur and professional, of Worcester. The game was played over the Franklin telegraph lines, and Worcester was beaten. Not wishing to give it up so, Worcester practiced a bit and challenged Springfield to another trial, only to be again defeated. Elated with their success, the circle of the musket city invited the chess perambulators of Boston to a trial, the party winning two games out of three to be declared the victors. The brethren at the "Hub" were agreeable and two games have recently been played by telegraph. The third and decisive game will be taken up immediately after the holidays, and the result is anxiously looked for by the friends of both sides. The match has excited not a little attention. The following is the record of the two games just completed:—

FIRST GAME.

Boston.	Springfield.	Boston.	Springfield.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	26..K × Q	R-Q 8 +
2..Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	27..K-Kt 2	R × Q
3..B-B 4	B-B 4	28..K × R	R-R 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × P	29..K-Kt 2	R-Q B 3
5..P-B 3	B-B 4	30..P-R 3	Kt-R 3
6..Castles	P-Q 3	31..P-B 5	B-R 4
7..P-Q 4	P × P	32..P-K 6	P-K B 3
8..P × P	B-Kt 3	33..K-B sq	B-Kt 5
9..Kt-B 3	B-K Kt 5	34..B-B sq	K-K 2
10..B-Q Kt 5	B × Kt	35..B × Kt	P × B
11..P × B	K-B sq	36..K-K 2	P-B 6
12..B × Kt	P × B	37..K-Q sq	P-B 7 +
13..Kt-K 2	Q B 3	38..K-B sq	R-B 5
14..P-B 4	P-B 4	39..R-K 3	B-R 4
15..P-K 5	P × K P	40..P-K B 3	B-Kt 3
16..Q P × K P	Q-K 3	41..R-K 2	R × P
17..Kt-Kt 3	P-K R 4	42..R × P	R-R 6
18..Q-B 3	R-K sq	43..K-Q sq	R × P
19..B-Kt 2	Q-R 6	44..K-K 3	R × P
20..Q-K 4	Kt-R 3	45..B-Q B 4	R-K B 5
21..P-R 4	Kt-Kt 5	46..Kt-Q B 5 +	K-B 4
22..Q-R sq	P-B 5	47..Kt-K 4	P-Q R 4
23..R-R 3	R-Q sq	48..R-R 6	K-K 4
24..R-K B 3	P-R 5	49..R-Q B 3	P-K B 4
25..Kt-K 4	Q × K R +	50..Kt-Q 2	K-Q 4

Boston resigns.

SECOND GAME.

Springfield	Boston.	Springfield.	Boston.
1..P-K 4	P-K 4	25..Kt-B 6 +	R × Kt
2..Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	26..B × R	Kt-Kt 3
3..B-B 4	B-B 4	27..B-Q 4	R-K B sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × P	28..Kt-B 3	B-Q sq
5..P-B 3d	B-B 4	29..B × R	Q × P
6..Castles	P-Q 3	30..R × Kt	Q × R
7..P-Q 4	P × P	31..R-K Kt sq	B-Kt 4
8..P × P	B-Kt 3	32..Kt × B	P × Kt
9..P-Q 5	Kt-Q R 4	33..R × P	Q-K 5 +
10..B-Kt 3	Kt-K 2	34..K-Kt sq	R-B 2
11..B-Q 3	Castles	35..B-B 3	Kt-Kt 3
12..Kt-Q B 3	P-K R 3	36..P-B 5	Kt-B 4
13..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q B 4	37..P-B 6	Q-Kt 8 +
14..K-R sq	B-Q 2	38..Q-K sq	Q × Q
15..Kt-K 3	P-K B 4	39..B × Q	R × P
16..Kt-Kt 3	P-Q B 5	40..B-B 3	R-B 2
17..B-Q B 4	P × P	41..R-Kt 4	P-Q Kt 4
18..Kt × K P	B-K B 4	42..R-Kt 6	Kt-K 5
19..P-B 4	Q-Q 2	43..B-Kt 4	R-K B 2
20..B-B 3	B-B 2	44..R-Kt 4	Kt-K B 7
21..P-K Kt 4	B × P	45..R-Kt 3	Kt-Q 6
22..Q-Q 2	P-Q Kt 3	46..R-B 3	R-K B 2
23..R-K Kt sq	R-B 2	47..R-Kt 6	R-Q 2
24..P-K R 3	B-K B 4	48..P-Q R 3	Kt-K B 5

Springfield resigns.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TOPLEY'S BENEFIT.—A testimonial entertainment for the benefit of George Topley, previous to his return to England, was given at the Alhambra, 616 Broadway, on Monday evening, 28th ult, but owing to the fact that but few knew anything about it, there was but a meagre attendance, whereas George deserved a large turnout of the boys. The programme embraced walking, boxing, club swinging, etc., what little there was of each being pretty good. Bill Lang, the famous English runner, was present, and exhibited his cups and belt, which were valuable trophies, and were inspected with much interest by the spectators. After the show was over, Topley, Lang, Sheffield, Golding, Dooney Harris, and a number of others adjourned to Jimmy Smith's cricketing headquarters, at 622 Broadway, where Lang's trophies were placed on exhibition, and an hour or two pleasantly passed in toasting Topley's health, and wishing him a safe return to the old dart. Topley took his departure for the land of his nativity on board the steamer City of London, which left this port on Sunday, December 27th. During his sojourn with us, Topley has conducted himself in a social, gentlemanly way, and we regret that his efforts to secure a meeting with some of our self-styled champions have proven futile; had he been willing to agree to the proposals of those who desired to make capital of him by humbugging the public, he would have done much better, pecuniarily, and to his honest intentions must be attributed his want of success. He carries with him the best wishes of all true lovers of sport.

YOUNG DEFEATS RICHARDSON.—The race between William H. Young, of Philadelphia, and R. W. Richardson, of Windsor, C. W., seventy yards, for $500 a side, took place at Cleveland, O., on the 21st ult., having been postponed from the 19th. The odds were greatly in favor of the Canadian, who obtained about eighteen inches the best of the send-off, but before going sixty yards the Philadelphian collared him and finally won by ten inches. Our informant neglected to give the time. He states that Young's friends are willing to back him against Poke Berry, to run 150 yards for $1,000 a side, or will pit him against Kendricks in an 80 or 100 yards spin for a like amount. Richardson and Johnston, of Akron, O., are to run 100 yards for $200 a side on the 30th ult. Cleveland is full of peds just now, and it is stated that anybody desiring a race from three-quarters of a mile up to ten miles, can be accommodated by showing up there.

THE CLARK-McKAY CONTROVERSY.—We have been waited upon by Bill Clark, who states, in reference to the proposed one hundred yards race between him and George McKay, that he called at the latter's place one day last week, expecting to bind the match, but McKay utterly refused to "put up" on his loud-sounding declarations, and so Bill was obliged to leave without doing anything. He wishes to state now, once for all, that if George is ready to stand by his word, he (Clark) will meet him, whenever and wherever he wishes to make arrangements, and if he is not Bill wants him to cease boasting.

YOUNG McCANN, the Albany pedestrian, having walked into the affections of a fair damsel, named Annie Ragan, was launched into matrimony at the legislative village on the 23d ult. We wish 'em much joy.

JOHN HADDOCK was announced to give an exhibition of his pedal powers at Troy during the current week.

CHRONOLOGY

OF

Events Transpiring in the World of Amusements During the Year 1868.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

4. The Four Hundred and sixty-fifth and last performance of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden.
9. *Debut* of Belle Boyd at the French Theatre, this city.
9. Pike's Opera House, New York, opened with the La Grange and Brignoli Italian Opera Troupe.
10. Charles Dickens terminated his first series of lectures at Steinway Hall, New York.
11. The One Hundredth performance of "Under the Gaslight" at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, N. Y.
17. First performance of the "White Fawn" at Niblo's Garden.
24. *Debut* of the Hah-Yah-ta-Kee Troupe of Japs at the Academy, New York.
28. The James Lewis and Whitman law suit, in Boston, for breach of contract.
29. Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y. destroyed by fire.

FEBRUARY.

1. One Hundredth and last performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Olympic Theatre, New York.
2. Hattie Johnson Thorne married in New York to Mr. Middleton.
3. The burlesque of the "Grand Dutch S" produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels.
8. Death of Hah-Yah-ta-Kee, of the Japs.
10. *Debut* of James Murdoch as a reader, at Steinway Hall, New York.
16. The American Theatre, San Francisco, destroyed by fire.
19. *Debut* of Olive Logan as a lecturess, at Dodworth Hall, New York, in "Stage Struck."
22. Harry Raynor, Ethiopian comedian, married in San Francisco.

MARCH.

2. *Debut* in Steinway Hall of Fanny Kemble as a lecturess.
9. The Eight Hundredth performance in this city of the San Francisco Minstrels.
10. First performance of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre, New York.

APRIL.

4. *Debut* in London, Eng., of Mlle. Van Zandt, at Covent Garden, in Italian opera.
4. The Harry Gurr difficulty in Cincinnati.
6. *Debut* in America at Theatre Comique, New York, of W. J. Lingard, the London comic.
8. Butler's American Theatre, 472 Broadway, N. Y., destroyed by fire.
8. The corner stone of Booth's new theatre, N. Y., laid with ceremonies by J. H. Hackett.
9. Funeral of Thomas Hanlon in New York.
13. The Worrell Sisters reopened their theatre in this city with "Paris and Helen."
15. Fernando Fleury and Frank Wood sailed for England.
20. Reappearance of Charles Fisher at Wallack's Theatre, after a long spell of sickness.
20. *Debut* of Joe Murphy at Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Hall, N. Y.
22. Kate Reignolds arrived in London.
23. Eugene and Unsworth returned from England.
24. Charles White and Sandy Spencer released Theatre Comique, New York, for two years.
24. Edwin Kelly's trial for the murder of Mr. Sharpley, in this city, commenced. He was discharged on the 30th, the jury finding him not guilty.
30. Edward L. Davenport took a farewell benefit at Academy of Music, New York, prior to his departure for California.

MAY.

7. Farewell appearance of Dan Bryant in Irish comedy, at the Academy of Music, N. Y., in "Handy Andy" and "Irish Emigrant," for the benefit of the American Dramatic Fund.
9. Lucille Western sailed for California.
10. Funeral of Reuben Lowell, in New York.
11. Richings Opera Troupe opened at French Theatre, New York.
13. The play of "Lost," by Fred Maeder, produced at Pike's Opera House, N. Y.
13. "White Cockade" produced at Wallack's Theatre, N. Y.
14. The Richings and Waldron law suit, in New York.
14. "Griffith Gaunt" in the New York courts.
18. The Bryant Brothers opened their new Minstrel Hall in Tammany Hall.

JUNE

2. The Lotta trouble with her father.
8. Reappearance of Edwin Kelly at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall.
8. "Lu Bell L N" produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels.
9. *Debut* of Watty Wallack, the mimic, at Irving Hall, N. Y.
15. Daly's "Flash of Lightning" produced at Broadway Theatre.
17. Morton Price and Catharine Lucette returned to America.
17. The "Grand Duchess" produced by the Worrell Sisters.
22. E. A. Locke divorced from his wife, Isabella Howitt, in Rochester, N. Y.
25. Tostee took a benefit at the Academy of Music, New York.
27. Ristori sailed for England.
30. Charlotte Cushman returned from England.

JULY.

3. Thomas Placide married to Mrs. Davis.
11. The one hundred and seventy-fourth and last performance of the "White Fawn" at Niblo's Garden.
15. Papa Bateman opened at Niblo's Garden with Opera Bouffe.
18. The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, at Long Branch.
29. Adelina Patti married in London to the Marquis de Caux.
30. Annie Dillingham married at Coolsea, Mass., to a gentleman from Demerara.

AUGUST.

3. "Foul Play" produced at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre.
10. Lotta commenced at Wallack's with her new piece of "Fire Fly."
11. Tostee returned from Europe.
15. Mary Provost sailed for England.
15. James Herne sailed for California.
15. The "Foul Play" trouble at the Broadway Theatre.
24. G. M. Kelly vaulted over seventeen horses in Corinth, Miss.
24. Lydia Thompson and troupe arrived from England.
26. Alvin Lloyd horsewhipped by Dan Bryant, on Broadway, N. Y.
28. Handy's Opera House, Cincinnati, sold at auction for $85,000.
29. *Debut* in London of Boothroyd Fairclough, as Hamlet, at the Lyceum Theatre.
31. Wood's Museum, New York, opened with Maggie Mitchell.
31. William Wheatley took a farewell of the stage at Niblo's Garden, New York.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Two hundredth performance of "Humpty Dumpty," at Olympic Theatre.
11. *Debut* of Celia Logan in London, at Lyceum Theatre, as Lady Ann, in "Richard the Third."
16. Charles Vivian married in Philadelphia, to Annie Hindle.
21. The comedy of "1868" produced at Academy of Music, New York.
21. Grau's Opera Bouffe Troupe arrived from Brest.
22. Willard closed his season at the Continental Theatre, Boston, very abruptly.
28. *Debut* of Lydia Thompson and burlesque troupe, at Wood's Museum, New York, in "Ixion."
28. "No Thoroughfare" produced at the Broadway Theatre.

OCTOBER.

5. "Out of the Street," produced at Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre.
5. *Debut* of Grau's Troupe and opening of the French Theatre, N.Y., for the season.
9. Louisa Pyne took her farewell of the stage at the Alexandra Rooms, London, Eng.
10. *Debut* of Agnes Ethel—pupil of Matilda Heron, at the Jerome Theatre, N.Y., as Camille.
12. Edwin Forrest commenced an engagement at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., in the legitimate drama.
14. Bateman's Troupe opened at Pike's Opera House, N. Y.
15. G. L. Fox married to Miss Temple.
21. Charles Wilkinson married to Lillie Marden.
22. The opera bouffe of "Genevieve De Brabant" produced at French Theatre, N. Y.
26. *Debut* of Minnie Hauck in London at Covent Garden, as Amina in "La Somnambula."
28. *Debut* in New York, as a reader, of Mrs. Scott Siddons, at Steinway Hall.
29. Leonard, the French gymnast, made his American *debut* at Academy of Music and made a failure.

NOVEMBER.

2. The burlesque of "Orphee aux Enfers" produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, N.
2. Alice Lambelle married to Paul Albaiza.
4. The Worrell Sisters regained possession of the New York Theatre.
5. Pike's Opera House, N. Y., sold to James Fiske.
9. Mrs. D. P. Bowers opened at Niblo's Garden, N. Y.
12. Mr Bateman in the New York Courts.
14. *Debut* of Mrs. Scott Siddons in America, as an actress, at Boston Museum.
16. First production of "After Dark," at Niblo's, New York.
25. Atlantic Gardens, Philadelphia, destroyed by fire.
27. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault took their farewell of the stage in Dublin, in "Arrah Na Pogue."
30. Mrs. Scott Siddons' *debut* in New York, as an actress.

DECEMBER.

4. Theatre Comique, New York, damaged by fire.
5. Three Hundredth performance of "Humpty Dumpty."
6. Harry Wall returned from Europe with burlesque troupe.
7. "Emerald Ring" produced at Broadway Theatre, by Barney Williams.
9. Fus-Yama-Japs returned to Yokohama.
14. Funeral of Helen Western, in Boston.
23. Destruction by fire of the Olympic Varieties, New Orleans.

THE LEARNED ELEPHANT.—"That's a very knowing hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant. "Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass. "Surprisin'!" retorted the keeper, "we've larned him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar." The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach. "Well, that is very hastonishing, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and 'and it back." "*We never larns him that trick*," retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessees and Managers......JARRETT & PALMER.
Doors open at 7; begins at 8, P. M.; concludes 11.40.
SUCCESSFUL AND TRIUMPHANT.
MONDAY, Dec. 28, 1868, will be presented, for the forty-third time, the
MOST ENJOYABLE DRAMA OF THE DAY,
from the pen of Dion Boucicault, entitled,
AFTER DARK,
OR, LONDON BY NIGHT.
THE CAST TO THE STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY.
THE GREAT RAILROAD SCENE TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
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C. W. TAYLEURE......Business Manager.
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"Brilliant kaleidoscope of Fairy Marvels and Enchantments, Comic Tricks, Gorgeous Scenery, Great Dancing, Bubbling Fun." 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 "There never was a piece so unexceptionably merry, bright and innocent as this beautiful production."
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On Monday, December 28. Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee until further notice, Burlesque No. 3, written by W. Brough, localized, and entitled
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS, ACTORS, THEATRICAL AGENTS AND OTHERS.
The United States Court having decided the Railroad Scene in "After Dark" to be an infringement of my copywright in "UNDER THE GASLIGHT,"
all persons are hereby warned against performing said scene in "After Dark," under the penalties prescribed by Act of Congress. Permission to perform said scene must be obtained from me. Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, of Niblo's Garden, having paid my claim to date, have permission from me to perform said scene at that theatre.
The injunction obtained by me against "After Dark" is in full force in all parts of the United States.
Dated New York, Dec. 19th, 1868. AUGUSTIN DALY.
38-2t

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Ample seating room for Five Thousand Spectators is provided in amphitheatre form, upon the sides of the immense building.
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TO SKATE TWICE EACH DAY,
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18 STAR PERFORMERS.
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Under the supervision of CALEB BUCKLEY, in their great original MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT.
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Wanted—Ten Young Ladies for the Ballet; those capable of dancing Solos preferred. Also, Premiere Danseuse, Lady Vocalists, Negro Performers and Artists of Acknowledged Ability in the Variety Profession can always find good engagements by addressing
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